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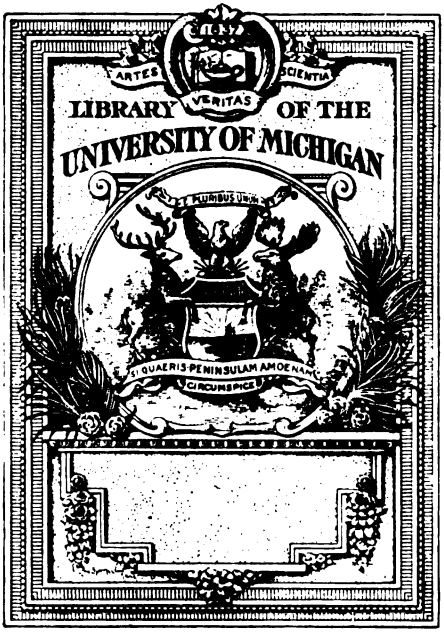

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MEMOIR

OF

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D

MINISTER OF BARONY PARISH, GLASGOW; ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS;
DEAN OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL; DEAN OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE.

BY HIS BROTHER THE

REV. DONALD MACLEOD, B.A.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS, EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS," ETC.

TORONTO:
BELFORD BROTHERS.
11 COLBORNE STREET.
1877.

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24 May. 10. H. E. W.

Release 11-23-43 N.T.T.

Dedicated

TO HIS MOTHER,

NOW IN HER NINETY-FIRST YEAR,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF ALL THAT HER CHILDREN
AND HER CHILDREN'S CHILDREN OWE
TO HER INFLUENCE.

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PREFACE.

WHEN asked, two years ago, to compile a Memoir of my brother, I did not accept the task without considerable hesitation. Besides the charge of a city parish, heavy responsibilities of another nature had devolved upon me, so that it seemed impossible to undertake additional labour. I felt also that, in some respects, a near relative was not well qualified to fill satisfactorily the office of biographer. These objections were, however, overruled by friends on whose judgment I relied.

If affection should have rendered it difficult to be always impartial, I may be allowed, on the other hand, to derive some comfort from the reflection that a life-long intercourse, as frank and confidential as could exist between two brothers, gave me opportunities for knowing his thoughts and opinions, which few others, and certainly no stranger, could have possessed.

Dr. Macleod was a man whom it is almost impossible to portray. His power was in many ways inseparable from his presence. The sympathy, the humour, the tenderness depended so much for their full expression on look, voice, and manner, that all who knew him will recognise the necessary inadequacy of verbal description. "Quantum mutatus ab illo" must more especially be the verdict upon any attempt to record instances of his wit or pathos.

I must, however, claim for this biography the merit of truthfulness. In whatever respects it may fail, it cannot, I think, be charged with conscious concealment or exaggeration of fact or sentiment. Faults of another kind will, I trust, be forgiven for the sake of the great reverence and love I bore him.

I beg gratefully to acknowledge the aid rendered by many friends. The pages of the Memoir indicate that my obligations to Principal Shairp, Dr. Watson, and my brother-in-law, Dr. Clerk, have been great; but there were many others to whom I am indebted for much assistance, and to whom I tender my best thanks. Among these I may mention the Dean of West-

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minster, Mr. Service, J. A. Campbell, Esq., LL.D., Alex. H. Japp, Esq., A. B. McGrigor, Esq., and Dr. W. C. Smith. I need scarcely add that Mrs. Norman Macleod, by her constant advice and her careful arrangement of her husband's papers, gave me invaluable help.

In conclusion, I must express regret that the appearance of this book has been delayed so long. It can be said in apology, that no available time has been lost during the two years I have been engaged in writing it.

Now that it is completed, no one can be more sensible than I am of its imperfections. It will, however, be to me a source of inexpressible gratitude, if, in spite of its many deficiencies, it should convey to those who did not know Norman Macleod some sense, however inadequate, of the depth of his goodness, of his rich humanity, his childlike faith, catholicity, and devotion.

1, Woodlands Terrace, Glasgow,
January, 1876.

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE.

AT the end of last century there were two families residing on opposite shores of the Sound of Mull, in Argyllshire, their houses fronting one another across the blue strait which winds in from the Atlantic. From the windows of the Manse of Mr. Macleod, the minister of Morven, on the mainland, could be seen the dark ruins of the old castle of Aros, in the island of Mull, frowning from its rocky eminence over the Bay of Salen, and behind the castle appeared the house of Mr. Maxwell, the chamberlain of the Duke of Argyll, and "tacksman" * of Aros. These were the homes where the father and mother of Norman Macleod were then enjoying their happy youth.

This memoir must begin with a sketch of these families, and of the early life of that youthful pair; for on few men had early influences a more permanent hold than on Norman Macleod. What he was to the last, in some of the most conspicuous features of his character, could be easily traced to the early associations which clustered round Morven and Mull. The Highlands of those days no longer exist, but he inhaled in his childhood the aroma of an olden time, and learned from both father and mother so much of its healthy and kindly spirit, as left about his life, to the last moment, a fragrance of the romance of which it was full.

Except to those immediately concerned, genealogies are uninteresting, and those of Highland families, with their endless ramifications, eminently unprofitable. It will be sufficient to state that I have before me a family "tree,"—such as used to be so common in the Highlands—in which are the names of the Camerons of Glendessary, scions of Lochiel; of the Campbells of Ensay and of Saddell; of the MacNeils of Crear; of the MacNeils of Drumdrissaig; and of the Campbells of Duntroon—names once well known in their own country, although now, alas! in some instances only found there on moss-grown tombstones.

Not far from Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, a roofless house,—its garden weed-grown and abandoned to utter solitude,—marks the place where

* There are few now remaining of the class called "Gentlemen Tacksmen," who ranked between laird and farmer, and once formed the bone and sinew of the Highlands.

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lived Donald Macleod, the tacksman of Swordale, who married Anne Campbell, a sister of Campbell of Glensaddell. He was the great grand-father of Norman, who used to repeat with grateful memory the tradition of "Swordale, having been a good man, and the first in his neighbourhood to introduce regular family worship." The eldest son of this good man, and the grandfather of the subject of this memoir, was called Norman. He was educated for the Church, and in the year 1774 was ordained minister of the parish of Morven, in Argyllshire, that "Highland Parish" so affectionately described in the "Reminiscences." The house of Fiunary, as the Manse was called, has given place to a better and more ornamental dwelling. Pleasant woods now cover the green bank beside the bright burn where stood the square house of orthodox Manse architecture—a porch in the centre and a wing at each end—and where grew up the happiest of families in the most loving of homes. Norman thus describes Morven:—

"A long ridge of hill, rising some two thousand feet above the sea, its brown sides, up to a certain height, chequered with green strips and patches of cultivation, brown heather, thatched cottages, with white walls; here and there a mansion, whose chimneys are seen above the trees which shelter it;—these are the chief features along its sea-board of many miles. But how different is the whole scene when one lands! New beauties reveal themselves, and every object seems to change its size, appearance, and relative position. A rocky wall of wondrous beauty, the rampart of the old upraised beach which girdles Scotland, runs along the shore; the natural wildwood of ash, oak, and birch, with the hazel-copse, clothes the lower hills, and shelters the herds of wandering cattle; lonely sequestered bays are everywhere scooped out into beautiful harbours; points and promontories seem to grow out of the land; and huge dykes of whinstone fashion to themselves the most picturesque outlines; clear streams everywhere hasten on to the sea; small glens, perfect gems of beauty, open up entrances into deep dark pools, hemmed in by steep banks, hanging with rowan-trees, ivy, honeysuckle, and ferns; while on the hillsides scattered cottages, small farms, and shepherds' huts, the signs of culture and industry, give life to the whole scene."

This minister of Morven was in many ways a remarkable man. Noble-looking and eloquent, a good scholar, and true pastor, he lived as a patriarch among his people. He had a small stipend, and, as its usual concomitant, a large family. Sixteen children were born in the Manse, and a number of families—a shepherd, a boatman, a ploughman,—were settled on the glebe with others who had come there in their need, and were not turned away. Never was a simpler or more loving household. The minister delighted to make all around him happy. His piety was earnest, healthy and genial. If the boys had their classics and the girls their needlework, there was no grudging of their enjoyments. The open seas and hills, boats and dogs, shepherds and fishermen, the green height of Fingal's Hill, the waterfall roaring in the dark gorge, had lessons as full of meaning for their after-life as

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any that books could impart. The boys were trained from childhood to be manly, and many an hour taken from study was devoted to education of another kind—hunting otters or badgers in their dens, with terriers whose qualities were discussed in every cottage on the glebe; shooting grouse, and stalking the wary black-cock (for no game laws were then enforced in Morven); fishing through the summer nights; or sailing out in the "Sound" with old Rory, the boatman when the wind was high, and the *Roe* had to struggle, close-hauled, against the cross-sea and angry tide. In the winter evenings old and young gathered round the fireside, where songs and laughter mingled with graver occupations, and not unfrequently the minister would tune his violin, and, striking up some swinging reel or blythe strathspey, would call on the lads to lay aside their books, and the girls their sewing, and set them to dance with a will to his own hearty music. Family worship, generally conducted in Gaelic, for the sake of such servants as knew little English, ended the day.

Norman's grandmother was one of the tenderest and wisest of minister's wives. The unconscious centre of the every-day life of the household, her husband and children leaned on her at all times, but especially in times of sickness or sorrow; for if there were days of joy, there were also many days, not the less blessed, of great sadness too, and of mournful partings, when one young form after another had to be laid in the old churchyard.

The period when his father* was a boy in Morven was remarkable in many ways. The country was closely inhabited by an intensely Highland people. The hills and retired glens, where now are spectral gables of roofless houses, or green mounds concealing old homesteads, watched by some ancient tree standing like a solitary mourner by the dead—were then tenanted by a happy and romantic peasantry. It is impossible now, even in imagination, to re-people the Highlands with those who then gave the country the savour of a kindly and enthusiastic clan-life—

> "The flocks of the stranger the long glens are roamin',
> Where a thousand bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloamin';
> The wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
> And the gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather."

There were many men then alive in Morven who had been out with "bonnie Prince Charlie," and the chivalry of the younger generation was kept aglow by the great French war and the embodiment of the "Argyll Fencibles." Among such influences as these Norman's father grew up and became thoroughly imbued with their spirit. Full of geniality, of wit, and poetry—fired with a passionate love of his country—wielding her ancient language with rare freshness and eloquence—he carried into the work of that sacred ministry to which

* The late Norman Macleod, D.D., Minister of St. Columba, Glasgow, and Dean of the Chapel Royal.

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his life was devoted a broad and healthy human sympathy, and to his latest day seemed to breathe the air imbibed in his youth on the hills of Morven.*

As the incidents of his life were closely intertwined with those of his son, nothing need here be said of his public career. He was a remarkably handsome man, with a broad forehead, an open countenance full of benevolence, and hair which, from an early age, was snowy white. His voice was rich, and of winning sweetness, and when addressing a public audience, whether speaking to his own flock in the name of Christ, or pleading with strangers on behalf of his beloved Highlands, few could resist the persuasive tenderness of his appeals. He was in many ways the prototype of Norman. His tact and common sense were as remarkable as his pathos and humour. He left the discipline of the children almost entirely to their mother. She was their wise and loving instructor at home, and their constant correspondent in later life; while he rejoiced in sharing their companionship, entering into their fun, and obtaining the frankest confidence of affection. He seldom, if ever, lectured them formally on religious subjects, but spread around him a cheerful, kindly, and truly religious atmosphere, which they unconsciously imbibed. "Were I asked what there was in my father's teaching and training which did us all so much good," Norman wrote at the time of his father's death, "I would say, both in regard to him and my beloved mother,—that it was love and truth. They were both so real and human; no *cranks, twists, crotchets, isms* or systems of any kind, but loving, sympathizing —giving a genuine *blowing-up* when it was needed, but passing by trifles, failures, infirmities, without making a fuss. The liberty they gave was as wise as the restraints they imposed. Their home was happy—intensely happy Christianity was a thing taken for granted, not forced with scowl and frown. I never heard my father speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences in my life. I had to study all these questions after I left home. I thank God for his free, loving, sympathising and honest heart. He might have made me a slave to any 'ism.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians."

The ancestor of Mr. Maxwell, Norman's maternal grandfather, was a refugee, who, in the time of the "troubles," under Claverhouse, had fled to Kintyre. He was, according to tradition, a younger son of the Maxwells of Newark, and once lay concealed for several weeks in the woods of Saddell, until, being pursued, he escaped to the south end of the peninsula; again discovered, and hotly chased, he rushed into a house where the farmer was carding wool. Immediately apprehending the cause of this sudden intrusion, the man quickly gave the fugitive his own apron and the "cards," so that when the soldiers looked into the kitchen, they passed on without suspecting the industrious youth, who sat "combing the fleece" by the peat hearth. This young Maxwell

* See Appendix A.

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settled afterwards in the neighbourhood, and his descendants, removing to the half-lowland town of Campbeltown, made good marriages and prospered in the world. Mr. Maxwell, of Aros, had been educated as a lawyer, and became Sheriff Substitute of his native district; but receiving the appointment of Chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, he settled in Mull, to take charge of the large ducal estates in that island. He was an excellent scholar, and full of kindly humour. If the grandfather at Morven valued Gaelic poetry, no less did the other take delight in the ancient Border ballads of the Low Country and in the songs of Burns, and read with keen interest the contemporary literature of an age which culminated in Walter Scott. He drew a marked distinction between "office hours" and the time for amusement. Strict and punctual in his own habits, he attended carefully to the work of the tutor, and the studies of his family; but, when lessons were over, he entered with a young heart into their enjoyments. In summer the house was continually filled with guests—travellers on their way to Staffa, with letters of introduction from the South, and remaining sometimes for days beneath the hospitable roof. Many of these were persons whose names are famous, such as Sheridan, Peel, and Sir Walter Scott. Such society added greatly to the brightness of the household, and shed a beneficial influence over the after-life of the children.

Agnes Maxwell, Norman's mother, was brought up with her uncle and aunt MacNeil at Drumdrissaig, on the western coast of Knapdale, until she was twelve years of age. She there passed her early youth, surrounded by old but wise and sympathetic people; and, being left much to the companionship of nature, wandering by herself along the glorious shore which looks across to islands washed by the Atlantic surf, her mind, naturally receptive of poetic impressions, awoke to the sense of the beautiful in outward things. She not only grew up a deeply affectionate girl, but she also learned to feel and think for herself. Her own words give a vivid picture of the healthy training of her childhood:—

"My Aunt Mary was a woman of strong sense and judgment, very accomplished and cheerful, and while most exacting as to obedience and good conduct, was exceedingly loving to me while I was with her. She gave me all my instruction, religious and secular; and used in the evenings to take her guitar and hum over to me old Scotch songs and ballads, till I not only picked up a great number, but acquired a taste for them which I have never lost. From the windows there was a charming view of the hills of Jura and of the sea, and I still recall the delight with which I used to watch the splendid sunsets over the distant point of Islay. I never knew what it was to miss a companion; for it is extraordinary what a variety of amusements and manifold resources children find out for themselves. I fear that some of the fine young ladies of the present day, attended by their nursery-maids, would have thought me a demi-savage, had they seen me helping the dairy-maid to bring in the cows, or standing in a burn fishing for eels under the

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stones, climbing rocks, or running a madcap race against the wind. Our next neighbour was a Captain Maclachan, who had a flock of goats, and of all delightful things the best was to be allowed to go with Jeanie, the goat-lassie, to call them from the hills, and see them milked."

Her picture of the habits of the people at that time is curious and interesting:—

"There was none of the ceremony and formality among neighbours that exist now; visitors came without any previous notice, nor did their arrival make much alteration in the arrangements of the house. Neither Christmas nor New-Year's Day was allowed to pass without due observance. Invitations were issued to all the neighbouring families; old John Shaw the 'Fiddler' was summoned from Castle Sweyn to assist at the festivities; and I remember the amusement I had at seeing my old uncle, who did not in the least care for dancing, toiling with all his might at reels and country dances, until the ball was ended by the 'Country Bumpkin.' On Twelfth-Day a great 'shinty' match was held on one of the fields, when perhaps two hundred hearty young and middle-aged men assembled to the music of the bagpipes, and played the match of the year with a fury which only the presence of the 'laird' prevented sometimes from passing into more serious combat. The 'shinty' was always followed by a servants' ball, when it was not uncommon for the country lasses to dress in coloured petticoats, green being the favourite hue, and in a nice white calico 'bed-gown,' confined at the waist. Their hair, falling over their shoulders, was held back by a long comb, which was usually the gift of a young man to his sweetheart. I never understood that there was intoxication at these festivities, for, indeed, the people of the district were very regular in their habits, so that I cannot recollect more than two persons noted for being addicted to excess. There was only one woman in the neighbourhood who took tea, and the fact being considered a piece of disgraceful extravagance, was whispered about with much more sense of shame than would now be caused by the drinking of whiskey. The parish clergyman was a frail old man, who preached very seldom, and, when doing so, wore a white cotton night-cap. I remember his once putting his hand on my head and blessing me, as he came down from the pulpit. There was not a seat in the whole church except the family pews of the heritors and minister. Some of the people supported themselves on the communion table, which ran from end to end of the building, while others brought in a stone or a turf, on which they ensconced themselves. And yet, in spite of this extraordinary absence of religious instruction and of pastoral superintendence, the people were moral and sober.

"I well recollect my aunt weeping bitterly as she read aloud to us the account of the execution of Louis XVI., while I sat on a stool at her feet and had it explained to me. Then came the raising of the volunteers, the playing of pipes in the remotest glen, and the drilling of recruits in the perpetual 'goose-step.' My uncle was made a captain, and, to my intense amusement, I managed regularly to hide myself in the barn to watch the old gentleman being put through his exercise by the sergeant. A fit of uncontrollable laughter at last betrayed my lurking-place."

When she returned to Aros, after the usual "finishing" of an Edin-

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burgh school, her home became doubly sweet to her by the merriment of a household of brothers and sisters, the tenderness of a mother who loved every living thing, and, above all, by the companionship of her father, who delighted in her sweet rendering of his favourite Scotch music, and shared with her all his own stores of old romance. All this tended to form that character which, ripening into purest Christian life, has been as a living gospel to her children and her children's children.

I have dwelt thus at length on the early days of these parents, not merely from the natural desire to speak of those we love, but because almost every page of this memoir, down to its latest, will bear witness to how much Norman owed to that father and mother.

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CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

NORMAN was born at Campbeltown on June 3, 1812. His father had been ordained four years previously to the pastoral charge of that large parish, and had been married to Agnes Maxwell in 1811.

Campbeltown lies at the head of a loch which runs for two miles into the long promontory of Kintyre, and not far from its southern termination. The loch forms a splendid harbour. The high island of Davar, thrown out like a sentinel from the hills, and connected with the shore on one side by a natural mole of gravel, protects it from every wind; while, from its position near the stormy Mull, whose precipices breast the full swing of the Atlantic, it affords a secure haven to ships that have rounded that dreaded headland. The external aspect of the town is very much like that of any other Scotch seaport —a central cluster of streets, with one or two plain churches lifting their square shoulders above the other houses; a quay; a lean steeple; the chimneys of some distilleries; thinner rows of whitewashed houses stretching round the "Lochend," and breaking up into detached villas buried in woods and shrubberies. The bay of Campbeltown is, however, both picturesque and lively. Cultured fields clothe the slopes of hills, whose tops are purple with heather, and beyond which ranges of higher mountains lift their rough heads. There are fine glimpses, too, of coast scenery, especially to the south, where the headlands of Kilkerran fall steeply into the sea. But the bay forms the true scene of interest, as it is the rendezvous of hundreds of fishing smacks and wherries. There is continual movement on its waters—the flapping and filling of the brown sails, the shouts of the men, and the "whirr" of the chain-cable as an anchor is dropped, keep the port constantly astir. Larger vessels are also perpetually coming and going—storm-stayed merchant ships, smaller craft engaged in coast traffic, graceful yachts, and Revenue cruisers. Four or five miles off, on the Western side of the low isthmus which crosses Kintyre from the head of Campbeltown loch, lies another bay, in marked contrast to this sheltered harbour. There the long crescent of Machrihanish, girdled by sands wind-tossed into fantastic hillocks, receives the full weight of the Atlantic. Woe to the luckless vessel caught within those relentless jaws! Even in calm there is a weird suggestiveness in the ceaseless moaning of

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that surf, like the breathing of a wild beast, and in that line of tawny yellow rimmed by creaming foam, and broken with the black ribs of some old wreck sticking up here and there from the shallows. But during storm, earth, sea, and sky are mingled in a driving cloud of salt, spin-drift, and sand, and the prolonged roar of the surge is carried far inland. When the noise of "the bay" is heard by the comfortable burgesses, booming over their town like a distant cannonade, they are reminded how wild the night is far out on the ocean. To be "roaring like the bay" is their strongest description of a bawling child or a shouting scold.

As the Highlands gave Norman his strong Celtic passion, so Campbeltown inspired him with sympathy for the sea and sailors, besides creating a world of associations which never left him. It was a curious little town, and had a wonderful variety of character in its society and customs. No fewer than seven large Revenue cruisers had their headquarters at Campbeltown, and were commanded by naval officers who, in the good old days, received a pay which would startle modern economists. These cutters were powerful vessels, generally manned by a double crew, and each having a smaller craft acting as tender. Nor were they without occupation, for smuggling was then a trade made not a little profitable by the high duties imposed on salt, spirits, and tea.*

The officers and men of the cutters made Campbeltown their home, and villas, generally built opposite the buoy which marked the anchorage of their respective cruisers, were occupied by the families of the different commanders. The element thus introduced into the society of the town had many important effects. It not only gave cheerfulness to its tone, but added a certain savour of the sea to its interests. The merits of each cutter and officer were matters with which every man and woman—but more especially every schoolboy—was familiar, and how old Jack Fullarton had "carried on" till all seemed going by the board, on a coast bristling with sunken rocks; or how Captain Beatson had been caught off the Mull in the great January gale, and with what skill he had weathered the wild headland—were questions which every inhabitant, old and young, had repeatedly discussed.

Campbeltown was the headquarters of other sorts and conditions both of men and women. There were retired half-pay officers of both the services; officers of his Majesty's Excise appointed to watch the distilleries, among whom were such magnates as the collector and supervisor; there was the old sheriff with his queue and top-boots; the duke's chamberlain, and the usual proportion of doctors, writers,

*Many stories are told of these smuggling days. Once an old woman, whose "habit and repute" were notorious, was being tried by the Sheriff. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the good lawyer to pronounce sentence, an unusual admixture of mercy with fidgetiness seemed to possess him, for, evading the manifest conclusion, he thus addressed the prisoner—"I daresay, my poor woman, it's not very often you have fallen into this fault."—"Deed no, shirra," she readily replied, "I haena made a drap since yon wee keg I sent yoursel."

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and bankers. There were, moreover, those without whom all the teas, and suppers, and society of the town would have been flavourless—the elderly maiden ladies, who found that their "annuities" could not be spent in a cheerier or more congenial spot than this kindly seaport. These ladies were aunts or cousins to half the lairds in Argyllshire, and were often great characters. A society like this, thrown together in a town utterly unconnected with the rest of the world, except by a mail-gig, which had to travel some sixty miles before reaching any settlement larger than a "clachan," and by a sailing packet, whose weekly departure was announced by the bellman in the following manner, "All ye who may desire a passage, know that the *Caledonia* cutter will sail ——;" was sure to be self-supporting in all the necessaries of life, among which the "half-pays" and maiden ladies included amusements. So-called tea-parties, followed by comfortable suppers, were the common forms of entertainment; and these reunions being enlivened by backgammon and whist for the older folks, and a dance for the younger, were not without their innocent excitements. Sometimes there was also such a supreme event as a county or militia ball; or still better, when some sloop-of-war ran in to refit, the resources of the hospitable town were cheerfully expended in giving a grand picnic to the officers, followed by the unfailing dance and supper in the evening.

The ecclesiastical relationships of the place were not less primitive and genial than the social. When Norman's father went there, he soon attracted a very large and devoted congregation. He was decidedly "evangelical," but free from all narrowness, and had a word of cheerful kindliness for all. All sects and parties loved him, and his fellow townsmen were the more disposed to listen to his earnest appeals in public and private, when they knew how manly and simple he was in daily life. Not only did he in this way secure the attachment of his own flock, but, when on one occasion he was asked to accept another and a better living, the dissenting congregation of the place heartily joined with his own in making up his very small stipend to a sum equal to what had been offered to him. The Roman Catholic priest was among his friends. Few weeks ever passed without old Mr. Cattanach coming to take tea at the Manse, and in all his little difficulties he looked to the young parish minister for advice. These Highland priests were very different men from those now furnished by Maynooth. They were usually educated in France, and imbibing Gallican rather than Ultramontane ideas, felt themselves to be Britons, not aliens, and identified themselves with the interests of the people around them. Nor was the friendly relationship which existed in Campbeltown an exceptional instance of good-feeling; for whenever the priest of the district went to that part of the parish in Morven which was near the Manse, he made it his home, and I am not aware that any evil ever accrued to religion in consequence.

The house where Norman Macleod was born was in the Kirk Street,

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but the family afterwards lived in the old Manse, and finally in Southpark. He seems from childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him through life—being affectionate, bright, humourous, and talkative. His mother, and that aunt who was the friend of his earliest as well as of his latest years, remember many incidents illustrative of his extreme lovingness and ceaseless merriment. Another, of his own age, relates, as one of her earliest memories, how she used to sit among the group of children round the nursery fire, listening to the stories and talk of this one child "whose tongue never lay." When a boy, he was sent to the Burgh school, where all the families of the place, high and low, met and mingled; and where, if he did not receive that thorough classical grounding—the want of which he used always to lament, justly blaming the harsh and inefficient master who had failed to impart it—he gained an insight into character which served not only to give him sympathy with all ranks of life, but afforded a fund of amusing memories which never lost their freshness. Several of his boyish companions remained his familiar friends in after-life, and not a few of them are portrayed in his "Old Lieutenant." Among the numerous souvenirs he used to keep, and which were found after his death in his "sanctum" in Glasgow, were little books and other trifles he had got when a boy from these early associates. Ships and sailors were the great objects of his interest, and, contrary to the wishes of his anxious mother, many a happy hour was spent on board the vessels which lay at the pier—climbing the shrouds, reaching the cross-trees without passing through the *lubber's hole*, or in making himself acquainted with every stay, halyard, and spar from truck to keelson. His boy companions were hardy fellows, fond of adventure, and so thoroughly left to form their own acquaintances that there was not a character in the place—fool or fiddler, soldier or sailor—whose peculiarities or stories they had not learned. Norman, even as a boy, seems thoroughly to have appreciated this many-sided life. The maiden ladies and the "half-pays," the picnics and supper parties, the rough sports of the schoolyard, or the glorious Saturday expeditions by the shore and headlands, were keenly enjoyed by him. He quickly caught up the spirit of all outward things in nature or character, and his power of mimicry and sense of the ludicrous were even then as marked as his affectionateness. Once, when he was unwell and about six years old, it became necessary to apply leeches. These he named after various characters in the town—the sheriff, the provost, &c.; and while they were on his chest he kept up an unceasing dialogue with them, scolding one or praising the other, as each did its curative work well or ill, and all in the exact voice and manner of the various persons they were meant to represent. When Mackay, the actor, afterwards so famous for his personification of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, returned to Campbeltown—where he had once been a drummer-boy—to astonish its inhabitants by the performances of a clever little company in an improvised theatre, it was like the opening up of a new world to Nor-

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man. An attic was fitted up, and an audience of aunts and cousins invited to witness how well he and his companions could "do Mackay's company." He had from the first a strong tendency to throw a romantic colouring into common life, and such a desire to have sway over others that he was never so much himself as when he had some one to influence, and with whom he might share the ceaseless flow of his own ideas and imaginations. Schoolboy expeditions became under him fanciful and heroic enterprises, in which some ideal part was assigned by him to each of his companions. A sail to some creek a mile away became a voyage of discovery or a chase after pirates. A ramble over the hills took the shape of an expedition against the French.

The great event of his boyhood was his being sent to Morven. He had been frequently there as a young child, but his father, anxious that his son should know Gaelic, and, if possible, be a Highland minister, determined to board him with old Mr. Cameron, the parish schoolmaster in Morven, and so, when about twelve years of age, he was sent first to the Manse, and then to the schoolmaster's house. His grandfather had died a few months before, but he had many memories of the old man, derived from previous visits, and the impressions of the venerable minister, then in extreme age, were never lost. He was, for example, in church on that Communion Sunday when his grandfather, blind with age, was led by the hand up to the communion-table by his servant "Rory," to address his people for the last time. This grandfather had been minister there for fifty years, and the faithful servant who now took his hand had been with him since he had entered the Manse. It was then that touching episode occurred described in the "Highland Parish," when the old man, having in his blindness turned himself the wrong way, "Rory," perceiving the mistake, went back and gently placed him with his face to the congregation. This picture of the aged pastor, with snowy hair falling on his shoulders, bidding solemn farewell to a flock that, with the loyalty of the Highland race, regarded him as a father, was a scene which deeply touched the imagination of the child in the Manse seat. One, who was herself present, remembers another occasion when his grandfather, taking him on his knee, presented him with a half-crown—an enormous sum in the eyes of the child—and then gave him his blessing. Norman, dragging himself off, rushed away to the window-curtain, in which he tightly rolled himself; when disentangled, his cheeks were suffused with tears. The goodness of the old man had proved too much for his generous nature.

With these and many other loving recollections he now returned, as a boy of twelve, to be made a "true Highlander" of, as his father called it. It was indeed as the opening of a new life when, leaving the little county town, and the grammar-school, and the lowland playmates in Campbeltown, he landed on the rocky shore below the Manse of Morven. The very air was different. The puffs of peat-reek from the

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cottages were to him redolent of Highland warmth and romantic childish associations. There was not a boatman from old "Rory" down to the betarred fisher-boy, not a shepherd, or herd, or cottar, not a dairymaid or henwife, but gave him a welcome, and tried to make his life happier. The Manse, full of kind aunts and uncles, seemed to him a paradise which the demon of selfishness had never entered. And then there was the wakening sense of the grand in scenery, nourished almost unconsciously by the presence of those silent mountains, with their endless ridges of brown heather; or by the dark glen roaring with cataracts that fell into fairy pools, fringed with plumage of ferns, and screened by netted roof of hazel and oak; or by many an hour spent upon the shoreland, with its infinite variety of breaking surge and rocky bays, rich in seaweeds and darting fish. But, above all, there was the elastic joy of an open-air life, with the excitement of fishing and boating, and such stirring events as sheep-shearing or a "harvest-home," with the fun of a hearty house, whose laughter was kept ever alive by such wits as Callum, the fool, or bare-footed Lachlan.

His life in the dwelling of Samuel Cameron, the worthy schoolmaster and catechist of the parish, was not less full of romance. The house was not a large one—a thatched cottage with a *but and a ben*, and a little room between, formed the accommodation; but every evening, except when the boys were fishing codling from the rocks, or playing "shinty" in the autumn twilight, there gathered round the hearth, heaped high with glowing peat, a happy group, who with Gaelic songs and stories, and tunes played on the sweet "trump" or Jew's harp, made the little kitchen bright as a drawing room; for there was a culture in the very peasantry of the Highlands, not to say in the house of such a schoolmaster as good Mr. Cameron, such as few countries could boast of. There was an innate high breeding, and a store of tradition and poetry, of song and anecdote, which gave a peculiar flavour to their common life; so that the long evenings in this snug cottage, when the spinning-wheel was humming, the women teazing and carding wool, the boys dressing flies or shaping boats, were also enlivened by wondrous stories of old times, or by "lilts" full of a weird and plaintive beauty, like the wild note of a sea-bird, or by a "Port-a-Beal," or a "Walking Song," to the tune of which all joined hands as they sent the merry chorus round. Norman had here an insight into the best side of the Highland character, and into many Highland customs now long passed away. Every week he used to go to the Manse from Friday till Monday, and then came such grand expeditions as a walk to the summit of Ben Shian, with its unrivalled view of mountain and loch; or, still better, when whole nights were spent fishing at the rocky islands in the Sound.

"Oh, the excitement of getting among a great play of fish, which made the water foam for half-a-mile round, and attracted flocks of screaming

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birds, which seemed mad with gluttony, and while six or seven rods had all their lines tight, and their ends bent to cracking with the sport. And then the fun and frolic when we landed for the night on the lee of the island, and the "sky-larking," as sailors call it, began among the rocks, pelting one another with clods or wreck, till, wearied out, we all lay down to sleep in some sheltered nook, and all was silent but the beating waves, the eerie cry of sea-birds, and the splash of some sea-monster in pursuit of its prey. What glorious reminiscences have I, too, of those scenes, and especially of early morn as watched from these green islands! It seems to me as if I had never beheld a true sunrise since; yet how many have I witnessed! I left the sleeping crews, and ascended the top of the rock immediately before day-break, and what a sight it was to behold the golden crowns which the sun placed on the brows of the mountain monarchs who first did him homage, what heavenly dawnings of light on peak and "scaur" contrasted with the darkness of the lower valleys! What gems of glory in the eastern sky, changing the cold grey clouds of early morning into bars of gold and radiant gems of beauty! and what a flood of light suddenly burst upon the dancing waves as the sun rose above the horizon, and revealed the silent sails of passing ships! and what delight to hear and see the first break of the fish upon the waters! With what pleasure I descended and gave the cheer which made all the sleepers awake and scramble to the boats, and, in a few minutes, resume the work of hauling in our dozens. Then home with a will for breakfast, each striving to be first on the sandy shore." *

This was good education for the affections, sympathies, and imagination. Other influences of a very different nature might afterwards be experienced, but the foundation of his character was laid in the boyhood spent in Campbeltown, Mull, and Morven. Its associations never left him, and the memory of those hours, whose sunshine of love had brightened his early life, made him in no small measure the loving, genial man he always was. What he had found so full of good for himself, he afterwards tried to bestow on others; and not only in his dealing with his own children, but in the tone of his teaching and in the ministry of his public life, can easily be traced the power of his first sympathies:—

"Oh, sunshine of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caressings, will, next to the love of God from whom they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the memory, when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life."*

" * Highland Parish."

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CHAPTER III.

EARLY COLLEGE DAYS.

IN the year 1825 his father was translated from Campbeltown to the parish of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, where he remained till 1835. The change was, in many respects, great from Campbeltown and the highlands to a half-agricultural, half-manufacturing Lowland district, in which the extremes of political feeling between stiffest Toryism and hottest Radicalism were running high. The parish was large and thickly peopled, and its natural features were in a manner symbolical of its social characteristics. The long line of the Fell, its green sides dotted with old thorns, rises into mountain solitude, from a valley whose wooded haughs are blurred with the smoke of manufacturing villages. The contrast is sharply presented. Sheep-walks, lonely as the Cheviots, look down on unsightly mounds of chemical refuse, and on clusters of smoking chimneys; and streams which a mile away are clear as morning, are dyed black as ink before they have escaped from print-work and bleaching-green. The Manse was on the borderland of mountain and plain, for it was placed at the opening of Campsie Glen, famous for its picturesque series of thundering waterfalls and rocky pools. Behind the Manse lay the *clachan* and the old parish church, now in ruin.

This was a busy period in his father's life, for, besides taking the pastoral charge of the large parish, he wrote, during the ten years of his ministry in Campsie, the greater part of the Gaelic Dictionary, which bears his name along with that of Dr. Dewar. He was editor and chief contributor to a monthly Gaelic magazine, which acquired unrivalled popularity in the Highlands;* and he also translated, at the request of the Synod of Ulster, a metrical version of the Psalms into Irish Gaelic, for the use of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Besides these literary labours, he took the chief part in establishing the education scheme of the Church of Scotland, the special sphere of which lay in the Highlands. While these public labours taxed his energy, his increasing family, and the concomitant *res angusta domi*, gave no little anxiety to himself and his partner in life. The Manse maintained the traditions of Highland hospitality, and the ingenuity with which guests were accommodated was equalled only by the skill

*The "Teachdaire Gaelltachd."

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with which a very limited income was made to cover the expenses of housekeeping, and the many requirements of a family of eleven children. Norman was sent for a year to the parish school, taught, as many such schools then were, by a licentiate of the Church—an excellent scholar, and a man of great simplicity and culture. There is little to record of his schooldays, or of his first years at college. His career at the University of Glasgow, where he took his curriculum of Arts, was not distinguished by the number of prizes he carried off, for he gave himself rather to the study of general literature and of science than the subjects proper to the classes he attended. Logic, admirably taught by Professor Buchanan, was indeed the only class in Arts which kindled his enthusiasm, and it was also the only one in which he obtained academical honours. He was frequently dressed sailor-fashion, and loved to affect the sailor in his speech as well as dress. His chosen companions seem to have been lads of precocious literary power—some of them considerably older than himself—whose attainments first inspired him with a passion for books, and especially for poetry. His favourite authors were Shakespeare and Wordsworth, the first acquaintance with whose works was as the discovery of a new world. He was, besides, passionately fond of natural science, and spent most of his spare hours in the museum, studying ornithology. There is little in his journals or letters to indicate the impression which these college years made on him; but one of the favourite subjects of conversation in his later days was the curious life he then led; the strange characters it gave him for acquaintance; the conceits, absurdities, enthusiasms in which it abounded; the social gatherings and suppers, which were its worst dissipations; the long, speculative talks, lasting far into the night, in which its glory and blessedness culminated—and the hard, although unsystematic, studies to which it was the introduction.

The loss of accurate scholarship, which the desultoriness of this kind of training entailed, might not have been sufficiently compensated by other advantages; nevertheless, contact with men, insight into character, the culture of poetic tastes, of original thought, and of an eye for nature, were perhaps no mean substitutes for skill in Latin verse and acquaintance with the Greek particles. He was, besides, very far from being idle. He read much and thought freshly, and even at a very early period in his University career he seems to have contemplated joining a fellow-student in the publication of a volume of tales and poetry. His moral life was at the same time pure, and his religious convictions, though not so strong as they afterwards became, were yet such as prevented him from yielding to the many temptations to which one of his temperament and abounding, as he did, in animal spirits, was greatly exposed. Next to the grace of God, his affection for home and its associations kept him steady. A short journey from Glasgow brought him out on many a Saturday during the session to spend Sunday at Campsie, and the loving welcomes he there received

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and the thousand influences of the Manse-life served to keep his heart fresh and pure. These visits sometimes gave no little concern to his father and mother, for coming, as he did, in a full burst of buoyant excitement after the restraint of study, the noisy fun and the ceaseless mimicry in which he indulged, disturbing the very quiet of the Sabbath, made them afraid that he would never be sedate enough for being a minister. Both father and mother; who could scarcely repress their own laughter at his jokes, wrote to him very gravely on the dangerous tendencies which were manifesting themselves in him. But they might as well have asked him to cease to be, and, had they told the secret truth, they would scarcely have wished him different from what he was.* And so he passed the four years of his study of "the Arts," with happy summers interspersed, sometimes in the Highlands, sometimes in Campsie, until, in 1831, he went to Edinburgh to study theology.

Dr. Chalmers was then professor, and Norman listened with delight and wonder to lectures which were delivered with thrilling, almost terrible, earnestness. The Professor's noble enthusiasm kindled a responsive glow in the young hearts which gathered to listen to him, and the kindly interest he took in their personal welfare inspired them with affection as well as admiration. Dr. Welsh, a man of kindred spirit and powerful intellect, then taught Church History. Such influences did not fail to waken in Norman loftier conceptions of the career to which he looked forward. As might have been expected, Chalmers had a peculiar power over him, for professor and student had many similar natural characteristics. The large-heartedness of the teacher, his missionary zeal, and the continual play of human

* There were some most original characters then in Campsie, who afforded much amusement to Norman; but his great friend was old Bell, the author of "Bell's Geography," and editor of "Rollin's Ancient History." This man had been a weaver, but, impelled by a powerful intellect and literary taste, he devoted himself to study. He lived with his wife in a mere hut, and sat surrounded by books, a Kilmarnock nightcap on his head, and conversing with an emphasis and an originality, not unworthy of Johnson, on every subject—literary, political, theological. Some of his sayings are worth recording. There was a hawker in the parish, a keen controversialist, ever talking of his own perfect assurance of salvation, but withal very greedy and worldly. "Humph!" grunted old Bell, when asked his opinion of him; "I never saw a man so sure o' goin' to heaven, and sae sweart (unwilling) to gang till't." He used to utter aloud in church his dissent to any doctrine he disliked, or sometimes his impatience expressed itself by his long black stick being twirled gradually up through his fingers till it reached well over his head. On one occasion, a young preacher having chosen as his text, "There shall be no more sea," proceeded to show the advantages of such a condition of things. Higher and higher rose Bell's stick, as his favourite principles of geography were being assailed under every "head," till at last it came down with a dash on the pavement, accompanied by a loud "Bah! the fule!" When he was dying, an excellent young man, whose religious zeal was greater than his ability, volunteered to pray with him. Bell grunted assent; but as the prayer assumed throughout that the old man was a reprobate, he could scarcely restrain himself to the Amen, before he burst out, "I'm saying, my man, nae doubt ye mean well; but ye'd better gang hame and learn to pray for yoursel' afore ye pray for other folk." When Norman remonstrated with him afterwards for his rudeness, Bell said, "Maybe ye're richt; but, sure as death, Norman, I canna thole [bear] a fule!"

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tenderness pervaded by the holy light of divine love, roused the sympathies of the scholar. He heartily loved him. And Chalmers also valued the character of the student, for when asked by a wealthy English proprietor to recommend for his only son a tutor in whose character and sense he might have thorough reliance, Chalmers at once named Norman. This connection became of great importance to him. The gentleman alluded to was the late Henry Preston, Esq., of Moreby Hall, then High Sheriff of Yorkshire. For the next three years Norman acted as tutor to his son; and whether residing at Morby or travelling on the Continent, the simple-hearted old squire treated him with the utmost confidence and affection. In the autumn of 1833 he went for a few weeks to Moreby, but returned shortly afterwards with his pupil to Edinburgh, and was thus able to attend his theological classes, while he also superintended the studies of young Mr. Preston.

During his second session at Edinburgh, besides the usual classes, he attended Professor Jamieson's lectures on geology, and studied drawing and music. His brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D., who was then his fellow-student, contributes the following reminiscence:—

"It was in the social circle Norman displayed the wondrous versatility, originality and brilliancy of his mind. With a few of his chosen companions round him he made the evening instructive and delightful. He frequently, by an intuitive glance, revealed more of the heart of a subject than others with more extensive and accurate scholarship could attain through their acquirements in philosophy or history. He was often disposed to start the wildest paradoxes, which he would defend by the most plausible analogies, and if forced to retreat from his position, he would do so under a shower of ludicrous retorts and fanciful images. He was ever ready with the most apt quotations from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats, or with some telling story; or, brimming over with fun, he would improvise crambo rhymes, sometimes most pointed, always ludicrous, or, bursting into song, throw more nature into its expression than I almost ever heard from any singer. The sparkling effervescence of his mind often astonished, and always charmed and stirred, the thoughts, feelings, and enthusiasm of his companions."

It was at this time he experienced the first great sorrow of his life. His brother James, his junior by three years, was a lad of fine promise. Like Norman in many things, he was his opposite in others, and the unlikeness as well as similarity of their tastes served only to draw them nearer to each other. Clever, pure-minded, and affectionate, he was also—what Norman never was—orderly, fond of practical work, and mechanics. Norman was rollicking in his fun, James quietly humorous. He was the delegated manager of glebe and garden, and of so sweet and winning a nature, that when he died the tokens of sorrow displayed by many in the parish were a surprise, as well as a consolation, to his parents. Hitherto Norman had given little expres-

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sion to the religious convictions which had been increasing with his growth since childhood. Now, however, he broke silence. In the sick-room, with none but their mother present, the two brothers opened their hearts to one another; and, on the last evening they were ever to spend together, the elder asked if he might pray with the younger. This was the first time he had ever prayed aloud in the presence of others, and with a full heart he poured out his supplications for himself and his dying brother. When he left the room, James, calling his mother, put his arms round her neck, and said, "I am so thankful, mother. Norman will be a good man." This was a turning-point in Norman's life; not, indeed, such a crisis as is usually called conversion; not that the scene in the sick-room marked his first religious decision; but the solemnity of the circumstances, the frank avowal of his faith, and the tremendous deepening which his feelings received by the death which occurred a few days afterwards, formed an epoch from which he ever afterwards dated the commencement of earnest Christian life. The anniversary of his brother's death was always kept sacred by him. Other critical times arrived, other turning-points no less important were passed; but, as in many other instances, this first death in the family, with the impressions it conveyed of the reality of eternity and of the grandeur of the life in Christ, was to him "the beginning of days."

At the close of the winter session he returned, with Mr. Preston, to Moreby, and in the following May he and his pupil started for the Continent.

To his MOTHER, written by him when a mere boy:—

"CAMPSIE MANSE, *Friday.*

"I know how very difficult it is to ease the yearnings of a mother's heart when far from her beloved offspring; yet I am sure, when she hears that 'all are well,' the wan and wrinkled face of anxiety will give way to the bloom of youth that makes you look at all times so beautiful. The garret windows being nailed, none of the children have fallen over, and the garden door being locked, none have died of gooseberry or cherry fevers.

"But the children are the least of my thoughts; no, no, let them all die if the housekeeping succeeds; this is the *point.* The Principal* and Mr. Gordon came here to-night, and don't go off till Monday! I and Betty are dying of lamb fevers with the very thoughts of preparing dinners out of nothing; these two nights I have been smothered alive by salmon and legs of roasted lamb crammed down my throat by Jessy and Betty. Oh, my dear mamma, it is only now that a fond mother is missed, when dangers and misfortunes assail us. If you but saw me without clothes to cover, or shoes to put on my feet, all worn away with cooking. I am quite *crusty.*

"But I will not mar your enjoyments or hurt your feelings by relating more of this melancholy tale.

"Betty, my worthy housekeeper, has told me to-day that she has forty-

*Principal Baird, of Edinburgh.

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five young birds and ducks. I think a sixth is to be added in the laundry —if it be so, I intend to get a share of Donald Achalene's* bed in the asylum."

From his MOTHER, when he was a student in Glasgow :—

"While younger, and under the immediate eye of your father and myself, I could watch every little tendency of your disposition, and endeavour as much as I could, to give it the right bias; but now, my beloved child, you are seldom with me, you are exposed to many temptations, and oh! if you knew the many anxious thoughts this gives rise to! Not, my dear, that I fear anything wrong in principle, in the common acceptation of the word; but how many shades are there between what is glaringly and broadly wrong to the generality of observers, and the thousand acts and thoughts and words that must be watched and corrected and repented of and abandoned, in order to become a Christian! Avoid whatever you have found hurtful, be it ever so delightful to your taste, and persevere in whatever you have found useful towards promoting piety and heavenly-mindedness. You must not look on this as a mother's dry lecture to her son; no, it is the warm affection of a heart that truly loves you as scarce another can do, and which prays and watches for your eternal interest."

From his FATHER :—

"CAMPSIE, *February* 23, 1829.

"I rejoice to see your companions, if you would conduct yourself with calmness and seriousness on the Sabbath day, and cease your buffoonery of manner in tone of voice and distortions of countenance, which are not only offensive, but grievous. You carry this nonsense by much too far, and I beg of you, my dear Norman, to check it. Imitation and acting a fool is a poor field to shine in; it may procure the laugh of some, but cannot fail to secure the comtempt of others. I was much pleased with the manner of the Stewart boys—their steady, grave, sedate manner formed a very striking contrast to the continual mimicking and nonsense at which you aim. I implore of you, by the tenderness of a father, and by the authority of one, to desist from it in time, and to despise it, and to assume a more manly, sedate manner.

"I hope you will take in good part, as becomes you, all I have stated and evince to me that you do so when I have the happiness, my dear boy, to see you. I rejoice to see everybody happy; but there is a manner that gains on a person if indulged in, which must be guarded against, and none more dangerous than that buffoonery which, by making others laugh, causes us to think ourselves very clever. You, even already, seldom use your own voice or gestures or look—all is put on and mimicked; this *must* cease, and the sooner the better. After this I shall say no more on the subject. I leave it to your own good sense to correct this.

"Ever your dutiful Father."

To his AUNT JANE:— "*February*, 1831.

"I read your letter over and over, and chuckled over its coruscations of

*A Highland character.

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wit and brilliancy; swallowed, and finally digested all the advices. In fact, it brought me back to Fiunary once more—to Fiunary with all its pleasures and its many enjoyments. I could, with a little effort of fancy, picture myself sitting with J. in the garret, giving way to my mimicking propensities to please her, in whatever character she chose, or one of the social circle round a happy tea-table, or taking an *intellectual* walk along the beach; and no sooner is this imaginary train set a-going than many a happy day spent among the rocks, and in the woods, hills, or glens, rise ghost-like before me, till my too pleasing dream is broken by a dire reality —the college bell summoning poor wretches from their warm beds to trudge through snow and sleet to hear a crude lecture on philosophy, and reminding me that I have so much to do that I cannot expect to see my dream realised for another year. There is no use in fighting against fate, though I long for the day that I shall escape from prison, and 'visit those blessed solitudes from toils and towns remote.'"

From his MOTHER:—

"CAMPSIE, *November* 27.

"It gives me pleasure to observe the warm and genuine feelings and confessions of an affectionate disposition—freely spoken. Yes, my dear Norman, long may I find you frankly owning your thoughts and feelings; this is the true way to a parent's heart, and the true and only comfortable footing for parent and child—the only way in which a parent can really be of use; and never will you repent trusting yourself to me. Wonderful would be the fault that, when candidly acknowledged, I could not excuse, or at least try to help you to remedy. In all I said I wished to cure you of an ugly habit of arguing that has crept in on you, before it becomes a confirmed habit, and leads you (just for argument's sake) to maintain wrong views; from first beginning to argue you will by-and-by think these views right."

To his AUNT JANE:—

"*June*, 1832.

"Where, in the name of wonder, did you light on that lovely poem, Jane? Talk no more to me of the powers of music to lull the angry feelings or to excite the more gentle ones. Poetry, poetry, for ever!

"We have had four cases of cholera here, and two deaths. My father was down at the Torrance every day, and had no small trouble between keeping down *rows*, coffining the bodies, and quelling all those disgraceful and riotous feelings that have been too much the attendants of this sad complaint.

"All the children are half ill with chicken-pox; Polly's face is like a rock with limpets. Limpets! How that word does conjure up a thousand associations!—the fishing-rock, the rising tide waving the tangle to and fro at my feet! Out comes a fine cod, see how he smells the bait! I am already sure of him; I know the bait is good, and the hook of the best Limerick. He sniffs it, and away he slowly sails, gently moving his tail from side to side as he goes off. But he repents, and turns back and casts a longing look at the large bait; slowly his jaws open, and in the most dignified manner close on the meal, and now the line strains, the rod bends, I see something white turning in the water, my eyes fill till I hear '*Whack*'

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on the rock, and there he lies as red as—as what's the man's name, at Savarie—John Scallag's father? as red as he. Pardon me, Jane; this night is oppressively hot, it is perfect summer. They are turning the almost dry hay on the glebe—a calm sleeps on the woods and hills, and this, too, vividly recalls the sound of Mull, as I fancy it to be on such an evening. I am at this moment in fancy walking up the road to Fiunary with a *gadd* of fish, knowing that thanks and a good tea await me.

"I confess that when I indulge in such fancies, I involuntarily wish myself away from my books to feast and revel in the loveliness of the Salachan shore, or 'Clach na Criche;' but, as I told you before, I wish to have some summer to look back to as one usefully employed."

Letter *to* his BROTHER JAMES. (Inside of this letter was found placed a lock of JAMES' hair):—

"MORPETH HALL, *October*, 1833:

"I went on Sabbath to church. There was no organ; but what think you? a flute, violin, and bass fiddle, with some bad singing. However, I liked the service much. Monday was a great day at York, all the town and country were there, it being the time at which, once every three or four years, Lord Vernon, the Archbishop of York, confirms the children of this part of the diocese. The scene was beyond all description. Fancy upwards of three thousand children under fifteen, the females dressed in white, with ladies and gentlemen, all assembled in that glorious minster—the thousand stained glass windows throwing a dazzling light of various hues on the white mass—the great organ booming like thunder through the never-ending arches! The ceremony is intensely simple; they come in forties and fifties, and surround the bishop, who repeats the vows and lays his hand successively on each head. I could not help comparing this with a sacramental occasion in the Highlands,* where there is no minster but the wide heaven, and no organ but the roar of the eternal sea, the church with its lonely churchyard and primitive congregation, and—think of my Scotch pride!—I thought the latter scene more grand and more impressive. I ascended to-day to the top of the great tower in the minster, two hundred and seventy steps! But such a view! I gazed from instinct toward the North for a while—not that I expected to see anything; but there was nothing but masses of wood."

Extracts from his JOURNAL:—

"*Edinburgh, Tuesday, 1st Nov., 1833.*—"Began to read on crystallography and geology (Lyell). I wish, above all things, to know mineralogy and geology thoroughly. I must attend chemistry, anatomy, and botany. To acquire accurate knowledge is no joke.

"*Tuesday, 3rd Dec.*—There are certain days and times in a man's existence which are eras in his little history, and which greatly influence his future life. This day has been to me one of much pain; and oh! when the grief has passed away (and shall it ever be so?) may its influence still remain! I heard my own dear brother James was so ill that he cannot, in all human probability, recover. How strange that I who, when in health

* It is a common custom in the Highlands to celebrate the Communion in the open air during summer.

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and strength, and with everything to cheer, and little to depress the heart, thought not of God, the great Giver of all good, should now, when my beloved brother is sinking into the grave, my best and dearest of mothers sore at heart, for her child, raise my voice, and I hope my heart, to Him who has been despised and rejected by me. My mother has been my best earthly friend, and God knows the heartfelt, profound veneration I have for her character. And now, O God of my Fathers, this 3rd day of December, solely and entirely under Thy guidance, I commence again to fight the good fight. I acknowledge Thy hand in making my dear brother's illness the means; through, and only for the sake, of the great Redeemer Jesus Christ do I look for an answer to my most earnest prayer. Amen.

"*Thursday.*—It is past twelve. The wind blows loud, and the rain falls. I am alone in body, but my mind is in my brother's room, where, I am sure, my dear mother is now watching her boy with a heavy heart. May God be with them both!

"*Saturday.*—I heard the waits last night play 'The Last Rose of Summer' beautifully. It went to my heart; I thought of my poor James. The week is past, the most memorable, it may be, in my existence.

"*Monday, 16th Dec.*—I saw James, Wednesday morning. Such a shadow! Still the same firm mind, with the same dependence upon his Saviour. I shall never, I hope, come to that state in which I can forget all the kindness which God has shown me for the last six days! I had many earnest conversations with dear James.

"Alas, this day I parted from one I loved as devotedly as a brother can be loved! Thank God and Christ, we shall meet. I went to his bedside: 'I am going away, James, my boy; but I trust to see you for a day during the holidays.' 'Norman, dear, if I'm spared I'll see you. But what is this to end in?' I hardly knew what to say. 'I know your firmness of mind. But, James, it is but the husk, the mere shell.' 'I am very weak.' 'Yes, Jamie; but I shall be weak, and all weak. I part without sorrow, for I know you are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' 'I have, Norman, got clearer views since we met. I know on whom I can lean.'

"*Friday evening, 20th Dec.*—It is all past. My dear brother is now with his own Saviour. I do heartily thank God for His kindness to him; for his patience, his manliness, his love to his Redeemer. May I follow his footsteps! May I join with James in the universal song! I know not, my own brother, whether you now see me or not. If you know my heart, you will know my love for you, and that in passing through this pilgrimage, I shall never forget you who accompanied me so far. "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

From his MOTHER:— "*February* 7, 1834.

"Now, write me everything as you would to your *own heart*, and do not hide even passing uneasy feelings, for fear of making me uneasy. Believe me, I will just give everything its own value, and from 'the heart to the heart' is all, you know, I care for."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Friday.*—Went in the evening with Uncle Neil to a meeting of the

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Shakespeare Club—Vandenhoff, Ball, MacKay, &c. A very pleasant evening; fine singing; two scenes I won't forget: the noble feeling of Vandenhoff when his daughter's health was drunk, and Ball's acclamations (!!) interrupting a very humbugging, stupid speech, proposing the memory of Lord Byron. There is blarney all the world over. I plainly see the stage, as it now is, and the Church are at complete antipodes.

"*Sunday.*—Not two months dead—my dearest brother—and yet how changed am I! I thank God with my whole heart and soul that He has not forsaken me. I seem a merry, thoughtless being. But I spend many a thinking and pleasant hour in that sick-room. That pale face, all intelligence and love—the black hair—the warm and gallant heart of him I loved as well as a brother can be loved—shall never be forgotten."

To his MOTHER:—

"YORK, *March* 9, 1834.

"In an old, snug garret, in the city of York, upon Good Friday, with the minster clock chiming twelve of the night, do I sit down to have a long chat with you, my dearest mother.

"I intend upon Sabbath to take the sacrament at Moreby. I have reflected on the step, and while I see no objection, I can see every reason in showing forth the Lord's death with Christian brethren of the same calling; as to me, individually, it signifies little whether I take it kneeling at an altar, or sitting at a table."

To his AUNT:—

"SION HILL, *April* 12, 1834.

"One peep of Loch Aline or of Glen Dhu is worth all in Yorkshire. Their living is certainly splendid; but, believe me, I shall never eat any of their *ragoûts*, or drink their champagne, with the same relish as I ate the cake and drank the milk beside my wee bed when I returned from fishing. If only the white can had not been broken!"

To his MOTHER:—

"*Near* MORBBY, *April* 15, 1834.

"The house is full, and I am now sleeping at the farm, a quarter of a mile from the house. We have very pleasant people—Lady Vavasour and her son and daughter. They have been abroad for six or seven years in different parts of the Continent. She and I are great friends. We get letters from her for the Court of Weimar, and she has been drilling me how to speak to her 'Imperial Highness' the Grand Duchess, sister to the late Emperor of Russia."

From his JOURNAL:—

"22*nd April, Monday.*—Upon Easter Sunday I partook of the sacrament in York minster, and although the formulas are of course different from ours, yet, 'as there is no virtue in them, or in them that administer them,' I found God was present with me to bestow much comfort.

"During the next week all was gaiety. A party or ball every night.

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The next week we spent at Sion Hill and, between fishing, riding, seeing the railroad, and, above all, Fountain Abbey, I must say I was very happy.

"I start to-morrow morning for London. But what hangs heavy on my mind is the deep sense of responsibility I am under: I have not only the superintendence of my pupil, but I am about to be placed in hard trial in a thousand circumstances which are eminently calculated to draw my mind off from God. But my only confidence is in Him. O Thou who hast brought me to this—Thou who didst make me what I am when I had no strength of my own—to Thy loving and merciful hands I commend myself, wholly trusting that I may, through the aid of Thy Holy Spirit, be every day more sanctified in my affections, and ever constant in the performance of my duty."

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CHAPTER IV.

WEIMAR.

WEIMAR, the capital of the little Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, was chosen by Norman Macleod and young Preston as head-quarters during their residence on the Continent. It was at that time a desirable place for those who wished to see German life as well as to study German language and literature. Not that the external features of the town are possessed of interest, for the Palace, with its surrounding park, and the Round Tower, containing its excellent free library, do not redeem Weimar from an aspect of quiet dulness. Yet it was anything but dull in those days. The people prided themselves on the memory of their great citizens—Goethe, then recently departed, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland—and kept up the tradition of literary culture derived from that golden age of their history; while the Grand Duke, with his court, sustained its reputation for hospitality and for gaiety of the old-fashioned order. The town could also boast of a good theatre, an excellent opera, and music *ad libitum* in public gardens and cafés. The Grand Duke was of a most amiable disposition, and the Duchess, sister of the Russian Emperor, was a woman of brilliancy and culture, and of great kindness of heart. There was an early dinner at the Palace every Sunday, followed by an evening reception for all foreigners who had been introduced; and various balls and state ceremonies, scattered at short intervals throughout the year, averted the normal stagnation of the place, and made it a cheerful and pleasant residence. "With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write," says Thackeray, who had lived in Weimar a year or two previous to the time we are speaking of, "and an acquaintance with an unusual variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."*

The change was certainly great from Dr. Chalmers and the Divinity Hall, from the simple habits of the manse, and from the traditionary beliefs, bigotries, and customs—some true, some false—which hedged the religious life of Scotland, to this Weimar, with its rampant worldliness and rationalism. It was, nevertheless, an excellent school for the young Scotchman, who at every turn found some insular prejudice trampled on, or the strength tried of some abiding principle.

*Letter to G. H. Lewes in the "Story of the Life of Goethe."

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The most remarkable man at Weimar, and the great friend of all English travellers, was Dr. Weissenborn. He was a cultivated scholar, and combined the strangest eccentricities of character and belief with the gentlest and most unselfish of natures. He was a confirmed valetudinarian. "My side" had become a distinct personality to him, whose demands were discussed as if it were an exacting member of his household rather than a part of his body; yet Weimar would have lost half its charm but for old Weissenborn, with his weak side, his dog Waltina, his chameleon (fruitful source of many a theory on the "Kosmos"), his collection of eggs, and innumerable oddities of mind and body. All the English who went to Weimar loved "the Doctor," and no father or brother could have taken a greater interest than he did in promoting their happiness and in directing their studies. "Thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn," writes Thackeray lovingly. "And these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town."*

Norman entered on this new life with great zest. It doubtless had its dangers. But although he often swung freely with the current, yet his grasp of central truth, and his own hearty Christian convictions, so held him at anchor that, through the grace of God, he rode safely through many temptations, and was able to exercise an influence for good over the group of young men from England or Scotland who were residing that year at Weimar. The very fact that he entered with them into all their innocent enjoyments and gaieties gave him greater power to restrain them in other things. He may, indeed, have often given too great a rein to that "liberty" which was so congenial to his natural temperament, but it is marvellous that the reaction was not greater in one who, brought up in a strict school, was suddenly thrown into the vortex of fashionable life. He was passionately fond of music, sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. His father and mother frequently warned him against going too far in all this; and he often reproached himself for what he deemed his want of self-restraint when in society. Nevertheless, the experience he gained in Weimar became of immense practical importance to him. His own healthy nature repelled the evil, while he gained an insight into the ways of the world. In what was new to him he saw much that was good; much that in his own country was called unlawful, whose right use he felt ought to be vindicated; and he also perceived the essential wickedness of much more—in the "utter rottenness" (as he used to call it) "of what the world terms life."

Weimar also brought him another influence which told with indirect, rather than direct, power on his character. It was his fate, in common with many others, to come under the fascination of the great court beauty, the Baroness Melanie von S——. Thackeray used often to

* "Roundabout Papers, *De finibus*."

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describe her extraordinary charms—"the kind old Hof-Marschall von S—— (who had two of the loveliest daughters eyes ever looked upon)."* And she could have been no ordinary woman who had the genius thus to evoke, as by a spell, a poetic and ideal life in the young minds she attracted to her. With Norman she became a kind of romance. She touched his imagination rather than his affections, and awakened a world of æsthetic feelings which long afterwards breathed like a subtile essence, through the common atmosphere of his life. When working against vice and poverty in his parish in Ayrshire, during the heats of the Disruption controversy, amid prosaic cares as well as in the enjoyment of poetry and art and song, Melanie haunted him as the sweet embodiment of happy memories, the spirit of gracefulness and charm and culture; and thus, for many a day, the halo of the old associations, in which the real Melanie was etherealised, served to cast a delicate light of fancy over the rough details of practical daily work.

When he and Preston returned to Moreby, Norman had become in many ways a new man. His views were widened, his opinions matured, his human sympathies vastly enriched, and while all that was of the essence of his early faith had become doubly precious, he had gained increased catholicity of sentiment, along with knowledge of the world.

To A. Clerk :—

"Weimar, *May* 30, 1834.

"* * * * Let us pass Frankfort; half-way to this we visited Eisenach. The approach to the town is through the loveliest scenery of wooded and broken knolls. On the top of the highest stands Wartzburg, where Luther was held in friendly captivity to brood over the fate of his country amidst the solitude of a German forest. Would to God there was a second Luther! Germany is in a most extraordinary state. The clergyman here (Rühr) is head of the rationalist school; of religion there is none, and most of the clergy merely follow it as a power in the hands of the State. I am credibly informed by competent judges that ninety-nine out of a hundred are infidels. If you but heard a rationalist talk on religion! I had a talk with one yesterday. He believed in Hume on miracles, and, moreover, said that he thought it of no consequence for our faith in Scripture whether miracles were true or not; in short, he believed in the Scriptures, and yet said they were 'pious frauds.' Devils and all are to be saved at last (tell ——— this for his comfort). If you wish to *adore* your own Church, country, and profession, come abroad. Here once lived and died Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. The souls of the men still cast a halo on the town, brighter than most in Germany. There are many clever fellows here; a splendid library, open free to all; a glorious park, likewise open, in which the nightingale never ceases to sing. I am in a very nice family. The lady is a countess by right, and yet they have boarders. Such is German society! They often dine at the Grand Duke's.

*Letter to G. H. Lewes in the "Story of the Life of Goethe."

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The music glorious. Every third night an opera, with best boxes for two shillings. The Grand Duke supports it, and so it is good. The great amusement of the people on Sunday is going to gardens to take coffee, wine, &c., or to play at nine-pins; a band of music, of course; smoking everywhere. The postilion who drives the Eilwagen smokes a pipe the whole way. A man would commit suicide were you to deprive him of his pipe.

"The country is a mighty field without a hedge. A steeple here and there surrounded by houses; no farm-steadings, no gentlemen's houses; corn, rye, and grass; ugly bullocks, ugly cows drawing ugly ploughs, followed by ugly women or men; low, undulating pine hills.

"It is odd the inclination I have here to speak Gaelic. Often have I come out with words. A German asked me something, when I answered plump outright, 'Diabhaull fhios agam!' As another instance of German reason, I may mention that my friend, Dr. Weissenborn, told me gravely to-day that he believed matter in motion to be the same as spirit; and that as animals arose from our bodies, so we may be mere productions of the plants."

To his MOTHER:—

"WEIMAR, *June* 4, 1834.

"Yesterday happened to be my birthday—twenty-two is not to be laughed at; it is a good, whacking age—'*a stoot lad at that age, faith!* and proud may you be for having such a lad this day.' This evening last year I was at home from Edinburgh. The winter months are past; their effects are felt—have a substantial existence, and must be felt for ever. A knowledge of the world either spoils a man or makes him more perfect. I feel it has done me good in a thousand ways. I have been made to look upon man as *man*. I see mankind like so many different birds in the same atmosphere, alike governed and elevated by the same feathers. This a clergyman should know; to feel it is invaluable.

". . . How are they all at Mull and Morven? Many a time I shut my eyes, and, while whistling a Highland tune, carry myself back to fishing at the rock or walking about the old castle at Aros: at other times I am in the glen or on the hill. Although it is really nonsense (as I believe there are few periods in our lives really happier than others), I often think those days must have been paradise—I was so perfectly unshackled; while, at the same time, I remember well my many wishes to go abroad. Every person has his ideal. That was mine; a plain Manse is my only one now."

From his MOTHER:—

"CAMPSIE, *June* 30.

"You ought not even to witness the profanation of the Sabbath—wherever you are. In the first place, you are bound to set an example to your pupil; in the next place, it is the Christian Sabbath, wherever you are, and to be kept sacred in thought and deed before the Lord."

From his JOURNAL:—

"Scotland is, in sooth, in a strange state. But in all this 'noise and uproar,' there are signs of activity and life—that men at least *wish* good, and

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this is something. I must say I have much confidence in the sound sense and morality of the people of Scotland. It is absurd to measure them by the turbulent effervescence of ranting radical town fools, who make theories and speak them, but do no more. There is a *douceness* (to use a phrase of our own) about the mass and staple bulk of farmers and gentlemen that will not permit violent and bad changes.

"But how different is the case in Germany! There is an apathy, a seeming total indifference, as to what religion is established by law. The men of the upper classes are speculators, and take from Christianity as it suits their separate tastes. They seem to have no idea of obligation. True, the lower classes are not so drunken as ours, just because they have nothing to drink, and their tastes lie in other directions. Not one of them, I believe, is regulated by its moral tendency. In other vices they are worse—much worse. May Germany have another Luther!

"*13th July, Tuesday night.*—I have to-day received a letter from my mother announcing that my old and dear friend Duncan Campbell is dead! I reverence his memory. He was a friend worthy of the warmest attachment and deepest regard. We were at school together. For many years, I may say, I lost sight of him, until in 1829, in the moral philosophy class in Glasgow, we met as students. From that hour an intimate and close friendship commenced, shared with a third, James Stewart. We were called 'the three inseparables,' or 'the trio.' That winter we were literally every day six or seven hours out of the twenty-four in one another's company. A more simple, amiable, and deeply delicate heart there never lived: generous, unselfish, and noble; one of the few that retain in college life the purity which nature stamps. He is gone before me. His memory is associated with happy days. I am far from his resting-place, but I need never seek it, as I may exclaim in the beautiful words of the translated Persian poet—

> "Dicebant mihi sodales si sepulchrum amici visitarem,
> Curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas
> Dixi autem—an ideo aliud præter hoc pectus habet sepulchrum."*

"*July 17th.*—To-day I walked with the doctor to the Gottes-acker (the churchyard). I hate the style of foreign burying-grounds. The deeper feelings of our heart, and especially grief, are far removed from the rank, overgrown bushes or from the flowers that are associated with neat beds in a lady's garden. No; simplicity is unalterably connected with deep passion.

"Upon Saturday, Halley, the two Millers, Preston, and I, had good fun on the Ettersberge playing 'I spy!' and drinking Wurtzburg. Well, we enjoyed ourselves much, and not the less as it reminded us all of school boy days.

"*27th July.*—And now this day on which I write is a Sabbath later. I have read my Bible, my only good book. I have then read over my letters again, as I receive pleasure from refreshing my mind with expressions of love and affection.

"Tell me, is it weakness or childishness to have home and friends ever present to your eye? Honestly, I think I am neither the one nor the other, and yet at times I feel as if a single change by death would make the world

* This College friend was the original from which he drew the character of "Curley" in "The Old Lieutenant."

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quite different to me. I am sometimes frightened to think upon what a small point in this respect hang my pleasure and my pain. In truth, the Continent is a horrid place for the total want of means—no good books, no sermons, no church; I mean for me.

"I would renew my confidence and trust in Him who has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive; I will never leave you, I will never forsake you.' The past is still the same."

SONNET ON HEARING OF COLERIDGE'S DEATH (IN WEIMAR).

Oft have I watch'd, in meditative mood,
A sunbeam travel over hill and dale:
Now searching the deep valley, now it fell,
With gorgeous colouring, on some ancient wood,
Or gleam'd on mountain tarn; its silver flood
Bathed every cottage in the lowly vale;
The brook, once dark amidst the willows grey,
Danced in its beams, and beauties, dimly seen,
Were lighted into being by that ray:
The glory ceas'd as if it ne'er had been,
But in the heart it cannot pass away—
There it is immortal! Coleridge, friend of truth,
Thus do I think of thee, with feelings keen
And passions strong, thou sunbeam of my youth!

To A CLERK:—

"WEIMAR, *October* 12, 1834.

"I have just returned to Weimar after a fine tour. Look at the map, and draw your pencil from Weimar through Cobourg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Saltzburg, Linz, down the Danube to Vienna; back to Brünn, Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Weimar; and you have our course. And you may well suppose I saw much to interest and amuse me. The three Galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Vienna are glorious; I feasted upon them. I was there every hour, so that many of the greatest works of art are engraved in my memory. The Tyrol is magnificent beyond words: the eye is charmed, and the heart filled still more, with an overflowing sense of the beautiful. In religion the people there are as yet in the Middle Ages. Fancy a sacred drama acted in one of the loveliest scenes of nature before about six thousand people, and representing the Crucifixion! *

"Vienna is a strange place—Greek, Jew, and Gentile; I know not which is worst; I do not like the place; fine music, good eating, fine sights, and a nasty people. I hate Austria—tyranny and despotism! Slaves and serfs from Hungary and Moravia walk under the nose of the 'Father' of his people! They, poor souls, eat and drink while Metternich picks their brains and pockets. There is no danger of revolution there! They are ignorant and stupid. You may be sure I visited the fields of Wagram and Aspern. When in Brünn—where I staid a week—I saw 40,000 men encamped. A splendid sham fight took place, lasting two days, with every-

* This must refer to the Ammergau Play.

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thing like a real battle except the wounds—taking of villages &c.—and this upon the mighty field of Austerlitz. Was that not worth seeing? And how fine, how strange, in the still, cool evening, to ride along that great camp stretching over a flat plain for three or four miles, the watch-fires scattered over it, and each regiment with its band playing such music as I never heard!

"At Prague I saw a Jewish synagogue. It almost made me weep. Such levity and absurdity I never saw. The spirit had fled!"

To his Mother:—

"Weimar, *October* 28, 1834.

* * * * *

"I have made my *début* as a courtier!! The court days are Thursday and Sunday. Every Sunday fortnight you are invited to dinner in full court dress. Hem! I am nervous on approaching the subject. *Imprimis*, a cocked-hat! under it appeareth a full, rosy, respectable-looking face, in which great sense, fine taste, the thorough gentleman, and a certain spice of a something which an acute observer would call *royal*, are all exquisitely blended! A cravat of white supporteth the said head. Next comes the coat which, having the cut, has even more of the modesty, of the Quaker about it. The sword (!!) which dangles beside it, however, assures you it is not a Jonathan. Now, the whole frame down to the knees is goodly—round and plump. I say to the knees, for there two small buckles mark the ending of the breeches and the commencement of two handsome legs clothed in silk stockings. Buckled shoes support the whole figure, which, with the exception of white kid-gloves, is 'black as night.' The hour of dinner is three; you sally forth to the Palace, gathering, in going, like a snowball, every Englishman in town. You move among servants to the first of a finely-lighted suite of rooms. Ladies and gentlemen are scattered about chatting (most of the gentlemen in military uniforms). You mingle with the groups, bowing here and chatting there, and every now and then viewing yourself in one of the fine mirrors which adorn the walls (*'stoot lad, faith!'**) The rooms become more crowded; a bustle is heard; the Grand Duke and his Queen enter, sliding along between two rows of people, who return their bows and becks. The Duke chats round the circle. If you are to be introduced, a lord or master-in-waiting watches an opportunity and leads you up, announcing your name, and, after making your most profound salaam, a few questions are put, as—How do you like Weimar? How long do you intend staying?—and the Duke bows and passes on. I speak nothing but German at court. Is that not bold? but I get on uncommonly well. You are generally addressed every time you go. The dinner is very good; sixty people or so sit down. You leave after dinner, and return again in the evening. There is nothing done but conversation, though some play cards. You may retire when you like. I do so as soon as I can, as this is not the way I like to spend Sunday evening. Every night we have some prince or other; the brother of the King of Prussia was there last time. How much more have I felt at a small party at Craigbarnet! But

* This expression was one which occurred in one of his Highland stories, and was a favourite quotation, being always given with the full native accent.

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thanks to these and the worthy woman * who gave them, that society comes now so easy to me.

"If you but heard that best of men, the honest Doctor, and I planning how to keep all the young fellows in order! and when ten or so meet, it is no easy task. It has, however, been done. Winter has almost begun; we had snow yesterday. I have a good stove and abundance of wood, so with a good easy-chair—called in German *Grossvaterstuhl*,—I am in great comfort. But now this throws me back to "our ain fireside," and then I long to be among you all to get my heart out, for except on paper it has very little exercise. I am studying hard—Greek and Latin every day. I read (this is for my father, as you are not a German blue) Horace and Cicero de Officiis day about with Preston, the Greek Testament every morning. Ask my father to write to me. He has a "vast of news" to tell me, about Church, Irish, and Gaelic matters, all of which give me much interest.

"By-the-bye, mother, give me your advice. Now, don't be sleepy, I am nearly done. What would your well-known economical head suggest as to —my court dress? First of all ascertain whether there may not be in some of the old family chests a relic of the only sprig of nobility in your blood—Maxwell of Newark's sire. I think old Aunty Bax, if she were bribed or searched, could turn out an old cocked hat or sword. If this scent fail, we must try the Scandinavian side. But my idea is, all such relics perished during the Crusades! Donald Gregory would give some information. If no such thing exists, then my determination is fixed, that a room in the Manse be kept called the court-room, in which my clothes be preserved for my descendants: I mean—and have no doubt by your looks you have hit on the same idea—that this does not take place until I have worn them first as Moderator.

"I think of taking drawing and singing lessons time about. I think I have a taste for both, and my idea is that it is a man's duty as well as pleasure to enlarge every innocent field of enjoyment which God has put in his way.

"Oh dear, I almost thought myself at home; but the stove is nearly out, and it is still Deutschland.

"I am, your rising

"SON."

To his MOTHER:—

"WEIMAR, *November* 19, 1834.

"Here I sit on a wet, nasty evening—Sunday. All are at court but myself. A Sunday evening here is detestable. If I can spend it by myself, good and well; if not! No church, no sermon, no quiet, no books but German."

To an old FELLOW STUDENT:—

"WEIMAR, *December* 2, 1834.

"I have just received your long-wished-for epistle. Within the last half-hour I have speculated more upon your condition (on what the Germans call your *Inneres*, or inward being) than I have ever done before. In Heaven's name, why that doleful ending of a merry letter? Can it be a

* Mrs. Stirling, Craigbarnet, Campsie.

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joke? '*One that was*'—'*tomb.*' This must not be. If you are really ill, I grieve for you as a dear friend; but if it is but fancy, away with it to the shades! Look out on nature in all her simple glory; feel yourself a part and being of the universe; feel your own eternal dignity, that is beyond and above all the matter before which, alas! it often bows, but to which it owes no allegiance!

'We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!'

Read your Bible, and, if you want the joy, the meditative joy, which finds religious meanings in the forms of nature, read dear Coleridge, or his brother Wordsworth. But the former I love, I adore. Buy his works, should you have no more in the world to spend.

"This moment I have read your P.S., which I did not notice. 'Blood to the head!' What a setting sun your face must be! Did you ever hear since the days of Hippocrates of a fellow of your age and strength having blood to the head? Why, man, I suppose you sometimes feel dizzy and get blind, and stagger, when you had particularly simple biliousness; for all these symptoms I have had a thousand times, and half killed myself thinking then as you do now. Take a great deal of exercise every day; read a few novels, and send those blue devils to their master."

From his MOTHER:—

"*December* 8, 1834.

"You complain of want of books, and a sad want it is; but you can meditate and pray, and set no wrong example; and you have your Bible—his Bible who, to his last moment, loved you with more than a brother's love. It will, I trust, be but a secondary motive with you, but I know his image, as you last parted from him, his love, and a recollection of his virtues, will ever rise up to keep you sober in pursuit, and steady in principle. I feel that when I write to you, dearest, I will not seem tiresome or preaching too much."

SONNET.

The time *had* been when this bright earth and sky,
At dewy morn, calm eve, or starry night,
Inspired the passionate and wild delight
Which only dwell with lofty purity
Of heart and thought; but soon that holy light,
Which comes from heaven to beautify
The things of sense departed, and deep night
Concealed their glory from the seeking eye.
My soul was dimmed by all-destroying sin,
Which o'er my inner sense and feelings crept
Like frost at early morn. Still oft within
This darken'd heart a sudden gleam, a share
Of former joy, was mine; and I have wept,
And thought 'twas from a distant mother's prayer!

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To his MOTHER:— "WEIMAR, *December*, 1834.

"You know, mother, there are very few, if any, upon whose good sense, in matters of the world, I would rely more than on yours. I have seriously thought of all you say about my acquiring tastes and habits uncongenial to my future profession. To tell you the honest truth, this sometimes does give me pain. To battle against a thousand little things which insidiously collect round your mind like iron filings on a magnet, till it is all covered, is impossible. There is a style of life which has charms, talk of it as you please, and somehow or other it comes quite naturally to me.

"But yet, on the other hand, I trust I feel too highly those mighty things which constitute real greatness, whether found in clown or king; and the grand position a zealous clergyman takes in human society; together with the world of knowledge I am now acquiring of human character, and of the *way to manage men*—that I shall enter, under God's blessing, upon the work with spirit and success, and be above all discontent.

"Say to my father, with my love, that I have paid particular attention to his part of the letter. My next shall be to him upon German theology and sundry other matters.

"As for the girls, keep none of them cramped up at piano with crooked backs. Air and liberty for the young, and then two hours or so of hard earnest work. When I have children, I shall certainly act on this principle!

"You predicted a great many things about me which have turned out true, and which make me ashamed of the weakness of my character. I leave Weimar in a month, at the very furthest; and the regret with which I leave it makes me blush. Why am I sorry? Am I not going home to those who love me more than any on earth? I am; and this is invaluable. But still—still there are a thousand things which I am destined for, and which I shall fulfil, but to which my last year's education has been directly opposed. Mother, you have taste yourself, so excuse my *rant*. When you only remember the *beau-idéal* life I have been leading, call me weak, call me fool, but let me speak it out, and, like a great ass, turn up my poor nose against Scotch lairds and their pride, and Scotch preachers with their fanatical notions. I agree with my father to a 'T' about them. And to be obliged to have my piety measured by my reading a newspaper on a Sunday, or such trash; or by my vote, on this side or that; or by my love of music; or —— Don't be angry, for I am done, and in better humour.

"I trust to see you in July. In the meantime I am looking forward to coming back here this time next year. Hurrah for old Germany again! Next to Scotland I love her. I am upon the *qui vive* for a letter as to our route.

"I long to tell you all my adventures, and how I fell in love with the beautiful 'La Baronne.' If you only saw her, mother! None of your 'blockheads!' You were once in love yourself, and I don't blame you, for my father is a good-looking man—'*fine, stoot man, faith!*' She has made me a poet!

"How do my poor crocuses look? What happy feelings does the question recall!—Campsie long ago and spring contentment—home and happiness! I have no news. The same routine of reading, balls, court concerts, and operas. I long to hear if my father has been made Moderator. I should like to be at the head of everything. It is a grand thing."

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From DR. WEISSENBORN (written to N. after his return to Scotland):—

"WEIMAR, *July*, 1835.

"You appear to be a thoroughly revised and improved edition of yourself. Happy man, whose feelings are not alienated from his native country and early connections by a residence abroad, yet keeps a lively remembrance of his friends there, whose sound constitution throws out foreign peccant matter, after having assimilated the wholesome principles. Don't smile if I become a little pathetic on the subject. I really was afraid that your residence here would have an injurious effect on your tendencies, inclinations, future plans, and prospects; in short, your happiness and usefulness to your fellow-creatures. I therefore looked forward towards your return not as a happy event, but as one fraught with evil consequences and uneasy feelings to myself, the more so because my health is so very bad and fluctuating, that I would have felt all the misery you might have brought upon yourself without being able to remedy or lessen it. You'll forgive a sick man if he take, perhaps, too gloomy a view of things; but you may judge how happy I feel to find that all my evil anticipations are dispelled by your letter. As to the difference of opinion which exists between you and me with respect to religion, I trust it is only formal, and I hope German rationalism has not made you a whit less inclined to dispense the blessings of religion to your future parishioners under those forms which are most suited to their circumstances, or most likely to produce the best practical results; though I am convinced myself that we can't stem the torrent of the age so effectually here as it may be possible on your insulating stand of old England. We must first experience its devastations before we can reap the fruit of its inundation."

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CHAPTER V.

APRIL, 1835—NOVEMBER, 1836.

WITH the exception of a brief visit to Scotland, he remained at Moreby from April, 1835, when he returned from the Continent, till October of the same year. He then went to Glasgow to resume his theological studies. As his father was at that time leaving Campsie for his new charge of St. Columba, Glasgow, he lived with his valued friend and relative, Mr. William Gray, in Brandon Place. He at once devoted himself to hard study. Not only do his note-books show the extensive field of reading he went over, but his former fellow-students were surprised at the rapid mastery he had obtained over various branches of theological learning in which he had before shown only a passing interest. For although his previous education had not been favourable to scholarship in the technical sense, yet from this time to his latest day he cultivated accurate methods, read extensively on whatever subjects he was professionally occupied with, worked daily at his Greek Testament, and kept himself well informed as to the results of modern criticism. He had the rare faculty of rapidly getting the gist of a book, and, without toiling over every page, he seemed always to grasp the salient points, and in a marvellously short time carried away all that was worth knowing.

In the May of 1836, his father having been elected Moderator of the Church of Scotland, he went to Edinburgh, and listened with great interest to the debates of an Assembly, the attention of which was directed to Church work rather than to Church polity.

The passages from his journals referring to his spiritual condition, which are given throughout this memoir, while no more than specimens of very copious entries, are yet thoroughly just representations of the self-scrutiny to which he subjected himself during his whole life. Those who knew him only in society, buoyant and witty, overflowing with animal spirits, the very soul of laughter and enjoyment, may feel surprised at the almost morbid self-condemnation and excessive tenderness of conscience which these journals display, still more at the tone of sadness which so frequently pervades them. For while such persons may remember how his merriest talk generally passed imperceptibly into some graver theme—so naturally, indeed, that the listener could scarcely tell how it was that the conversation

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had changed its tone—yet only those who knew him very intimately were aware that, although his outer life had so much of apparent *abandon*, he not only preserved a habit of careful spiritual self-culture, but was often subject to great mental depression, and was ever haunted with a consciousness of the solemnity, if not the sadness, of life.

In point of fact, much of his self-reproach arose from the earnestness of the conflict which he waged against his own natural tendency to self-indulgence. For if on one side he had deep spiritual affinities and a will firmly resolved on the attainment of holiness, he had on the other a temperament to which both "the world and the flesh" appealed with tremendous power. His abounding humour and geniality had, as usual, their source in a deeply emotional region; rendering him quickly susceptible to impressions from without, and easily moved by what appealed strongly to his tastes. This rich vein of human feeling, which constituted him many-sided and sympathetic, and gave him so much power over others, laid him also open to peculiar trials in his endeavour after a close life with God. Besides, as if to be the better fitted for dealing with others, there was given to him more than the usual share of the experiences of "life;" for he was frequently brought strangely and closely into contact with various forms of evil—subtle and fascinating; thus gaining an insight into the ways of sin—though, by God's grace, he remained unscathed by its evil.

And not only this self-scrutiny, but the tone of sadness also which pervades these journals, must sound strange from one generally so buoyant. The tendency to reaction common to all sanguine natures, combined with his Celtic blood, may perhaps have helped to give it the shape it so frequently takes, for the way in which he moralises even in youth upon approaching age, and ever and anon speaks of death, and of the transitoriness of the present, is quite typical of the temperament of the Highlanders of the Western Islands. But there was an element in his own character strong yet subtle in its influence, which produced finer veins of melancholy. The more than childlike intensity with which his affections clung to persons, places, associations, made him dread separation, and that very dread suggested all manner of speculations as to the future. He was continually forecasting change. There was assuredly throughout this more of a longing for "the larger life and fuller" than a mawkish bewailing of the vanishing present. His views of the glorious purpose of God in creation were from the first healthy and hopeful, and became one of the strongest points in his creed. Nevertheless, it served to produce a side of character which was deeply solemn, so that when left alone with his own thoughts a kind of *eerie* sadness was cast over his views of life. The deep undertones of death and eternity sounded constantly in his ear, even when he seemed only bent on amusement. His favourite quotation literally expressed his experience—

"I hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

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From his JOURNAL :—

"*Moreby, April* 30, 1835.—I have at last returned from the Continent this morning. With how many feelings of the past do I write it! I read over many old letters and journals, and I felt the old man, which I supposed one little year had crushed, to be as strong as ever. No, not quite so strong; but still he was there, and I could recognise many of his old familiar features. This last year has been quite an episode in my life; it does not seem to chime in with the rest of the story, and yet it is a material and important part of it.

"It was a dream; its people were images in a dream, never seen before or to be seen again. Everything *was*, and flashed upon me. I am awake, and the dream is past.

"*Hawes, Aug.* 13*th*.—Spent this morning in fishing, and, after walking eight or nine miles, returned as I went. I had, however, for my guide and companion a most rare specimen of a Yorkshireman. He is the village cobbler. He and his have been here from generation to generation; and what part of the shire is more secluded than Hawes! We spent the time in 'chat and clatter;' and with his peculiar drawl and stories I was much amused:—'Ise deena believe measell what foaks sea like, boot t' wutches beean in 'deals like, boot thea sea hoa there weas yance in t' time ot t' wear maebea hoondred year and mear a man wid ceart an harse gang i-oop bye t' Fell theare, and in t' ceart was a kist and gooald; an t' neame ot hoarse was Ham. Soa t' driver sead, 'Che wo hoop, Ham. We God's mind or noa oop heel thou man gang.' Soa t' heel opened like, and t' keest fell een, and thear weas nought mear aboot eet! Boot yance seex parsons were tae conjer it oot, and toald t' wae or 't foar leads we them to say nout; and soa they prayed and prayed teelt they gat thee keest and youked t' harse, bopt yan o' t' leads said—'Gad lads! wese geet eet yeet.' When t' keest howped oop t' heel an' weas seen nea mear.'

"The cobbler once talked with a man who had gone to Kendall to see the Highlanders pass north. They had no shoes, and looked miserable; plundering, but not slaying. The landlord with whom he staid had his shoes taken off him thrice, by successive parties.

"*Ambleside*, 19*th August*.—I have to-day accomplished what I have long sought. I have seen, talked, and spent two or three hours with Wordsworth. I set off in the morning with a note of introduction by myself, for myself. I arrived at the door of a sweet, beautiful cottage, and was ushered into a small parlour with a small library, chiefly filled with books of poetry, among which was a fine edition of Dante. Presently the old man came in in an old brown great-coat, large straw hat, and umbrella, and ushered me into a small, plainly furnished parlour. Here we sat some time, talking about Germany, its political state, and the character of its inhabitants,—of the Scotch Church and the levelling system, and right of voting; and here he read me the note from his last volume. We then went out and stood on the lovely green mound commanding views of Rydal and Windermere. There I said to him, 'We are sorry that you are not a friend of Ossian.' This set him a-going, in which he defended himself against the charge, and saying 'that although self-praise was no honour, yet he thought he might say that no man had written more feelingly than he in his favour. Not the Ossian of McPherson, which was trash, but the spirit of Ossian was glorious;

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and this he had maintained.' He then brought his works and read many passages in the bower showing this. He said that he had more enemies in Scotland than elsewhere; that his little volume could not fight against all the might of a long-established Review—it was stupidity or envy; but that his book had now got greater circulation than they or it ever had. His books must be studied to be understood—they were not for ladies, to be read lounging on a sofa.

"He said that Professor Wilson was an exceedingly clever man, and that it was such a pity that his talents and energies were not directed to one point. On our return to the house, he said he had suffered much distress. His dear sister was dead, his daughter was lying ill with spine, and now an old family servant was dying, 'but I endeavour to amuse myself as I can.'

"I blessed the dear old man, came away; and he said he might wander into my house some day or other in Scotland. Oh, how I felt as I heard him read in his deep voice some of his own imperishable verses—the lovely evening—the glorious scene—the poetry and the man!

"*Aug. 24th.*—I received from home a parcel, and a letter from my father, who is in London about the Psalms. The event which he communicates is to me all-important—he leaves Campsie and goes to Glasgow. What are my feelings? I can hardly express them. It is a struggle between the ideal and real! On calmly considering it, I do think that the change is much for the better. A large family is nowhere in such an advantageous position for every improvement and advancement as in a town; which is also, I believe, more economical. Yet to leave Campsie! Spot of my earnest feelings, and of the dearest associations of the happiest period of my life! Gone are the continued presence of green fields and free air—gone the identifying of every lovely spot with the bright thoughts of youthful existence.

"I wish I could write a series of sonnets entitled 'Influences;' viz.: all those projections which turn the stream of life out of its course, bending it slightly without giving it a new direction. Nothing makes a man so contented as an experience gathered from a well-watched past. As the beauty of the finest landscape is sometimes marred on actual inspection by a nauseous weed at your feet, or painful headache, or many little things, which detract from a loveliness only fully felt in the recollection when those trifles are forgotten—so, our chief happiness is too often in recollection of the past, or anticipation of the future. Now, it is knowing what the past really was, which we now recall with so much pleasure, and over which there seems 'a light which never was on sea or land,' that we are able to estimate the amount of happiness and value of the present. And I think he who does this will seldom be discontented; for the miseries of life are few, and its blessings are 'new to us every morning and evening.'

"I have just returned from a pleasant walk, with a lovely sunset, and the cushats weeping and wailing in the wood.

"*September 15th.*—The long-expected festival-week is past! I never have in my life, nor ever expect again to have, such a glorious treat—I have heard *The Creation*.

"I shall not attempt to offer a criticism upon the music which I heard during the festival. Whoever has seen York Minster, may fancy the effect of a grand chorus of 640 performers before an assembled multitude of perhaps 7,000 people, with Braham, Phillips, Rubini, Lablache, Grisi, &c.

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"We had very delightful company in the house—Sir Charles Dolbiac, (M.P.) and daughter; Milnes Gaskill, M.P., wife and sister-in-law; Miss Wynn Smith; Wright, with his wife and daughter; Lady Sitwell; Mr. and Mrs. Norton; Mr. and Miss Forbes, Edinburgh; Captain Campbell, 7th Hussars; Lord Grey. I had the most interesting conversation with Gaskill, Wright, and Lady Sitwell.

"Gaskill mentioned the following things:—Peel does not confide sufficiently in his own party, he tells nothing to them; but if you do make a good speech, he will shake you by the hand and talk kindly. His difficulties on the Catholic question were great. His principal adviser and confidential friend was Dr. Lloyd, of Oxford. The Duke, who looks at a question of politics like men in a field of battle, after two hours' conversation, told Peel that he had agreed. Peel knew there was no use fighting in the council, and he determined to resign. He went to Windsor to do so. The King, who had all the feelings of his father on the subject, remonstrated, and asked Peel if he could form a Ministry which would resist. Peel saw it was impossible. The King then said, that what he would not do as an individual he was compelling him to do by asking him to change. Would he desert him? Would he leave the *onus* on him? Peel came home, and for two nights never went to bed. Wrote to his friend Dr. Lloyd that he knew that in sticking to the King, from the most loyal motives, he was sacrificing his political character, &c.; and so he passed it: and now he would willingly change his mind!

"Peel's memory is amazing. 'Can *you* forget all this trash?' said he to a friend, as a member was speaking. '*I* can't;' and so he never did, but would recall words and circumstances a year afterwards.

"One night Mr. Gaskill was at a party at the Duke of ———'s; Peel, Wellington, and some others, were playing whist; Croker was learning écarté at another table. 'Go,' said Peel to one of his friends—'go and ask if he ever learned the game before.' 'Never,' said Croker, 'upon my soul.' 'Well,' said Peel to his friend, who returned, 'I'll bet, in twenty minutes by my watch, Croker tells his teacher that he does not know how to play. In *five* minutes Croker was heard saying, 'Well, do you know, I should not have thought *that* the best way of playing.' This was received with a roar of laughter.

"*September* 16*th*.—O God, I am a weak, poor, sinful man, unmindful of past mercies, and of a hardened heart. Merciful Father, I implore pardon from Thee for my sins, and entreat the aid of thy Holy Spirit, by which alone I can fight the evil one. Hear me, for the sake of the atoning blood of Thy dear Son, in whose eternal merits I trust alone for salvation.

"*September* 28*th*, 1835.—G. was staying with us. He is the editor of a periodical called *The Churchman*, and is a most violent Episcopalian of the old school, as he was once as violent a dissenter of the new. There are few liberal Churchmen—very few; and to me nothing is more absurd than the violence of men professing the same faith in all its essentials, and, in the present state of things, cutting one another's throats. England is beginning to reform her clergy; and good morals, with a sound Calvinistic theology, are rapidly gaining ground. I have myself seen so much wickedness in manners and opinions that my heart bows before a good Christian wherever I meet him. We had good sacred music on Sunday evening.

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This may be abused; and then, perhaps, it is wrong. But certainly to me it is infinitely more sacred than the chatter around the fireside on stuff and nonsense, such as I have frequently heard. But remember Paul and the 'meats.'

"*September 29th.*—I had to-night a long argument with an atheist, Mr. C——. I have known intimately many strange thinkers, from fanatics to atheists. All sceptics whom I have ever met have been very ignorant of the argument and facts of the case. This has been my confirmed experience in Germany and England. Fanatics knew and felt ten times more. Believing too much is more philosophical than believing nothing at all.

"I finished Heine's 'History of Modern German Literature.' His German style is beautiful; his remarks astonishingly striking, original, and pointed; his character of the poetry, painting, architecture of the Middle Ages admirable.

"*Sunday, 11th.*—This is the last Sunday I shall spend in Moreby for some time. How many pleasant ones have I had in the old church at Stillingfleet, in its antique pew and oak seats, worn away by numberless generations! I trust I have seen enough of the English Church to love her *capabilities* and to admire her mode of worship; and while I enter with heart into that mode and form in which I have been born and bred, I trust to have for ever an affection for the venerable Liturgy and those institutions which so well accomplish their purpose of diffusing the Gospel of Christ among the nations. O Lord, I thank Thee for the many peaceful Sabbaths which I have enjoyed. Forgive their much abuse, and still preserve my mind more and more for that eternal Sabbath which I hope one day, through the blood of the Atonement, to spend with Thee in heaven.

"*October 13th.*—The last night at Moreby. How much could I now say on my leaving this excellent family whom I esteem so much and highly! Mr. Preston has been as a father. God bless them all!

"I thank Thee, O God, through Jesus Christ, for all Thou hast done for me since I came into this family. Lord, may Thy kindness not be thrown away, but may everything work for my good. Amen, Amen.

"*Glasgow, 23rd December.*—This day two years ago James died. I shall ever consider this day as worthy of my remembrance, because to me it marks the most important era of my life. Amidst temptations it has warned me; in my Christian course it has cheered me. In far other scenes than these I have remembered it with solemn feelings, and I trust I may never forget it or the habits it has engendered. The more I see of the world, the more I look upon the dear boy as the purest being I ever met with; and now I rejoice he is in heaven. Lord, may I never forget that time.

"*27th; last Sunday of* 1835.—I never felt a greater zest for study than now. The truth, sincerity, simplicity, and the eloquence, of the older divines is a source of much pleasure. I have adopted the plan of keeping a note-book which I call 'Hints for Sermons,' in which I put down whatever may prove useful for my future ministrations. Unfortunately what is useful is not nowadays the most taking, and we have lost much of our simple-hearted Christianity. Our very clergy are dragging us down to lick the dust, and the influence of the mob is making our young men a subservient set of fellows. I see among our better-thinking clergy a strong

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episcopalian spirit; they are beginning to see the use of a set form of worship. And who can look at the critical, self-sufficient faces of the one-half of our congregations during prayers, and the labour and puffing and blowing of some aspirant to a church, and not deplore the absence of some set prayers which would keep the feelings of many right-thinking Christian from being hurt every Sabbath.

"*January 6th*, 1836.—I went down to Campbeltown, and I returned to-day with Scipio and George Beatson. What were my feelings when I saw Campbeltown—aye, what were they? Almost what I anticipated;—a half breaking up of the ideal. Gone was the glory and the dream—gone the old familiar faces. Everything seemed changed, save the old hills; and it was only when I gazed on them that I felt a return of the old feelings, glimpses of boyhood, short but beautiful, that soon passed away, and I felt I was a changed man—how changed since those days!

"We were gay to our 'hearts' content:' a ball every night and breakfasts every morning, with interludes of dinners. I never received more kindness in my life.

"Be honest! In Campbeltown I forgot God altogether. If ever there was a cold, forgetful sinner, I am the man. If it was not for my peculiarly fortunate circumstances of life, I would have been a thorough-going sinner. My heart is blunt; every time I fall back I am so much the worse—it quenches faith, resolution, hope. Well may I say, 'Lord save me, or I perish.'

"Poor dear ——! I received such a letter from him in answer to an earnest exhortation to him to change his ways. The Lord bless him!

"Is it proper to endeavour to convert a man by any other but Christian motives—prudential or moral? I think it is. A hardened sinner must have motives addressed to him which he can feel and understand. Let this be a matter for thought. My mother denies its truth."

To A. CLERK:—

"10, BRANDON PLACE, GLASGOW, *January* 13, 1836.

"For once in my life I am working for the class, writing essays for a prize! Are you not astonished? Fleming gives out five or six subjects. The first was on the Mosaic account of the Creation; and I sent him in one of eighty pages crammed with geology, which even 'the Doctor's' (Sinclair) most scientific conversations (which used to bore you) were nothing to. Fleming had the good sense to appreciate it; and he said privately to my father that 'it had more in it than all the others put together.' But you never saw such fellows! Some of them open their goggle eyes, when I dare to speculate on some of the great doctor's *ipse dixits*. Think of them the other day! there was a meeting in the Hall, and M'Gill in the chair, to determine whether *Blackwood* should be kicked out of the Hall Library and sent in search of the *Edinburgh Review*, long ago black-balled! Poor Maga was peppered with a whole volley of anathemas; and if it was not for some fellows of sense who were determined to give old Christopher a lift on his stilts, he would have hobbled down the turnpike stair to make room for a dripping Baptist or oily-haired Methodist. Oh, I hate cant—I detest it, Clerk, from my 'heart of hearts!' There is a manliness about true Christianity, a consciousness of strength, which enables it to make everything its own

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"The *people* are becoming all in all. And what are the forthcoming ministers? The people's slaves or deceivers. It is, I admit, the opinion of a young man; but I feel that we are going down hill—talk, talk, talk—big words—popularity—that god which is worshipped wherever a chapel stands. This is what I fear we are coming to—our very prayers are the subjects of display and criticism. I rejoice to think there is One who guides all to good, that the world on the whole is ever advancing in the right, though poor Scotland may, perhaps, lag behind for a season."

During the session of 1835-36 a coterie of young men, possessed of kindred genius and humour, used to meet for the interchange of wit, and of literary productions, whose chief merit was their absurdity. Horatio M'Culloch, the landscape painter, and his brother artist, Mac-Nee; the late Principal Leitch, and his brother, Mr. John Leitch, a well-known *littérateur*; the Dean of Argyll, and his brother, Mr. Mac-George; M'Nish, the author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness;" and Norman Macleod, were the leading spirits of the fraternity. One of the chief ties which bound them in fellowship was the presence of Dugald M——, poet and local celebrity. M—— was not without talent, and made several creditable attempts in verse; but his extraordinary self-importance, his unconsciousness of ridicule, and the bombastic character of many of his productions made him a ready butt for the shafts of drollery with which the young fellows who met at those suppers were abundantly armed.* Before the year was out they printed a series of squibs written for their gatherings. The volume was entitled, "Sparks of Promethean Fire; or Chips from the Thunderbolts of Jove," and professed to be published at Stromboli, for the firm of Gog, Magog, and Co.

These poems were indirectly meant as caricatures of the pompous emptiness, the incongruous magnificence, and the grandiose scene-painting of the poet Dugald. Hades and the Arctic Pole, the volcanic fires and sulphurous craters of Etna and Hecla, whales, mammoths, and mastodons, had therefore to lend their aid in the production of a jumble of astounding nonsense.

Only one specimen of the volumes has been reprinted—"The Death of Space," by Mr. John Leitch, which was engrossed in "Bon Gualtier." Norman Macleod contributed four pieces—"The Reign of Death," "The Phantom Festival," "Professor Boss's† Drinking-Song," and "Invocation to Professor Boss, who fell into the Crater of Hecla." We give the two last.

* Once at a public dinner, when the toast of "the poets of Scotland, coupled with the name of Dugald M——" was proposed, in terms which seemed to disparage the practical importance of their art, Dugald, rising in great indignation, determined to give the ignoramus a lesson on the grandeur of the offended muse. "I will tell the gentleman," he shouted, "what poetry is. Poetry is the language of the tempest when it roars through the crashing forest. The waves of ocean tossing their foaming crests under the lash of the hurricane—they, sir, speak in poetry. Poetry, sir! poetry was the voice in which the Almighty thundered through the awful peaks of Sinai; and I myself, sir, have published five volumes of poetry, and the last, in its third edition, can be had for the price of five shillings and sixpence!"

† "Boss" was the bye-name he had for his very dear friend, the late Principal Leitch, one of the ablest and best of men.

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PROFESSOR BOSS' DRINKING-SONG.

Air—"Bekränzt mit Laub den liebevollen Becher,"
or—"The Rhine! the Rhine!" &c., &c.

Drink, drink and swill, ye jolly old Professors,
You'll find it royal stuff,
You'll find it royal stuff;
What though the waves of ocean roll above us,
We do not care a snuff!
We do not care a snuff!

Diodati, Kent, Gleim, Mendelssohn, Swighausen,
Ich bin Ihr Bruder Boss!
Ich bin Ihr Bruder Boss!
Pass round the jorum, and with all the honours,
Drink to Commander Ross!
Drink to Commander Ross!

Ices I've eat in Paris at Tortoni's;
Broiled chicken too in Wien,
Broiled chicken too in Wien;
But who would talk of such barbaric messes,
Who our turns-out had seen!
Who our turns-out had seen!

For here we dine on whales and fossil mammoths,
With walrus for our lunch,
With walrus for our lunch;
We've Hecla's flames to warm our glass of toddy,
And ice to cool our punch!
And ice to cool our punch!

See how our smoke is curling up the crater,
Ho, spit and rouse its fires!
Ho, spit and rouse its fires!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Deutschland's old Professors,
We're worthy of our sires!
We're worthy of our sires!

INVOCATION TO PROFESSOR BOSS, WHO FELL INTO THE CRATER OF MOUNT HECLA.

Oh what a grim gigantic tomb is thine,
Immortal Boss! The sepulchres which yawn
For the obscure remains of common men
Were all unworthy thee! Their narrow bounds
Thou heldest in unutterable disdain,
And soughtest for a grave amid the vaults
Of Iceland's belching, bellowing, groaning Mount.

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Stupendous walls of flame surround thee now;
Thy mausoleum is a hell on earth,
Where spluttering bursts of pandemoniac fire
Shake their rude tongues against the vault of heaven,
And lick the stars, and singe the comet's tail.

Peace to thine ashes, Boss! Thy soul shall tower,
Like an inflated phœnix, from the mouth
Of that infernal hill, whose crater wide,
Like a vast trumpet, shall thy praises sound,
What time its ashes rise beyond the moon,
And blind with clouds of dust the morning star.

And from thy lofty watch-tower in the sky
Spitzbergen thou shalt see, and Greenland, where
The spermaceti whale rolls floundering on,
And dares to combat the pugnacious shark;
The morse, with teeth of steel and snout of brass,
The mighty kraken, and the ocean snake,
The salamander, with its soul of fire,
The mammoth and the mastodon sublime,—
Them shalt thou see, and with their spirits thou
Shalt hold sweet converse, as they move along,
Shaking the curdling deep with shaven tails,
And drowning Hecla's thunder in their own.

And from the mountain's bosom thou shalt call
The swarthy Vulcan, and his one-eyed sons—
The Atlantian Cyclops—to thine aid,
While thou assailest Woden, Teusco, Thor,
And all the Scandinavian gods accursed,
Who in Valhalla hold their dreaded reign.
And Vulcan at thy bidding shall appear,
With Polyphemus and his brethren vast;
And, armed with Jove's resistless thunderbolts
And Hecla's flames, the huge monopian brood
Shall rise with fury irresistible,
And from their gory seats of human skulls
Hurl the grim tyrants down with muttering yell;
While thou ascendest the Valhalla throne
And at the prostrate gods dost shake thy fist!

Immortal Boss! while seas of dark-ribbed ice
Lock the leviathan in their solid jaws,
While the substantial firmament resounds
With yells and curses from the frozen tongues
Of shipwrecked mariners, thy sceptre gaunt
Shall thunder on the grim Icelandic shore,
And loose the chains that fetter Nature round!
Then, then shall Hecla sing aloud to thee

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A dread volcanic hymn. His monstrous throat,
In honour of thy name, shall swallow up
The sun, the moon, the stars; all, save thy throne,
Shall be absorbed in that enormous maw;
And ghosts of mighty men shall crowd around
Thine ample table in Valhalla spread
And feast with thee; the hippopotamus,
The whale, the shark, shall on thy table lie,
Cooked to thy taste before grim Hecla's fire;
And all shall eat, and chaunt thy name and drink
Potations deep from Patagonian skulls.
My song is done: oceans of endless bliss
Shall roll within thy kingdom; cataracts
Of matchless eloquence shall hymn thy praise;
Mountains of mighty song—mightier by far
Than Hecla, where thine ashes lie entombed,
Shall lift their heads beyond the top of space,
And prove thy deathless monuments of fame;
While thou with kingly, bland, benignant smile,
Look'st down upon the earth's terraqueous ball,
And quell'st with thunder Neptune's blustering mood.

"*March 2nd.*—Strange, marvellous, and unintelligible world! My brain gets dizzy when I allow myself to reflect upon the extraordinary journey we are all pursuing. I heard old Weimar tunes upon the piano. Was it a dream? am I here? am I the same being? What means this springing into existence, the joys and sorrows, happiness to ecstasy, friendships formed and decaying, death at the end of all? Are we mad? Do our souls inhabit bodies which are dying about us? But I write like a fool, for my heart is overflowing with thoughts which I cannot utter.

"*12th March.*—Exactly, Norman. You wrote the above the other night when some old tunes roused up the old man which you thought was dead. Tell us how he does?

"*Saturday, April* 23.—After studying to-day and yesterday, I have had an evening stroll down the street. The *aurora* was bright and lovely—now forming an arch along the sky, now shooting up like an archangel's sword over the world, or forming streaming rays of light, which the soul of mortal might deem a seraph's crown. How strange are the glimpses which we sometimes have of something beyond the sense—a strange feeling, flitting as the *aurora*, but as bright, of a spiritual world, with which our souls seem longing to mingle, and, like a bird which, from infancy reared in a cage, has an instinctive love for scenes more congenial to its habits, and flutters about when it sees green woods and a summer sky, and droops its head when it feels they are seen through the bars of its prison! But the door shall yet be opened, and the songs it has learnt in confinement shall yet be heard in the sunny sky; and it shall be joined by a thousand other birds, and a harmonious song will rise on high!

"Oh, if we could but keep the purity of the soul! but sense is the giant

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which fetters us and gains the victory. We have dim perceptions of the pure and elevated spiritual world. We truly walk by sight, and not by faith.

"Mere descriptive poets may be compared to those who have shrewdness enough to copy the best sets of hieroglyphics, but who have not skill enough to give to them more than a partial interpretation. They decipher enough to know that the writing has much fine meaning, which, as it pleases themselves, may also give pleasure to others. The reflective poet is one who deciphers the writing which he copies, appropriates its truth to himself, and makes it a part of his own existence; and when he gives it to the world, he adds to it his own glorious comments and illustrations, and thus makes others feel like himself. And yet the highest and brightest world in which the poet exists cannot be shown to another. It is incommunicable. If in his spirit he reaches the high peaks of the Himalaya, he can bring none there with him; and should he know there are others there, the rarity of the air prevents any communication.

"*June 6th, Gourock.*—My journal has been sadly neglected, and that too at a time when sunshine and cloud have not been unfrequent in my trivial history.

"I finished my college labours by getting the essay prize—not much, in truth; but I shall not venture to express my little opinion of prizes. *They* a test of talent or labour—bah! Last winter was, however, a useful one to me. How different from the one before—hardly an ounce of the ideal, and a ton of the real.

"After 1st of May I came down here, where I staid for a short time, until I went to the Assembly on the 16th, when my father was Moderator. When I think of that fortnight, my head is filled with a confused mass of speeches, dinners, suppers, breakfasts, crowded houses, familiar faces, old acquaintances, and all that makes an assemby interesting and tiresome to one who is in the middle of the bustle. I became acquainted with a great many people—the most interesting was Dr. Cooke, of Belfast—a splendid man, who, I think, beats Chalmers in thinking, and equals him in genius. The concluding scene of the Assembly is the finest thing I ever saw—the whole clergy and people singing a psalm, and praying for the peace of Jerusalem! Grieved on my return to find poor Mary so unwell: for my own part I have little hope.

"To-morrow I start for the Highlands, intending, God willing, to return in a month. Into Thy hands I commit myself.

"*Fiunary, 8th.*—The name, which stares me in the face, alone convinces me that I am here. Against this I have a thousand melancholy feelings to persuade me that I am not. Yes, it is so: for the first time in my life, I have walked up the 'brae face' without a smile upon my face. The past was too vividly present—when a revered old man was blessed in his old age by a large and dear family—when my own days, young though I be, were yet 'clothed in no earthly light,' and had all the 'glory of a dream,' and myself the object of 'kind words, kind looks, and tender greetings.'

"It is a solemn thing when the faces and voices of the lost and gone are vividly recalled—when chambers are again peopled by their former inmates—and when you start to find it all a dream;—that what was life is now death!

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"We, too, are passing on! Can I forget this here? Oh, may I be enabled, in much weakness and sin, still to fight so as to gain the prize!

"*Portree, 21st June.*—I have been reading for three days back Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' and Byron.

"What a contrast is there between the two! I pretend not to fathom Byron's character: it has puzzled wiser heads than mine. But how different were these men, as far as their characters can be gathered from their conversation! Coleridge ever struggling after truth; diving into every science, and discovering affinities between them; holding communion ever with ideas and principles, and caring for things only as they led to these; and, as a consequence from this pursuit and love of truth, a humble believing disciple of Christ. Byron viewing everything through his own egotism; selfish in the extreme; anxious to be the man of fashion, and 'receiving his inspiration from gin and water;' laughing at England and admiring Greece; doubting Scripture and admiring Shelley. Coleridge wishing to publish his philosophy for the glory of God and the good of men; Byron writing his poetry 'to please the women.' In short, I believe, Byron's fame is on the decline. His literature has never sent a man a mile on in the mighty pursuit after truth. Coleridge must live and be beloved by all who study him. He was a truly noble fellow!

* * * * *

"A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them: the more knowledge, the more charity.

* * * * *

"The difference in height between the Scotch and Swiss mountains is compensated for by the ever-changing shape of the former, arising from their lowness.

"*Portree, Skye, August*, 1836.—Early in the month of July I went with Professor Forbes to Quirang and the north end of Skye. My next trip was to Storr, the finest thing I ever saw. The day promised well as we ascended, but when near the top, thick mist suddenly came on, which prevented us from seeing a yard in front. We, however, against hope, climbed to the summit. When we arrived, the mist, in a thousand graceful columns, cleared away, and a thick, black curtain, which concealed the country from our view, slowly rose and presented to us a panorama such as might put all such in Europe to shame. Beneath us lay Skye, with its thousand sea lochs, bounded to the south by the jagged Coolins, between which we got peeps of the distant sea. On every other side was water calm as glass, specked by ships in sunshine, sailing far away. Along the mainland, from Cape Wrath to Kyle Rhea, was a vast chain of hills, seen under every variety of light and shade, while distant mountain tops appear marching towards Ardnamurchan. To the west lay the Lewis at full length: a gorgeous canopy of clouds was piled over it. Rays of silver light fell at once on the Minch and on the far-distant horizon beyond Uist, where no land breaks the vista to America. The precipice is a thousand feet high: a stone took nine seconds to reach the bottom. In fine, a large whale was spouting in the sea below us after a herring shoal.

"*3rd September.*—The feeling at present next to my heart is the state of poor, dear Mary. Her hour, I see, is not far distant. She knows this her-

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self: she expressed her fears perfectly calmly to my mother, and was thankful that she had got so long a time to prepare. Her patience is amazing. Oh, may God her Father, and Christ her Saviour, grant her peace and rest!

"I want steadiness. O God, give me consistency in words, in thoughts; in company; in private! May I in everything see what Thy law demands, and may I receive strength to obey it.

"My mother and aunt have both told me, in strong language, that I am most irritable in my temper, and very unpleasant. My mother told me more than this, which there is no use putting down.

"I feel she is wrong. I am grieved for this because it is unchristian; therefore, under the strength of God, feel anxious and resolved to—1. Be always calm and collected, and never talk impetuously, and *as if* out of temper. 2. To give greater deference to my mother; to stop arguing with her; and, however much she mistakes my feelings, still to act as I shall one day answer.

"This I wish to do under God's guidance.

"Clerk, MacConochie and Nairne have come as boarders. They are, I think, three as fine lads as ever I saw. Enable me, O God, to remember that I am responsible for sowing all the Gospel seed I can in their minds. Amen.

"I am making slow progress; I am sadly behind. What signifies TALK if the actions be awanting?

"*November 3rd.*—I was this morning called up at five to go for the doctor for dear Mary. She was in great agony, such as I never saw before. The doctor gave her relief; and she gently fell asleep in Christ at half past nine o'clock.

"*November 9th.*—It is all over: we buried Mary to-day beside James. They both lie near the home where they spent many happy days; and we laid them down, thank God, in full faith and assurance of a blessed resurrection!

"I have only to pray God Almighty, through Jesus Christ, that I may not only persevere myself, but induce others to persevere in the same Christian course, that 'where they are we may be also!'"

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CHAPTER VI.

1836—7.

AT this time the University of Glasgow attracted an unusual number of students from the east of Scotland. This was partly owing to the brilliant teaching of Sir Daniel Sanford, and of the late Professor Ramsay, and partly to the wider influence which the Snell exhibitions to Oxford were beginning to exercise. Norman's father, determining to take advantage of this movement for the increase of his very limited income, arranged for the reception of one or two young men as boarders, whose parents were friends of his own. He had in this way residing in his house during the winter of 1836-7 William Clerk, son of Sir George Clerk, of Penicuick, Henry MacConochie, son of Lord Meadowbank, and James Nairne, from Edinburgh. John C. Shairp, son of Major Shairp, of Houstoun, now Principal of the United College in the University of St. Andrews, was in like manner boarded with Norman's aunts; but although residing under a different roof, he was in every other respect one of the party. Principal Shairp gives the following interesting reminiscences of the time :—

"Norman was then a young divinity student and had nearly completed his course in Glasgow College. To him his father committed the entire care of the three young men who lived in his house, and it was arranged that I, living with his aunts, should be added as a fourth charge. This I look back to as one of the happiest things that befell me during all my early life. Norman was then in the very hey-day of hope, energy, and young genius. There was not a fine quality which he afterwards displayed which did not then make itself seen and felt by his friends, and that youthfulness of spirit, which was to the last so delightful, had a peculiar charm then, when it was set off by all the personal attractions of two or three-and-twenty.

"His training had not been merely the ordinary one of a lad from a Scotch Manse, who has attended classes in Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities. His broad and sympathetic spirit had a far richer background to draw upon. It was Morven and the Sound of Mull, the legends of Skye and Dunvegan, and the shore of Kintyre, that had dyed the first and inmost feelings of childhood with their deep colouring. Then, as boyhood passed into manhood, came his sojourn among Yorkshire squires, his visit to Germany, and all the stimulating society of Weimar, on which still rested the spirit of the lately-departed Goethe. All these things, so unlike the common-place experience of many, had

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added to his nature a variety and compass which seemed wonderful, compared with that of most young men around him. Child of nature as he was, this variety of experience had stimulated and enlarged nature in him, not overlaid it.

"There were many bonds of sympathy between us to begin with. First, there was his purely Highland and Celtic blood and up-bringing; and I, both from my mother's and paternal grandmother's side, had Celtic blood. The shores of Argyllshire were common ground to us. The same places and the same people—many of them—were familiar to his childhood and to mine. And he and his father and mother used to stimulate my love for that western land by endless stories, legends, histories, jests, allusions, brought from thence. It was to him, as to me, the region of poetry, of romance, adventure, mystery, gladness, and sadness infinite. Here was a great background of common interest which made us feel as old friends at first sight. Indeed, I never remember the time when I felt the least a stranger to Norman. Secondly, besides this, I soon found that our likings for the poets were the same. Especially were we at one in our common devotion to one, to us the chief of poets.

"I well remember those first evenings we used to spend together in Glasgow. I went to No. 9, Bath Street—oftener Norman would come over to my room to look after my studies. I was attending Professor Buchanan's class—'Bob,' as we then irreverently called him—and Norman came to see how I had taken my logic notes and prepared my essay, or other work for next day. After a short time spent in looking over the notes of lecture, or the essay, Norman would say, 'I see you understand all about it; come let's turn to Billy.' That was his familiar name for Wordsworth, the poet of his soul.

"Before coming to Glasgow I had come upon Wordsworth, and in large measure taken him to heart. Norman had for some years done the same. Our sympathy in this became an immense bond of union. The admiration and study of Wordsworth were not then what they afterwards became—a part of the discipline of every educated man. Those who really cared for him in Scotland might, I believe, have then been counted by units. Not a professor in Glasgow University at that time ever alluded to him. Those, therefore, who read him in solitude, if they met another to whom they could open their mind on the subject, were bound to each other by a very inward chord of sympathy. I wish I could recall what we then felt as on those evenings we read or chaunted the great lines we already knew, or shouted for joy at coming on some new passage which was a delightful surprise. Often as we walked out on winter nights to college for some meeting of the Peel Club, or other excitement, he would look up into the clear moonlight and repeat—

> "The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair."

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Numbers of the finest passages we had by heart, and would repeat to each other endlessly. I verily believe that Wordsworth did more for Norman, penetrated more deeply and vitally into him, purifying and elevating his thoughts and feelings at their fountain-head, than any other voice of uninspired man, living or dead. Second only to Wordsworth, Coleridge was, of modern poets, our great favourite. Those poems of his, and special passages, which have since become familiar to all, were then little known in Scotland, and had to us all the charm of a newly discovered country. We began then, too, to have dealings with his philosophy, which we found much more to our mind than the authorities then in vogue in Glasgow College—the prosaic Reid and the long-winded Thomas Brown.

"Long years afterwards, whenever I took up a Scotch newspaper, if my eye fell on a quotation from Wordsworth or Coleridge, 'Here's Norman' I would say, and on looking more carefully, I would be sure to find that it was he—quoting in one of his speeches some of the favourite lines of Glasgow days. Norman was not much of a classical scholar; Homer, Virgil, and the rest, were not much to him. But I often thought that if he had known them ever so well, in a scholarly way, they never would have done for him what Wordsworth did, would never have so entered into his secret being and become a part of his very self. Besides Wordsworth and Coleridge, there were two other poets who were continually on his lips. Goethe was then much to him; for he was bound up in all his recent Weimar reminiscences; but I think that, as life went on, Goethe, with his artistic isolation, grew less and less to him. Shakespeare, on the other hand, then was, and always continued to be, an unfailing resource. Many of the characters he used to read and dilate upon with wonderfully realising power. Falstaff was especially dear to him. He read Falstaff's speeches, or rather, acted them, as I have never heard any other man do. He entered into the very heart of the character, and reproduced the fat old man's humour to the very life.

"These early sympathies, no doubt, made our friendship more rapid and deep. But it did not need any such bonds to make a young man take at once to Norman. To see him, hear him, converse with him, was enough. He was then overflowing with generous, ardent, contagious impulse. Brimful of imagination, sympathy, buoyancy, humour, drollery, and affectionateness. I never knew any one who contained in himself so large and varied an armful of the humanities. Himself a very child of Nature, he touched Nature and human life at every point.

"There was nothing human that was without interest for him; nothing great or noble to which his heart did not leap up instinctively.

"In those days, what Hazlitt says of Coleridge was true of him, 'He talked on for ever, and you wished to hear him talk on for ever.' Since that day I have met and known intimately a good many men more or less remarkable and original. Some of them were stronger on this one side, some on that, than Norman; but not one of all contained in

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himself such a variety of gifts and qualities, such elasticity, such boundless fertility of pure nature, apart from all he got from books or culture.

"On his intellectual side, imagination and humour were his strongest qualities, both of them working on a broad base of strong common sense and knowledge of human nature. On the moral side, sympathy, intense sympathy, with all humanity was the most manifest, with a fine aspiration that hated the mean and the selfish, and went out to whatever things were most worthy of a man's love. Deep affectionateness to family and friends—affection that could not bear coldness or stiff reserve, but longed to love and to be loved, and if there was in it a touch of the old Highland clannishness, one did not like it the less for that.

"His appearance as he then was is somewhat difficult to recall, as the image of it mingles with what he was when we last saw his face, worn and lined with care, labour, and sickness. He was stout for a man so young, or rather I should say only robust, yet vigorous and active in figure. His face as full of meaning as any face I ever looked on, with a fine health in his cheeks, as of the heather bloom; his broad, not high, brow smooth without a wrinkle, and his mouth firm and expressive, without those lines and wreaths it afterwards had: his dark brown, glossy hair in masses over his brow. Altogether he was, though not so handsome a man as his father at his age must have been, yet a face and figure as expressive of genius, strength, and buoyancy as I ever looked upon. Boundless healthfulness and hopefulness looked out from every feature.

"It was only a few weeks after my first meeting with Norman that he, while still a student, made his first public appearance. This was at the famous Peel Banquet held in Glasgow in January, 1837.

"The students of the University, after rejecting Sir Walter Scott, and choosing a succession of Whig Rectors, had now, very much through Norman's influence, been brought to a better mind, and had elected the great Conservative leader. He came down and gave his well-known address to the students in the Hall of the now vanished college. But more memorable still was the speech which he delivered at the Banquet given to him by the citizens of Glasgow and the inhabitants of the west of Scotland. It was a great gathering. I know not if any gathering equal to it has since taken place in Glasgow. It marked the rallying of the Conservative party after their discomfiture by the Reform Bill of 1832.

"Peel, in a speech of between two and three hours' length, expounded, not only to Glasgow, but to the empire, his whole view of the political situation and his own future policy. It was a memorable speech, I believe, though I was too much of a boy either to know or care much about it. Many other good speeches were that night delivered, and among them a very felicitous acknowledgment by Dr. Macleod, of St. Columba, of the toast 'The Church of Scotland.' But

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all who still remember that night will recall as not the least striking event of the evening the way in which Norman returned thanks for the toast of the students of Glasgow University. I think I can see him now, standing forth prominently, conspicuous to the whole vast assemblage, his dark hair, glossy as a black-cock's wing, massed over his forehead, the 'purple hue' of youth on his cheek. They said he trembled inwardly, but there was no sign of tremor or nervousness in his look. As if roused by the sight of the great multitude gazing on him, he stood forth, sympathizing himself with all who listened, and confident that they sympathized with him and with those for whom he spoke. His speech was short, plain, natural, modest, with no attempt to say fine things. Full of good sense and good taste, every word was to the point, every sentence went home. Many another might have written as good a speech, but I doubt whether any young man then in Scotland could have spoken it so well. From his countenance, bearing, and rich, sweet voice, the words took another meaning to the ear than they had when read by the eye. Peel himself, a man not too easily moved, was said to have been greatly impressed by the young man's utterance, and to have spoken of it to his father. And well he might be. Of all Norman's subsequent speeches—on platform, in pulpit, in banquet, and in assembly—no one was more entirely successful than that first simple speech at the Peel Banquet.

"During the session that followed the Banquet, the Peel Club, which had been raised among the students to carry Peel's election, and to perpetuate his then principles, was in full swing, and Norman was the soul of it. Many an evening I went to its meetings in college, not as caring for its dry minutes of business, but to hear the hearty and heart-stirring impromptu addresses with which Norman animated all that had else been commonplace. There are not many remaining who shared those evenings, and those who do remain are widely scattered; but they must look back to them as among the most vivid and high-spirited meetings they ever took part in. What a contrast to the dull routine of meetings they have since had to submit to! And the thing that made them so different, was Norman's presence there.

"But if these first public appearances were brilliant, still more delightful was private intercourse with him as he bore himself in his home. His father had such entire confidence in him, not unmingled with fatherly pride, that he entrusted everything to him. The three boarders were entirely under Norman's care, and he so dealt with them that the tutor or teacher entirely disappeared in the friend and elder brother of all, and of each individually. Each had a bedroom to himself, in which his studies were carried on; but all met in a common sitting-room, which Norman named 'The Coffee-room.' There, when college work was over, sometimes before it was over, or even well-begun, we would gather round him, and with story, joke, song, readings from some favourite author—Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' Jeremy Taylor—or some recitation of poetry, he would make our hearts leap up.

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"What evenings I have seen in that 'coffee-room!' Norman, in the grey-blue duffle dressing-gown, in which he then studied, with smoking-cap on his head, coming forth from his own reading-den to refresh himself and cheer us by a brief bright quarter of an hour's talk. He was the centre of that small circle, and whenever he appeared, even if there was dulness before, life and joy broke forth. At the close of the first session—I speak of 1836-37—the party that gathered in the coffee-room changed. MacConochie and Nairne went, and did not return; William Clerk remained; and the vacant places were at the beginning of next session, 1837-38, filled by three new comers—Robert (now Sir Robert) Dalyell, of Binns; James Horne; and John Mackintosh, the youngest son of Mackintosh of Geddes. There were also two or three other students who boarded elsewhere, but who were often admitted as visitors to the joyous gatherings in the coffee-room. Among these was Henry A. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Bombay. While all these young friends so loved and admired Norman that it would be hard to say who did so most—a love which he seemed to return almost equally to all—John Mackintosh was no doubt the one who laid the deepest hold on his heart. They were fitted each to be the complement of the other. The serious, devout, pure nature of John Mackintosh drew forth from Norman reverence more than an elder usually accords to a younger friend; on the other hand, Norman's deep and manly love of goodness and holiness won John's confidence, while his hopeful aspiration and joyousness did much to temper the tone of John's piety, which verged somewhat on austerity. I believe that their characters, so different, yet so adapted to respond to each other, were both of them much benefited by the friendship then begun.

"John Mackintosh had at that time another friend, who was also his tutor, William Burns, who soon became the great revival preacher, and afterwards the missionary to China. Between Norman and William Burns, John used to live half-way in spirit. But I don't think that Norman and Burns ever knew each other intimately. Norman's mirth seemed to Burns profanity, and Burns' rapt Calvinistic piety, that looked on laughter as sinful, seemed to Norman somewhat too severe. In fact they were not then fitted to understand each other. It was in this session of 1837-38 that the friendship of Norman with John, so fruitful in results to both, first began. He himself was then not a student, as he had received license in May, 1837, and was ordained in Loudoun in March, 1838; but until he settled in his parish he continued under his father's roof, and in the same relationship as formerly with the young men who wintered there. The Church was then being greatly exercised by those contentions which ended four years afterwards in the Disruption. Norman took a lively interest in these; but from the first, both from temperament and family tradition, sided with the party who opposed the Non-Intrusionists. Not that Norman was in any measure fitted by nature to be a Moderate of the accepted type. His ardent and enthusiastic temperament could

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never have allowed him to belong to the party. But in the aims and contendings of the Veto men, he seemed from the first to discern the presence of sacerdotal pretensions which he his whole life long stoutly withstood.

"Before the close of the session of 1837-38, Norman was appointed to the parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire, and ordained as its minister. When the close of our next and last session in Glasgow (1838-9) arrived, he arranged that his old friends of the coffee-room should go down and pay him a visit in his Manse at Loudoun on the first of May. The usual winding-up of the college had taken place in the morning, and by the afternoon a merry party were seated on the top of the Ayrshire coach, making their way through the pleasant country of Mearns, in Ayrshire, towards their friend's Manse. That party consisted of William Clerk, Robert Dalyell, Henry Douglas, and myself. For some reason or other, which I cannot now remember, John Mackintosh could not join the party. It was a beautiful spring evening, and the green burnbraes, as we wound along, laughed on us with their galaxies of primroses. You may imagine what a welcome we received when at evening we reached the Manse door. We staid there three days, or four. The weather was spring-like and delightful. We wandered by the side of the Irvine Water, and under the woods, all about Loudoun Castle, and Norman was, as of old, the soul of the party. He recurred to his old Glasgow stories, or told us new ones derived from his brief experience of the Ayrshire people, in whom, and in their characters, he was already deeply interested. All day we spent out of doors, and as we lay, in that balmy weather, on the banks or under the shade of the newly budding trees, converse more hearty it would be impossible to conceive. And yet, there was beneath it an undertone of sadness; for we foreboded too surely what actually has been fulfilled, that it was our last meeting; that they who met there should never again all meet together on earth. There were, with the host, five in that Loudoun party. I do not think that more than two of them have since met at one time.

"On the last day of our wanderings, Norman, who had hitherto kept up our spirits and never allowed a word of sadness to mar the mirth, at last said suddenly, as we were reclining in one of the Loudoun Castle woods, 'Now, friends, this is the last time we shall all meet together; I know that well. Let us have a memorial of our meeting. Yonder are a number of primrose bushes. Each of you take up one root with his own hands; I will do the same, and we shall plant them at the Manse in remembrance of this day.' So we each did, and carried home each his own primrose bush. When we reached the Manse, Norman chose a place where we should plant them side by side.* It was all simple and natural, yet a pathetic and memorable close of that delightful early time.

*When Norman left Loudoun, he transplanted some of these primrose roots, and put them opposite his study windows at Dalkeith. The Loudoun Manse jonquils and favourite little 'rose de Meaux' were also transplanted to Dalkeith, to revive the same memories there as at Loudoun.

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"Early next morning we all left the Manse, and, I believe, not one of us ever returned. It was as Norman said. We went our several ways—one to Cambridge, two to Oxford; but never again did more than two of us forgather.

"Two things strike me especially in looking back on Norman as he then was. The first was, his joyousness—the exuberance of his joy—joy combined with purity of heart. We had never before known any one who took a serious view of life, and was really religious, who combined with it so much hearty hopefulness. He was happy in himself, and made all others happy with whom he had to do. At least they must have been very morose persons indeed who were insensible to the contagion of his gladness.

"The second was the power, and vividness, and activity of his imagination. He was at that time 'of imagination all compact.' I have since that time known several men whom the world has regarded as poets; but I never knew any one who contained in himself so large a mass of the pure ore of poetry. I have sometimes thought that he had then imagination enough to have furnished forth half-a-dozen poets. Wordsworth's saying is well known—

> "'Oh, many are the poets that are sown
> By nature: men endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision and the faculty divine,
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.'"

Coleridge, I think, has questioned this. But if Wordsworth's words are, as I believe they are, true, then Norman was pre-eminently a poet. He had the innate power, but he wanted the outward accomplishment of verse. Not that he wanted it altogether; but he had not in early youth cultivated it, and when manhood came, the press of other and more practical duties never left him time to do more than dash off a verse or two, as it rose, spontaneously, to his lips. Had he had the time and the will to devote himself to poetry with that devotion which alone ensures success, it was in him, I believe, to have been one of the highest poets of our time. Often during an evening in his study, or in a summer day's saunter with him by a Highland loch, I have heard him pour forth the substance of what might have been made a great original creation—thoughts, images, descriptions, ranging through all the scale, from the sublime to the humourous and the droll; which, if gathered up, and put into the outward shape of poetry, would have been a noble poem. But he felt that he was called to do other work, and it was well that he obeyed the call as he did, and cast back no regretful look to the poetry that he might have created."

It may be well here to explain a feature which, as expressed in his journals, may appear strange to the reader, but is quite characteristic of the man. There is often such a rapid passing from "grave" to "gay," and, in his earlier years, such self-reproach for indulging in things really innocent, that, in giving perfectly faithful extracts, it has been found difficult to avoid conveying an impression of harshness or

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unreality. There was nothing more natural to him than so to combine all tones of feeling, that those who knew him felt no abrupt contrast between the mirthful and the solemn. But, as it might be expected from his sensitive conscientiousness, he did not at first recognize the lawfulness of many things he afterwards "allowed himself" without any sense of inconsistency. It is accordingly interesting, biographically, to notice the difference betwixt his youth and age in matters like these, as well as the change which his opinions underwent on many political and theological subjects.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Nov.* 17*th*.—This last week being the one for electing a Lord Rector, I was very busy, having been the leader of the Peel party. We carried him by a majority of one hundred. This caused me much excitement, and drew my mind away from God.

"*Sunday*, 30*th Nov.*—I intend by the grace of God to throw off my natural indolence, and rise every morning this winter at six o'clock. I study Hebrew, Greek, and Church history every morning before breakfast; chemistry, anatomy, and natural history (my favourite study next to divinity) during the day; logic, theology, reading, and writing in the evening.

"Is a Christian not entitled to draw lessons of conduct from natural religion interpreted by revealed? May he not study the final causes in his moral constitution? What then is the final cause of the sense of the ludicrous?

"*Saturday*, 31*st Dec.*, 1836.—The passing of time is enough to make a man 'tremble like a guilty thing.' I feel as if I could compress what remains of the last year into the thoughts of an hour.

"And, then, what reminiscences of the past! This moment they are all gay in Weimar! I see them all. The thought is only momentary, and shines in my mind like the last rays of an extinguished taper.

"Yes, I am changed. I have felt the transition. I know it.

"The ideality of life soon vanishes, and can only be renewed when new channels are formed for our affections. But why do we not fix them on unfading objects?

"*March* 5*th*.—What a gap! It is shameful. At a time, too, when circumstances have occurred which, I am convinced, must influence my life in no small degree.

"When Peel came down there were great doings. I spoke for the students at his dinner, and though I felt considerably in addressing three thousand five hundred people, yet, from the manner in which I was supported, I got on well, and met with Peel's decided approbation. I have had the honour also of being elected President of the Peel Club. Because of these and other things, I have fallen fearfully through with my studies, although my having had no small part in bringing Peel here is enough to give some value to my existence.

"*Friday*.—I have just returned from Robert Dalglish's ball!—a crowd. I have returned sick at heart. It is my last ball! And I heard the Ger-

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man waltzes played, and my brain reeled. I shut my eyes. I was once more with all my old Weimar friends; when I opened them, the faces were the faces of strangers, and I could stand it no longer, but left at twelve. I alone seemed sad. The louder and more cheerful the music grew, the more deeply melancholy I became.

"*Sunday, 7th May*, 1837.—How life gallops! What changes! How we do hurry along from the days of childhood to wild and imaginative youth, and then gradually sober down to sedate manhood! Only look at the last page—music and dancing!—and this page has to record the most solemn event in my 'little history'—that upon Wednesday last I was made a preacher of the gospel, and to-day I preached my first sermon!

"This is a *niche*, a point, in a man's life. It marks the past and future. I only wish I could write my real state of mind about it!

"The goodness of God has been great, very great. If it were not for His great love, I could not stand a minute. But my own state has had this good effect, that it has made me distrust myself and rely more on Christ. I have got a most irritable temper. I have got a loose way of talking and of using slang words, most unbecoming my profession. I feel a much greater willingness to overcome this habit since I have entered the clerical office.

"I went to church to-day with much prayer, and I was wonderfully supported. I praise the Lord for it. I pray, for Christ's sake, that I may be enabled to perform my most arduous duties looking to Jesus. O God in heaven, keep me from courting popularity! May I feel deeply, most deeply, that I am Thy servant, doing Thy will, and not seeking my own pleasure. May I never teach the people a lie, but teach them Thy truth!"

To his Aunt, MRS. MAXWELL:—

"*May* 8, 1837.

"Does the quality of a correspondent improve by age like port wine or Highland whiskey? Do his goods rise in value the more rare they become? Or does the value of a gift increase with the dignity of the donor? If you reply in the affirmative to these queries, then one of my letters now is more to be esteemed than twenty heretofore, for I am older, my goods are rarer, and my dignity is increased; for on Wednesday I passed gallantly from the student state to that of a preacher, and yesterday I ascended from the body of the church to its heart—even to the pulpit! Aye, Jane, don't be horrified at seeing a grey hair or two! The thumping child has grown into a thumping preacher, and you may soon have to submit quietly to be scolded by him whom you used to drill into manners and morals. 'Ochone!' as Coll would say, but we do gallop down, or it may be up, with railway speed! I am actually beginning to get a glimpse at age myself. I do not, however, as yet recognize him by his snowy locks and tottering steps, but by his gaiters and white neckcloth. I always had a horror—I know not why—at the transition state of preacher. He is worse than nobody. He is patronised by old maids, 'the dear, good old souls;' he is avoided by the young ladies, for they know that he has no principle and would jilt when convenient. He is cut by the young men for his snobbish dress; he is cut by the old, for they know he will bore them for their interest. Young ministers dislike him from pride ('set a beggar,' &c.); and the old dislike

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him from fear; they hate his voice as they hate the cry of an owl, for 'it speaks of death;' they look upon him as a young soldier looks on a vulture that is watching his last breath in order to get a living. He is a very nightmare to the Manse—'a *lad*' is the personification of all that is disagreeable. Such a being am I, Jane; will you shelter me?

"It is too bad to occupy so much room with so much nonsense. I got on well yesterday, and now that the ice is broken, I hope to get on still better. I am to preach next Sunday in the Barony; I then go to the Assembly, and then I wish to go to Skye.

"*Glen Morriston, Wednesday, 18th July*, 1837, *Torgoil Inn.*—[On a walking tour to Skye.] I have said it often, and now again I say it in Torgoil, that I hate travelling by myself! I think I should become a mere animal if I were thus to be stalking about for a year and not a soul to speak to. Don't talk about reflection—one has too much of it. The whole day it is a continued reflection upon one's self—when to rest, when to rise, how far it is to the inn, what shall be taken, how much paid. And as for thought, why a wallet and blistered feet are enough to crush it. Here am I this very moment in a small, paltry place, in the midst of a huge glen, the rain pouring in torrents and the mountains covered with the wet mist; the trees dripping, the burn roaring, sheep-dogs crawling past the door, hens in the entry, and barefooted and bare-legged boys skelping through the mud. And within nothing to cheer. In the first place a huge birch-bush in the grate, by way of a novelty, half-a-dozen chairs stuck up like sentinels against the wall, a stiff, ugly table, with a screen and a tea-tray having landscapes and figures upon them, which, to say the least, do not equal those of Claude Lorraine; you pull the bell, away comes a yard of wire, but no bell rings; you strike the table, and every dog rushes out barking; you call the girl, and she appears from the 'but,' and does what you bid her do, but only when she pleases. But I must go back on my previous route. (I just now lifted the window to look out, and was nearly guillotined by its coming down on my neck, not having observed a huge black peat which lies beside it for supporting it on great occasions.).....

"*Retrospective.* I believe I never wrote the reason of my refusing to become a candidate for Anderston Church, Glasgow. I was requested earnestly by one of the managers (Stuart) to apply, and he had been written to by others who had heard me preach in Gourock. I promised to preach, but declined becoming a candidate upon the acknowledged ground of unfitness. I consider that the town clergy should be our bishops. They must be the leaders of the church in public matters, whether in regard to the internal government of the Church, or its relation to the State. How much knowledge is required to do this properly, and as it ought to be done, by men who profess to act from principle, how much scientific reading on Church polity and history! The personal acquirements which a clergyman requires to fit him for such a public appearance, and also for occupying that commanding position in private which he ought to take, are such as no young man can have when his time is occupied, as it must be in town, by other weighty matters still more intimately connected with his profession—as, for instance, preaching. His audience is in general very select, well informed, and though the truths enforced are the same both in town and country, yet how different are the media of communication! This abominable custom or

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necessity of letting seats, and thence paying the minister, compels him to attend to this taste, however vitiated; and I feel convinced that it never was more vitiated than at present, owing perhaps to the system of competition in Scotland, both for pulpits and for churches, and against the dissenters. But the fact is, that effort, and froth, and turgidity, and an attempt after grand generalisations, are required to gain popularity—the ruling object of the mass.

"Nay, this emptiness of thought combined with high swelling words arises from another cause—the necessity under which men are laid to preach not only two, but sometimes three sermons every Sunday, without their heads being so filled with divinity or their hearts with Christian experience, as to enable them to give solid teaching to their people. Now these and many other difficulties are removed by having a country church. For my own part, the fever and excitement of composing for a town charge would at first kill me; but let me only have ten years' hard study in the country, and then, under God's blessing, I may come into a town with advantage to the cause!

"*Aug. 25th.*—Off to the hills! Oh, what a walk I had yesterday! Never will I forget the green, the deep green grassy top of the range of precipices. A vessel or two lay like boys' boats on the water far below me as I sat on the edge of the precipice, watching the waves breaking on the rocks. A white sail or two was seen far to the north on the edge of the horizon like a sea-gull. I never felt more in my life the stillness of the air, broken only by the bleat of the sheep, or the croak of the raven. The majesty of the prospect, the solitude of the place, filled me with inexpressible delight. The truth was, I had started with depressed feelings from having been very forgetful of God; and upon the top of a mountain I have always felt myself subdued to silent meditation and prayer. On the present occasion I poured out my soul in humble confession and adoration, and words cannot tell the comfort which I felt, partly perhaps the result of the strong feeling I was under, but much of it truly substantial. Thrice did I sing the hundredth Psalm, and at the second verse, 'Know that the Lord is God indeed, without our aid He did us make,' I was quite overpowered, and felt as if I spoke for the material universe and dumb creatures around me. The giant Storr, with its huge isolated peak, seemed to point to heaven in acknowledgment of the truth.

"I felt as if I had one of those

> "'Visitations from the living God,
> In which my soul was filled with light,
> With glory, with magnificence.'

"31*st, Twelve, night.*—Loveliness and beauty! The stars twinkling in the deep blue sky like the most brilliant diamonds, the hills dark and misty in the distance! The rivulets, inaudible by daylight, blending their notes with the loud streams, and along the north a magnificent aurora borealis, an object which ever fills me with intensest pleasure. It makes me feel how much man's nature is capable of feeling, and how the soul may be elevated or overpowered through the external senses. How different was the last night I was here—Friday night! What an awful gale! Whuss-ss-sh-hoo-hiss-sooo! until I thought the house would be down. Three boats were lost and five people. One of them the last of four sons belonging to a widow in Strath. Another was drowned last year at the canal.

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"*Sept.* 1*st*.—I have this day been led to consider seriously my spiritual state, and truly, when I remember my advantages and all God has done for me, I can say that it is very deplorable. There are certain daily habits which for some weeks I have seen are wrong, yet where have been my struggles to change them? How have I shown my faith by my works? How frivolous have I been! My love of the ludicrous and of the absurd has daily carried me away and made me behave quite unworthy of the sobriety necessary for every Christian, far more, for my calling. 'Be ye sober.' Lord! help me to keep this law.

"Yet I thank God that I am anxious—yes, in my heart I say it—anxious to give up my besetting sins.

"O Lord God Almighty, Thou who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, most holy and most merciful Father, Thou seest these my confessions, Thou knowest whether they are sincere, Thou knowest the pride and vileness of my heart. Oh, do Thou have mercy upon me according to Thy loving-kindness, and according to Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Grant unto me greater diligence in using the means of grace, and power to resist temptation. May I enter not into temptation. Keep me, O God, from rejoicing in anything which belongs to myself; but may every evidence of Thy love lead me to rejoice in Thee alone.

"*September* 6*th*.—By the grace of God I have been enabled to wait upon Him, and seek Him more than I was wont. It is an awful mistake to think that when we conquer a sin it is beaten for ever. It is indeed invincible—we can only keep it from conquering us, and so overcome it. I must be regular in the diligent use of means, and God may bless them; but I must also push on and add one virtue to another.

"I find that my interest in the state of others is in proportion as I am interested in my own.

"Yesterday, the 5th, I had one of the most delightful excursions I ever had.

"The morning was beautiful: indeed it was not morning when I rose from a feverish and night-marish sleep. A few pale stars were to be seen in the sky, and the ruddy glow in the east which told of the sun's approach soon robbed them even of this; and, except towards the east, I could see no cloud in the sky. A few light, airy wreaths of mist hung on the Coolins, which, dark and massive and ragged, stretched like a strong saw across the south. We were quickly on our way, after partaking of a substantial breakfast and providing for the dinner. Soon the east became most beautiful—clouds, fringed with brightest gold feathery borders, and in more compact masses, gathered round the sun a flaming retinue; and soon he opened an eye in heaven and peeped over the eastern hills and thrust forth his 'golden horns.' And the tops of the Coolins seemed tipped with gold, and the shadows became more distinct, and light glittered on the calm sea. The vessels that lay under the rocks were hardly visible, while their masts and tackling were in clear relief against the burning sky and water. The effect was precisely such as I have often admired in the 'Morning' pictures of Claude Lorraine.

"Away we went, and as the sun got higher and higher we left the high road and entered Glen Sligachan. What a glen! With the inimitable peak of Coolin on one side, and on the other the sugar-loafed Marscow.

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"But get on! at three miles an hour, hardly a path, and now in the centre of the glen, five miles from any house. Stand! and say what is Glencoe to this! A low range conceals Coolin; but see the high peaks appearing beyond, and up that corry what a mighty wall of jagged peaks is spread along its top! But Blabheinn, which is close by, is unsurpassed. It appears a great trap dyke, about a thousand feet high, with an edge above, cut and hacked in every shape and form. Bare, black to the top, apparently not a goat could stand on a yard of it—I question if a fly could. And there the lovely little lake at its feet is ever condemned to lie in its shadow. But, having left our horses at Cambusiunary, we ascended by a rough road to a pass, from which we obtained a view of Coruisk. The ascent was difficult. Wilson being a bad walker, I was up nearly half an hour before him—besides, I wished to behold Coruisk alone; and as I ascended the last few blocks of stone which intercepted my view I felt my heart beat and my breathing become thicker than when I was climbing—for I had rested before in order to enjoy the burst undisturbed—and a solemn feeling crept over me as I leapt on the crest of the hill, and there burst upon my sight—shall I attempt to describe it? How dare I? Around me were vast masses of hypersthene, and the ridge on which I stood was so broken and precipitous that I could not follow its descent to the valley. At my feet lay the lake, silent and dark, and round it a vast amphitheatre of precipices. The whole Coolins seemed gathered in a semi-circle round the lake, and from their summits to their base not a blade of verdure—but one bare, black precipice, cut into dark chasms by innumerable torrents, and having their bases covered by *débris* and fallen rocks. Nothing could exceed the infinite variety of outline—peaks, points, teeth, pillars, rocks, ridges, edges, steps of stairs, niches—utter wildness and sterility. From this range there are gigantic projections standing out and connected with the main body. And there lay the lake, a part hidden from our view, behind a huge rock.

"There it lay, still and calm, its green island like a green monster floating on its surface. I sat and gazed; 'my spirit drank the spectacle.' I never felt the same feeling of the horribly wild—no, never; not even in the Tyrolese Alps. There was nothing here to speak of life or human existence. 'I held my breath to listen for a sound, but everything was hushed; it seemed abandoned to the spirit of solitude.' A few wreaths of mist began to creep along the rocks like ghosts. Laugh at superstition for coupling such scenes with witches and water kelpies! I declare I felt superstitious in daylight there. Oh, to see it in a storm, with the clouds under the spur of a hurricane, raking the mountain summit!

> "'The giant snouted crags ho! ho!
> How they snort and how they blow!
>
> "'Ach, die langen Felsennasen
> Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen!'

"I shall never forget my visit! It will fill the silent eye—the bliss of solitude; it will come 'about the beating of my heart,' and its wild rocks may be connected with moral feeling and 'tranquil restoration.' 'The tall rock' may cease 'to haunt me like a passion,' but its influence shall never die. And the joyous, oh! the passionate, hours I have spent this summer

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in the lovely mountains in Skye will ever influence my feelings, and, under the guidance of higher principles, they may, I trust, be blessed for good, and help in being the 'muses of my moral being.' I thank—as on the mountains I generally do—I thank God for all His kindness, and pray I may ever be grateful for it.

"*Thursday night, Sept. 7th.*—To-morrow I start, D.V., for Fiunary. My time here has been spent delightfully—though not so usefully as it might have been. My journal will tell what hours of joy I have spent among the mountains. Never shall they be forgotten.

"How dreary is parting—what a sickness at the heart! how melancholy sounds that wind! Oh, what a joy when there will be no parting!

"*Fiunary, 11th Sept.*—I left Portree early on Tuesday morning. The fiery sunrise, the huge masses of greenish-greyish-darkish clouds, the scattered catspaws and mare's tails, the rising breeze, and the magnificent rainbows which spanned sea and mountains, all told that our passage would probably be a rough one. And so it was. The wind rapidly increased, until, as we left the shelter of the land at Armadale it blew a stiff breeze right ahead. What a striking view had we to leeward when plunging on towards the point of Ardnamurchan! The sun was almost setting, 'the day was well-nigh done,' and along the horizon was a plain of red light; this was broken by the Scuir of Eig, which appeared in magnificent relief, and seemed to support on its summit the midnight belt of clouds which formed an upper and parallel stratum to the ruddy belt below. Through these dark clouds the sun was shooting silver beams, beneath which the waves were seen holding their 'joyous dance' along the line of the horizon. I remained on deck until we reached Tobermory. I lay on the tarpaulin, and, half-asleep, watched the mast of the steamer wandering along the stars which now shone in unclouded brilliancy.

"Yesterday preached at Kiel.* It was a strange thing to preach there! As I went to the church hardly a stone or knoll but spoke of 'something which was gone,' and past days crowded upon me like the ghosts of Ossian, and seemed, like them, to ride even on the passing wind and along the mountain tops. And then to preach in the same pulpit where once stood a reverend grandfather and father! What a marvellous, mysterious world is this, that I, in this pulpit, the third generation, should now, by the grace of God, be keeping the truth alive on the earth, and telling how faithful has been the God of our fathers! How few faces around me did I recognize! In that seat once sat familiar faces—the faces of a happy family; they are all now, a few paces off, in a quiet grave. How soon shall their ever having existed be unknown? And it shall be so with myself.

"*Oct. 3rd, Glasgow, night.*—Here I am once more in my old study. Was it a dream? Nature never appeared more lovely; never in youth did I hail her with more rapture—never did I feel 'the tall rock haunt me more like a passion.'

"*Nov. 3rd.*—I have got the parish of Loudoun. Eternal God I thank Thee through Jesus Christ, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I devote myself to Thy service for the advancement of Thy glory and kingdom.

"These words I write this day the moment I hear of my appointment.

* The name of one of the parish churches of Morven.

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I again solemnly say, *Amen*. I have got a parish! the guidance of souls to heaven! I shall at the last day have to tell how I performed my duties—part of my flock will go to the left; part, I trust, to the right. I, their pastor, shall see this! I am set to gather lambs to Christ. What a responsibility! I do not feel it half enough; but I pray with all my soul, heart, and strength that the Great Shepherd may never forsake me. Without Him I can do nothing; with him I can do all things.

"Oh, my Father, my kind and merciful Father. Thou who art my Creator and Preserver and Redeemer, I this day, before Thee, declare my willingness to make my soul and parish part of Thy everlasting kingdom. Accept of my deepest thanks for Thy kindness until now. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with me until the day of my death; purify, strengthen me, and give me from the infinite riches of Thy grace power to be a faithful minister and to turn many people from darkness to light. Into Thy hand I commit my soul!

"I had an address, a kind address, from Darvel, in Loudoun, to-day, which gave me much encouragement. I feel an affection for the parish already. May the Lord grant in His mercy that I may go for the promoting of His glory."

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CHAPTER VII.

EARLY MINISTRY IN LOUDOUN.

"LOUDOUN'S bonny woods and braes," among which he was to spend the next five years of his life, stretch in picturesque variety for about six miles along the banks of the Irvine Water. At the lower end of the parish the towers of Loudoun Castle peer over the thick foliage of the surrounding park, while at the other extreme Loudoun hill, rising in bold solitude like another Ailsa Craig, closes in the rich valley, and separates it from the dreary moor of Drumclog.

On the recommendation of Dr. Chalmers, Norman Macleod was asked to preach at Loudoun during the vacancy caused by the death of the previous minister, and the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, widow of the celebrated Governor-General of India, who was then patron of the parish, resolved, after very careful deliberation, to present him to the living. He was accordingly ordained as its minister on the 15th March, 1838, and entered on his new duties with a humble and resolute heart.

He was but a short time in the parish before he saw that he had difficult work before him. The population numbered upwards of four thousand, of whom a small proportion were farmers and farm-workers, and the rest hand-loom weavers residing in the large villages of Newmilns and Darvel. Both farmers and weavers were of a most interesting type. Not a few of the former were Covenanters, and some were on lands which had been tenanted by their families since the twelfth century. The traditions of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig were still freshly repeated at their firesides, and swords and pistols that had done service against Claverhouse were their treasured heir-looms. The weavers were of a totally different stamp, being keen politicians, and as a rule, advanced radicals. Their trade was being gradually extinguished by the great factories, and the men were consequently poor; but they were full of enthusiasm, fond of reading, and had that quaint intelligence, strongly coloured with self-conceit, which was characteristic of the old race of Scotch *websters*. Most of them were keen Chartists, some violent infidels, who, with Tom Paine as their text-book, were ready for argument on any question of Church or State. The morality of the parish was at the same time very low, and vital godliness was a rarity.

While living in lodgings at Newmilns till his Manse should be ready

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for his reception, he was shocked by the amount of profanity and coarseness which met eye and ear, as well as surprised at the keen interest taken by the people in public questions. Political debate seemed to be carried on at every corner. The groups gathered here and there in the street, or the crowds clustered on the "Green" round a tree, under whose branches a village demagogue was haranguing about the Charter or the Corn Laws, displayed an excitement which is usually reserved for a parliamentary election. There was something hopeful, however, in all this life and stir, which, notwithstanding its association with scepticism and religious indifference, did not fail to impress his mind.

The work in which he first engaged was careful house to house visitation, recording as he went along the circumstances of every family with great minuteness, and his impressions of individual character. He at the same time opened classes and organized a Sabbath school; and in order to meet the case of those who excused themselves from going to church at the ordinary hour of worship on account of having no suitable clothing, he commenced special evening services. He made also a determined stand for the strict exercise of church discipline, believing that, if good for nothing else, it would at all events serve to raise the tone of public opinion as to the character of certain sins which were too lightly regarded.

This energetic action of the young minister excited at once hearty sympathy and hearty opposition. The church was crowded, and he was soon encouraged by learning that his labours were not without effect. On the other hand, the Chartists were not a little suspicious of the growing influence of the "Tory" clergyman—although he meddled little with politics—and the semi-infidels were thoroughly roused into opposition. Some of the most violent of these two parties would have put an end, if they could, to his evening services, and attended them for the purpose of creating disturbance. One Sunday he bore with the interruption they gave him; on the next he remonstrated; but this failing, he turned to the people who had come to hear him—told them that he had undertaken extra labour for their benefit, and added, that if they wished him to go on they must expel those who disturbed him. He then sat down in the pulpit. After a pause, a number of men rose, and ejected the intruders. This firmness served greatly to strengthen his influence in the parish: those who had scoffed loudest came to appreciate his earnestness, and not a few sceptics were among the most sincere of his converts. Among other means employed by him for reaching the more intelligent of the would-be philosophers, who stood aloof from Christianity, he brought his previous study of natural science into requisition, and gave a series of lectures on geology, which by their eloquence, as well as by the amount of well-digested information they contained, told with great effect. In this manner he gradually became master of a difficult position, and won an enthusiastic attachment from the parishioners which has never declined.

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There were two dissenting churches in the parish, with whose excellent ministers, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Rogerson, he maintained a life-long friendship. One of these congregations met at Darvel and consisted of Covenanters avowing a refreshingly stern morality, and combining with it articles of faith, especially in reference to the observance of the Sabbath, as quaint as they are now rare. He had thus extremes, from Covenanter to Chartist, to deal with; and between the two many amusing phases of character presented themselves to his observation. On his first "diet of visitation" at Darvel, he called on an old pauper woman who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenanters. When he entered the house he found her grasping her tin ear-trumpet (for she was very deaf,) and seated formally in the midst of a group of neighbours and co-religionists summoned to meet him. Unlike his other parishioners she did not at first acknowledge him as minister, but, beckoning him to sit down beside her, and putting the trumpet to her ear, said, "*Gang over the fundamentals!*" and there and then he had to bawl his theology till the old dame was satisfied, after which he received a hearty welcome as a true ambassador of Christ.

In contrast with this type of parishioner, he used to refer to a well-known Chartist, who lived in the usual little cottage consisting of a *but* containing the loom, and of a *ben* containing the wife. Met at the door of this man's cottage, by the proposal, that before proceeding further they should come to an understanding upon the "seven points," he agreed to this only on condition that the pastoral visit should first be received. Minister and Chartist then sat down on the bench in front of the door, and the weaver, with shirt-sleeves partly turned up and showing holes at the elbows, his apron rolled round his waist, and a large tin snuff-mull in his hand, into whose extreme depth he was continually diving for an emphatic pinch, propounded with much pompous phraseology his favourite political dogmas. When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy." "Nay—tion--al bankruptcy!" said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch. "Diy—ye—think—sae?" Then, briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod! I'd risk it!" The *naïveté* of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, "risking" the nation for the sake of his theory, was never forgotten by his companion.

About this time a Universalist, noted for his argumentativeness, resolved to *heckle* the young minister. Macleod first questioned him on the precise nature of his belief in universal salvation. "Do you really assert that every person, good and bad, is saved, and that, however wicked they may have been on earth, all are at once, when they die, received into glory?" "Most certainly," replied the man. "A great and merciful Father must forgive every sinner. He is too good not to make all His creatures happy." "Then why do you not cut your throat?" "Cut my throat!" exclaimed his astonished visitor,

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"I have duties to fulfil in the world." "Certainly; but it seems to me that if your views are right, your highest duty is to send every one to heaven as fast as possible. On your principles every doctor should be put in jail, and the murderer honoured as a benefactor." The effect of this *argumentum ad absurdum* was not only to convince the man of the extravagance of his beliefs, but to lead him shortly afterwards to become a communicant.

His frank, manly bearing, his devotion to his work, and his tact and skill in dealing with every variety of character, rendered his personal influence as powerful as his pupil teaching. Yet the work seemed for a long time weary and disappointing. He often returned to the Manse so utterly cast down by the conviction that he was doing no good, that he would talk of giving up a profession for which he did not seem fit. It was only when he was about to leave the parish that he fully saw how mistaken he had been in his estimate of himself. The outburst of feeling from many of those whom he had looked upon as utterly indifferent, and the thanks heaped upon him for the good he had done, surprised and humbled him. It was not till the last week, not almost till the last Sabbath of his ministry in Loudoun, that he was in the least aware of the extent to which his work had prospered.

With several families in the neighbourhood he enjoyed the most friendly intercourse. Among these were the Craufurds of Craufurdland and the Browns of Lanfine; but the home which, for many reasons, afforded him some of his happiest, as well as most trying, hours was Loudoun Castle. Nothing could have exceeded the confidence which the venerable Countess of Loudoun and her daughters, the Ladies Sophia* and Adelaide Hastings, placed in him. They not only honoured him with their friendship and brightened his life by letting him share the society of the interesting people who visited the castle, but they also accorded him the privilege of being of use and comfort to them in many trying hours in their family history.

His domestic life at this time was of the freshest. His Manse was pitched on the summit of a wooded *brae*, beneath which ran the public road, and behind it lay the glebe, with a sweet burn forming a sequestered and lovely *haugh*. His natural taste for flowers ripened here into a passion, which was in no small degree inflamed by an enthusiastic gardener, whose hobby was pansies and dahlias. Often on a summer morning, early as the song of the lark, might the shrill voice of old Arnot be heard as, bending over a frame, he discussed with the minister the merits of some new bloom. A pretty flower-garden was soon formed, and a sweet summer-house, both destined to be associated, in the minds of many, with the recollection of conversations full of suggestive ideas as to social, literary, or religious questions, and enriched with marvellous bits of humorous personification, and glimpses of deep poetic feeling.

Soon after he went to Loudoun, his sister Jane came to reside with

*Afterwards Marchioness of Bute.

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him, and continued for eleven years under his roof, his very "alter Ego," sharing his every thought, possessing his inmost love and confidence, and exercising the best influence on all his feelings. His habit was to rise early and devote the morning and forenoon to hard study, usually carried on in a room darkened so as to prevent distraction from outside objects. His studies were chiefly theology and general literature, his sermons being often delayed till late in the week. He devoted the afternoon, and frequently the evening, to parochial work, especially when visiting among the farmers, who followed the good old Scotch habit of hospitably entertaining the minister when he went to their houses. These kindly meetings—his "movable feasts," as he called them—gave him an excellent opportunity of becoming well acquainted with each household in the "landward" parish. But when he was at home, the evenings were usually spent in the enjoyment of music, in reading aloud, or in playing a game of chess with his sister. Highland pibrochs, and reels, and Gaelic songs, alternated with such old ballads as "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Arethusa," "Admiral Benbow;" then came snatches of German song, some Weimar-recalling waltz of Strauss, or the grand sonatas of Beethoven or Mozart. It was his delight to read aloud. Shakespeare and Scott, and especially such characters as Jack Falstaff and Cuddy Headrigg, were his favourites; and as at this time Dickens was issuing the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," nothing could exceed his excitement as some new part of the story of Little Nell or of Dolly Varden arrived. Wordsworth, however, was his chief delight, and few days passed without some passage from his works being selected for meditation. But in the midst of all his cares and studies, he retained not only a boy's heart, but a love of boyish fun perfectly irresistible. When his old friend, Sir John Campbell, of Kildaloig, who had been at sea most of his life, came to spend a winter with him, the two friends used to indulge in many a sailor prank from the sheer love both had for the brine. The dinner-bell was rigged up as on shipboard, and at mid-day Sir John struck eight bells as solemnly as if the watch had to be changed. Then Norman, suddenly emerging from his study, would greet him with a run of sailor lingo, and voice, gait, countenance, the rolling of an imaginary *quid* in his cheek, became thoroughly nautical. A sham "observation" was taken, and after a hearty laugh the door was shut, and he returned to hard study once more.

These five years at Loudoun were the very spring-time of his ministerial life. Full of romantic dreams, and overflowing with hopeful enthusiasm, he seemed

Many a conviction was then formed, which afterwards germinated into notable action on the larger field of his future career, and many a line of thought became fixed, determining his after course. That sweet Manse-life, and the warm attachment of the parishioners, shed to the very last a halo, as of first love, over "dear, dear Loudoun."

"To bear his days before him, and the tumult of his life."

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From his JOURNAL:—

"*Dec.* 27*th*, 1837.—I preached last Sunday at Loudoun, and I believe gave satisfaction. I have every reason to believe that no veto will be attempted.

"*Loudoun, Dec.* 31, 1837. *Sunday Night*, 11 *o'clock*.—'The year is waning.' In an hour, 1838 will have arrived. Let me think!

"This very time five years ago I was with dear James! Yes, dear boy, I remember you. I believe you are in heaven. Are you looking upon me now, Jamie? Are you looking with anxiety upon me, and longing to see me obtain the victory and be with yourself and our dear sister in heaven along with our beloved Saviour! By His grace that victory will be obtained. Yes, I have vowed to fight, and in God's strength I shall conquer. I will trust in Him, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Dearest, we shall all meet. I know it. I believe it. Lord, help my unbelief!

"Into Thy hands, O God, this night, I commit my spirit in stepping into the future 1838.

"*Jan.* 14*th*.—Have heard this day from Loudoun, that yesterday my call was moderated and there was not one objector. This is certainly pleasant and most gratifying.

"*East Kilbride Manse, Sunday Evening, 4th Feb.*—I have been reading the Memories of the Rev. C. Wolff, the poet. He was a fine fellow. There is something very affecting in his whispering to his sister, who was bending over him as he was dying—'Close this eye, the other is closed already, and now farewell!'

"*March* 12*th, Sunday*.—This is the last day I shall probably ever preach as a mere preacher. I have not yet been a year licensed, and upon Thursday first I expect, D.V., to be ordained.

"How awful is the tide of time!

"Thank God from my heart that for some time past I have been endeavouring to see Christ as all in all. But when I look forward to my ordination, it is very, very solemn. As the day approaches, I feel a shrinking from it. It is first of all a fearful responsibility, and then I have not one suitable sermon which I can give the Sunday after my induction, and no lecture of any kind! The very intellectual labour terrifies me. I pray to be supported by God.

"*March* 15*th*.—How shall I begin this day's diary? What reflections shall I make, what thoughts shall I express when I state the fact that I was THIS DAY ORDAINED A MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND?

"This indeed is a point in a man's life, an awful division of time!

"But what are my feelings?

"I bless my Father and my Saviour for the love shown to me. I was enabled to have sweet communion with God. Before going into the church, and while kneeling beneath the hands of the Presbytery, I was, by God's assistance, enabled to devote heartily my soul and body to the service of my parish, which I trust may be accepted."

To the Rev. A. CLERK.—

"NEWMILNS, *March* 25, 1838.

"I was ordained here on the 15th. You know what an awful thing it is. I feel as if the weight of those hands was still upon my head, crushing me

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with responsibility. But it was a delightful scene. Never was a more unanimous, a more hearty welcome, and with real good-will was my hand shaken, from the marchioness to the pauper. Dr. Black (Barony) introduced me. I got well over my first sermon, 'Now are we ambassadors.' Once or twice nearly overcome; and this day I have preached twice. I have been, then, in the parish a week, have been over it all, visited each day from ten till five; and what do I think of it? Why, that it is in a terrible state—very terrible! Its population is four thousand. The rural part is good and respectable, and so is Darvel—because there a most admirable, intelligent, well-read, kind-hearted, frank, godly man, a Covenanting minister, has been, who goes into every good work with heart and soul, and 'loes me as a verra brither.' But Newmilns! What a place! I am now in clean, comfortable lodgings. I am acquainted with the real state of things. Never, never, was there such desecration of the Lord's Day: dozens and dozens of lads walking about and trespassing on fields, and insulting the people and fearing neither God nor man. A large proportion of the population are born before marriage! The mass of the youth are sent to work before they can read, and in a few years are independent of their parents. In short, between drunkenness and swearing and Sabbath-breaking, the village is in a dreadful state—and may God have mercy on it! There is in all the parish an awful want of spiritual religion. The Hastings family are the most delightful I meet with. I am there as in my own home, and the time I spend with them is the happiest in the week. I do love them. But what Archy, is to be done? Well, this much I will say—that I trust God has given me a deep-felt conviction of my utter inability to do anything. (At this very moment you would think a school was coming out, from the noise in the street!) I was going on to say that while on the one hand I am cast entirely on Him for help, yet I am also led to use all the means in my power to effect a change. I have been enabled boldly, in private and public, to exhort and rebuke and speak the truth. I have already visited a good deal and, as far as I could, preached Christ. I rise at six and write till nine—I must do this. Till five I am at the disposal of my parish; from that till ten I read and write. I begin upon Wednesday family visitation in this village. I will only attempt two days a week, and two hours each day; but I must, as soon as possible, get acquainted with the people, so as, under God, to try and put a stop to this monstrous wickedness. I will next year catechise. One thing I am determined to make a stand on, and that is church privileges. As far as the law will permit me I will go—and further if I can. I am eagerly desirous to get family worship established—of that there seems not to be a vestige, except among the Cameronians, and there every family has it. I can hardly make it as yet a *sine qua non* for baptism, but I will very nearly do it, and soon I think I shall. I have only four elders. The church does not hold the communicants; it is, of course, crammed. There are no good Sabbath Schools, no Bible societies. The assessments amount to about £200 a year. Oh, that the Lord would pour His Spirit out on the dry and thirsty ground! He can do it—and I pray, for Christ's sake, that He may do it, for I feel as fit to change the course of the sun as the hearts of this people. But what a heart I have myself! Oh, my dear friend, you know me well, you will help me, will you not, with your prayers and with your advice?"

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From his JOURNAL:—

"My Manse is very beautiful. I am making many changes in the grounds. The birds are beginning to sing. 'They are busy in the wood;' and it calms me to sit in the woods and listen to them—for if God is so kind to them, and fills them with so much happiness, I feel assured he will never forget a minister in the church of his dear Son, unless he forgets Him.

"This is the first day I have fairly begun work in my parish. I studied from five to nine. Visited T——P——. He seems dying. He was the first sick person I have ever visited. I spoke to him by himself; found him, I think, indifferent. He admitted the truth of all I said, but I could not get him to close with the offers of Christ. It is my delight and comfort to expatiate on the fulness and freeness of the Gospel without money and without price; for I find, as I did with P——, that they will not accept of Christ without bringing something to Him. And while they are willing to say that He is a Saviour, they will not say He is their Saviour. I spoke to him as solemnly as I could, urging him to accept Christ as he was, and to come to Him as he was—even as he would have to answer to God!

"*March 20th.*—A. M——, a perfect specimen of a deist—at one time an atheist, at another a deist—knowing nothing, believing nothing; harsh, impetuous, proud, prejudiced, yet believing himself candid—a difficult man; yet had two children baptized. I spoke an hour with him, but it is like combating the wind. I promised to send him books. [Yet this man afterwards became a communicant, and is, I hope, a sincere believer.]

"*3rd April.*—Since my ordination I have been busy in the parish. I find kindness and attention everywhere I go,—down from that dear Hastings family to the lowest on the poor's list.

"*Sunday, June 10th.*—Last Sabbath I entered my twenty-seventh year. Another year nearer the grave. . . I rejoice that many love Thee on earth better than I do, and that the angels in heaven adore Thee in suitable ways. I rejoice that thou art glorious without my aid. I thank God that any man being converted to Christ would rejoice me, and that, from my soul I say it, I would do so though it were not through my instrumentality. I thank Him for the longings He often gives me after better things, and for the love with which He often fills my soul for Him and for all Christ's disciples. I thank Him that during the last year He has showered down on me innumerable blessings.

"O God, Thine eye has seen me write these things! Omnipresent! I rejoice that Thou knowest the heart. I have not one thing that I can plead—no faith, no repentance, no tears. A sinner I am. But oh, God, I will, in opposition to all the temptations of the flesh and corrupt, hard heart—I will throw myself, with all my strength, in simplicity and, I trust, in godly sincerity on Christ, and Him crucified, and say this is all my salvation and all my desire.

"*June 7th*, 1838, *Loudoun.*—I am very happy here, and I believe I may say that I and the people are the best of friends. I never received greater civility—the very voluntaries came outside their doors to shake hands with me. The church is crowded to suffocation—stairs and passages, and I never use a scrap of paper. I have an odd congregation of rich and poor, lords, ladies, and paupers; but all sinners. I am often frightened when I think of my mercies.

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"*June 25th.*—I have had to-day, or this evening, much joy and much humility. A woman told me that I had been blessed for the good of her soul, and given her joy and peace; and I think she gave evidence from what I saw of her that she is a true believer. She gave me likewise five shillings for any religious purpose. She will and does pray for me. I wept much at this proof of God's love. I—that *I* should be made such an instrument. But, blessed be God's name, He may make a fly do His errands. He is good and gracious—and oh! I hope I may save some; I pray I may bring some to Christ, for His sake. May I be humble for all God is doing for me! His blessings crush me! May they not destroy me! May Christ be magnified in me!"

To a FRIEND:—

"LOUDOUN, *September* 20, 1838.

"Your mind is a good, strong, vigorous one, but you are inclined to indolence. You require the stimulus of society and of external circumstances to go on your course. You are more of a sailing ship than a steam ship—the power which propels you must come from without more than from within. You are well built, have famous timber, a good compass, good charts; but you want a 'freshening breeze to follow.' You must then rouse yourself; set every sail, and catch the breeze you have. You have many things to stir you up. You have a noble moral experiment to try—the rearing immortal souls. It is no experiment, thank God! It is certainty, if the right means are used. If you do not study, you are gone. I beseech you, I implore of you, my dear old fellow, do not give up study. Beware of backsliding; beware of descending. It is a terribly accelerated motion! Beware of the fearful temptation of thinking that you have had sufficient evidence of being converted, and that as the Elect never are lost you may take some ease in Zion. This is not too much for the wicked heart of man to conceive. Remember, we must grow in grace—we must ever fight if we are to obtain the victory. Christ waits to 'see of the travail of His soul.' Let us not 'quench the Spirit.' The demand will bear a proportion to the work done. I thank you very much for what you said to me. It has cleared up the mist a little. You are very right about not seeking too much for evidence. I feel its truth. We are so anxious to be safe merely—more than to be holy. I am by no means satisfied that I have been really converted. From my natural constitution I am liable to be deceived. My feelings being easily excited to good as well as bad, I am apt to mistake an excited state of the feelings for a holy state of the heart; and so sure am I of the deception, that when in an excited state regarding eternal things, I tremble, knowing it is the symptom of a fall, and that I must be more earnest in prayer. Self-confidence is my ruin. I deeply feel, or rather I am clearly conscious, of a dreadful coldness regarding the saving of souls. I have seldom a glimpse of true love for a soul. It is an awful confession, but it is true. Oh this body of death! this soul-killing, this murdering sin! When, when will this Egyptian darkness be for ever past? When shall this leprosy be finally healed? Oh that my soul were but one half hour saturated and filled with a sense of God's love to me a sinner! If I could only obtain one full and clear glimpse of the gulf to which sin has brought me and from which Christ has saved me, I know that I would go

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to the world's end if by any possibility I could lead another to see the same great salvation. Never, never can we succeed as ministers unless we are personally holy. Power, genius, learning, are mere skeletons—this the life; magnificent statues to call forth the highest admiration from men of taste and feeling, but not living things to love, to rouse to action, to point to heaven, to tell of heavenly things; and so it is my parochial visitations, my prayers at sick beds, my Sabbaths, my duties in school, that crush me most to earth. So little real love of God, so little real single-heartedness for the magnifying of Christ, so much self-satisfaction, that my only comfort is my having a good and great High Priest, who can bear the iniquity of our holy things. Pray, pray—this is the sheet anchor. I am going to establish prayer meetings when I get my new eldership, and I trust they will be spiritual conductors (so to speak) to bring down good gifts to this thirsty land.

"I had Lord Jeffrey in church. I never had a more fixed and attentive listener. Luckily, I was thoroughly prepared. I generally take eight hours to write a sermon. I rise at six. I never begin to commit until Saturday night—four readings do it. The church is crammed; they are sitting outside the doors, and come from all quarters. All this is very well, but what if God withholds the blessing? I pray He may be glorified. I do not understand your question. Answer me the following:—

"1. Do the posterity of Adam, unless saved by Christ, suffer final damnation on account of Adam's sin? If so, how is this reconciled with justice?

"2. How can we reconcile it with justice that men should come into the world with dispositions so bad that they invariably produce sin that leads to damnation?

"3. If the unregenerate are dead in sins, then all they do is sin; therefore, whatever they do in that state is abominable to God. Are their exercises and strivings so? their attendance on means of grace?

"4. Is the imputation of righteousness the transfer of the righteousness itself, or are the beneficial consequences of the righteousness alone transferred?

"Chalmers came to Kilmarnock to meet the Presbytery. It was the old story. He made a great impression. At one time how I did laugh! He had a bundle of letters from colliers, &c., about Stob Hill. He let them all fall in the precentor's box, where he was standing. He disappeared searching for them. At one time you would see his back, at another an elbow, then his head, reaching out the cushions of the seat to any one who liked to take them; in short, all topsy-turvy, and his face as red as a turkey-cock."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Oct. 14th.—Tempus fugit.* The stream of life flows sensibly on. 'I hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

"Upon this day last week (Sabbath) I slept for the first time in my own house. This to a clergyman is like stepping on the great table-land of life. To me it is especially so; for, being perfectly satisfied with my lot, having no ambitious feelings to gratify, or rather, it may be, having too strong ambitious feelings to be satisfied with anything I can ever reasonably expect to have in this world, I consider myself fixed for life, be it long or

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short. Long I do not expect it to be. I am not made for long life. I feel every Sunday that the machine suffers very considerably from friction.

"*27th July.*—I had a strange day of visitation. I was called in to see a man who had a few hours before been struck by palsy. On Sunday he was at the Lord's Table; to-day he is dying. He was in a half stupor. He recognized me, and said, in a low voice, with half-shut eyes, 'I rely solely on the merits of Christ, and him crucified? I hope my anchor is safe within the vail! I hope so! Came home at dinner time, and while I was waiting for dinner, I went across to see M——, whom I had seen yesterday. I found him alone, and weaker and more breathless than when I saw him last. I spoke to him of Christ, and besought him to close with the offers of salvation. I prayed for him earnestly, beseeching Christ to accept him. When I was done, he took my hand— 'I thank you,' he said; 'p—p—pray for me in private and in public on Sunday, if I am alive.' As I took his hand, I said, 'Why, now, can you not take Christ as you take me? He is stretching forth his hands, refuse Him not. He is all sufficient, can give you all you want, and beseeches you to take. And what, M——, if you are dead before Sabbath? What if you do see Christ? Would you like to see Him and his Apostles?' I then sent for his daughter to sit beside him. I came home and fell on my knees and prayed for him, as he desired. I came to my room. A sudden scream was heard. His daughter had just arrived. Her father was in eternity! How awful! Oh, may God stir me up to greater diligence and zeal! Into Thy hands I commit my soul and parish!

"*Newmilns, Jan.* 2, 1839.—I am getting on here slowly, but, I trust, surely. I continue visiting regularly, and find it of much benefit. I am enabled always to commence it by private prayer, and to lay the different cases before God on my return. Yet it is always mixed with prodigious formality, hypocrisy, and vain glory. Infidelity is getting rampant, and it was not known to have had so extensive a hold in the parish till I came here. They read Paine aloud to a party! I grieve, yet I have no fear. Fear is the child of Atheism. 'The people imagine a vain thing. The Lord will hold them in derision.' There are six things which I hope may be blessed, as useful instruments for doing good—a new church; second, an eldership; third, an infant school; fourth, prayer meetings; fifth, catechetical diets; sixth, an evening Sabbath class for young men; and I should add ten-fold greater strictness in giving admission to the ordinances—'professing faith in Christ, and obedience to Him!' How much is in this! yet to this we must come, and by God's grace I shall come, if but one child is baptised in the year. Think only of a man asking baptism for a bastard child; he was a communicant; and when I asked, 'who was the Holy Ghost?' he answered, 'I believe he was a man!'

"I was at the assembly. I am, for a wonder, getting modest on Church politics, and begin to believe what I often feared—that I know nothing about them. Yet like all who are ignorant, I have got a superstitious dread of something being wrong about the decisions of the High Side. All the old hands are alarmed, the young only are confident. A smoke was my only argument!"

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To his AUNT, MRS. MAXWELL :— "LOUDOUN, *April* 22, 1839.

"I have just been looking out at the window. There is a thin, transparent mist along the bottom of the valley, with the tops of trees appearing above it, and above them the sky is calm and blue; the shrubs are all bursting into life, and the birds are busy in the woods furnishing their manses, with no *bills* but their own. There they go! *Whit-ee whit-ee tui-tu-e-e chuck-chuck-tirr tu-e-e-tirr tui-tui roo-too.* If my poor mother heard them, she would say that they would hurt their backs, and that they were overworking their system. There is an old thrush opposite the window who will sweat himself into a bilious attack, if he does not take care. The old fool, I suppose, wishes to get married, or he is practising for some wedding, and is anxious to know whether or not he remembers all his old songs. My blessings on their merry voices. They do one's heart good. How exquisitely does Christ point to nature, linking the world without to the world within! 'Behold the fowls of the air!' Yes, let us behold them; they are as happy as the day is long; they have survived a dreary winter without any care or anxiety—and why? 'Their heavenly Father feedeth them.' How comforting the application, 'Are ye not much better than they?' Yes, verily; nearer to God, dearer to God; His children, not His birds. 'Behold the lilies how they grow!' There they are, under my window in hundreds; and yet, a short time ago they were all hid in snow, and now Solomon is outdone by them in beauty. 'Why take ye thought for raiment?' God, that gave the life, can give the meat; He who gave the body can give the clothing. He who takes care of birds and flowers, will take care of His own children. 'Wherefore do ye doubt?' He knoweth we need those things; if He does so, if He cares for us, why should we care? Let us seek, first, His kingdom and righteousness as the way to it; and God, who cannot lie, says, 'All these things shall be added unto you'—'added'—given over and above. Oh! that we felt that the best and only sure way of getting things of this world was first to attend to the things of another, then we would take no disquieting or uneasy thoughts about the future. Each day comes with its own cares, which need no increase by adding to them the cares of the next. 'Sufficient, indeed, is each day's evil for itself, and with each day is strength for the cares of that day, though no strength is promised to relieve us from the additional cares we gather in from the morrow.' How few receive the real practical benefits of these truths—these precious promises; and why? They do not believe that their interests are in safe-keeping in God's hands. They do not permit Him, unreservedly, to choose their inheritance for them. They have 'excepts' for the moment. You see the effects of preaching three sermons on Sunday—I preach a fourth on Monday.

"My father talks of going to Ireland in ten days; if he does, I go with him. Everything goes on well in the parish—lots to do. The Manse is looking beautiful. Spring is the finest of all the seasons. Hope is its genius."

DR. MACLEOD, SEN., *to* MRS. GRAY :—

"BELFAST, *Tuesday and Wednesday* (what day of the month, I know not), *June*, 1839.

"Norman, Clerk, and I, set out on Monday evening, on the self-same day on which you left for the Isle of Mist—we for 'the sweet Isle of the

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Ocean,' the green, the charming Emerald Isle. The word was given, 'Set on,' and on we went, splash, splash. A noble boat the *Rapid*. We sailed as on a mirror—ocean reflecting the loveliness of the stars, the young moon, the Craig of Ailsa, and my face! We left the blue hills of Arran sleeping in calm serenity on the face of the mighty deep, and Lamlash Isle like an infant in its bosom.

"We had a most delightful sail up to Belfast on Tuesday morning. Reached it at eight o'clock, and went to the Synod Norman and Clerk got a car and set off for Lisburn; from that to Loch Neagh, Lord O'Neile's place. I was received at the Synod with cheers. I attended two days, made a long speech, and heard most heart-cheering tidings of my Irish Psalms. I was much gratified. Norman returned on Wednesday evening literally daft; he laughed till he could laugh no more; he tried to pass off as an Irish wit among the beggars and people, but was beat to nothing by every man, woman, and child he met. They utterly confounded him. He met a bird-seller; he carried a fine blackbird, with a large yellow bill. 'What *bill* is that you are carrying through? Is it the Appropriation Bill, or the Emancipation Bill?' 'Dad, yer honour,' said Pat, 'it is neither the one, nor yet the t'other, but a better Bill than either: 'tis the Orange Bill.'

"He came up shortly afterwards to a poor man who had on a pair of wretched shoes, which he was endeavouring to drag after him, but no stockings. 'Who made your shoes, friend?' said Norman. 'He did not take your measure well.' 'Troth, yer honour, he did not; but look at my stockings,' said he, clapping the bare skin—'My own darling mother's stockings. Och, but it is themselves that fit!' He got many other ridiculous answers of the same kind. Adieu!"

To his SISTER JANE :—

"With my eyes half-shut can I write thee? With a halo round the candle can I write thee? 'Yes!' cried Roderick. 'And give my love, and point out the new buttons I have got on my coat; and give her a view of me in my bonnet; and show her also my coat; and my trousers."

To the Rev. A. CLERK :—

"We had a grand *soirée* in Glasgow for a Congregational library. I made a horrid fool of myself, *i.e.* stuck in my speech. No one saw it, but all allowed I had done scientifically ill. It was a splendid *soirée*. But I hate them. How can a man speak in an atmosphere composed of orange acid—the fumes of tea and toast, boiling water, peak reek and gas, blown into a hurricane by the bagpipes? A *soirée* I take to be a sort of Evangelical theatre, where the ministers are the actors, and the stage need not be jealous."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June*, 1839.— . . . . Luckily Puseyism, while it is eating the vitals of the Church of England, has made no advances in Ireland of any consequence. It is too much like Rome. I have a horror for Puseyism. I fear it is of more danger to religion than Voluntaryism. We are not yet alive to the importance of the controversy in Scotland.

"Thank God for our Scottish Reformers. They lived far, far ahead of

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their age. The position which they occupied was highly scientific. I do think that the Church of Scotland, from her doctrine, worship, &c., is of all Churches the best fitted to grapple with the spirit of the age. She cannot be reformed. We are skinned down to essentials—so much the better. 'Poor Ireland!' Poor for what? Nothing but the want of principle. Of what avail is it to put a maniac in a palace, a demoniac in a church? They endeavour to reform men by putting better coats on their backs. A man must have hell taken out of himself before he can be said to be out of hell.

"*2nd August, 1839.*—We had a most delightful Communion Sabbath. Anything more quiet, beautiful, and solemn I never witnessed.

"Rory* must not think all negligent but himself. I was forced to exclude fourteen from the communion this year who were open enemies, notorious drunkards, and such like; but God forbid that I should exclude any man who has nothing in his external conduct which is inconsistent with his being a Christian. Bad habits are the only true test.

"My father preached on a lovely summer's evening to about three thousand people in the tent.† Not a sound but of praise, and the voice of the preacher.

"*Dec. 23rd (the anniversary of his brother's death).*—I think I may defy time to blot out all that occurred in December, '33. That warm room; the large bed with the blue curtains; the tall, thin boy with the pale face and jet black speaking eyes and long, curly hair; the anxious mother; the silent steps; then the loss of hope. The last scene! Oh, my brother, my dear, dear brother! if thou seest me, thou knowest how I cherish thy memory. Yes, Jamie, I will never forget you. If I live to be an old man, you will be fresh and blooming in my memory. My soul rejoices in being able to entertain the hope that I shall see you in heaven! What days of darkness and ingratitude have I spent since I thought I was God's! Omnipotent God, Father of mercies, shield, buckler, and strong tower to all Thy people, take me to Thyself; keep me, save me; but oh! never, never, I beseech Thee, leave me to myself, until I join all Thy children in heaven.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and be not forgetful of all His gracious benefits!"

FROM LINES TO A SLEEPING SISTER.

* * * * *

Yet meekly yield when thou must drink
The righteous cup of human sorrow;
For patient suff'ring is the link
Which binds us to a glorious morrow.

* * * * *

"*Jan. 9th,* 1840.—This day received tidings of Lady Hastings' death. I feel my loss. A chain is broken which bound me with others to the parish. She was a deeply affectionate and most captivating woman. I received the following letter from Lady Sophia,‡ written just before her death:—

* His cousin, the Rev. Roderick Macleod, in Skye, who was notorious for his strict exercise of ecclesiastical discipline.

† A sort of covered pulpit put up in the open air, from which the clergyman preaches when the crowd is too great for the church.

‡ Afterwards married to John, Second Marquess of Bute, and mother of the present Lord Bute. The marriage ceremony was performed by Norman Macleod.

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"KELBURNE, *Thursday night, January* 9, 1840.

"When this letter is given to you my poor mother will be at rest; but for fear that the new flood of affliction should overwhelm me and make me incapable of fulfilling my duty immediately, I will write this now, that there may be no delay, as you must receive it as soon as possible. When my father died, he desired his right hand should be amputated and carried from Malta to be buried with my mother, as they could not lie in the same grave, as he had once promised her. His hand is in the vault at Loudoun Kirk, I am told, in a small box, with the key hanging to it. My mother entrusted you with the key of the vault, and begged you would give it to no one. May I request you to go to Loudoun Kirk and take out the box and bring it here to me yourself, and deliver it into my hands yourself, should my brother not have arrived? And I believe *there must be no delay*—a few hours, I am told, will end her suffering and begin our desolation.'

"I received the letter early on Friday morning; in half an hour I was at Loudoun Kirk. It was a calm, peaceful, winter's morning, and by twelve I was at Kelburne."

To the Rev. A. CLERK, Aharacle:— "*January* 28, 1840.

"I am very happy here—though the death of dear Lady Hastings has made a great change to me. I assure you that few events have given me more sincere sorrow than this. I received intelligence at seven upon Friday morning that she was near her end. It was quite unexpected; and you know what a sickening thing it is to be awakened with bad news. I was requested by Lady Sophia instantly to go to Loudoun Kirk and get her father's hand from the vault and bring it to her. In half an hour I was in the dreary place, where, but six months ago, I was standing with Lady H. beside me. When I contrasted the scene of death within, the mouldering coffins and 'weeping vault,' with the peaceful morning and singing birds—for a robin was singing sweetly—it was sad and choking. I was glad to be with the dear young ladies the first day of their grief. They were all alone. They have been greatly sanctified by their trials. They remain at Loudoun, I am glad to say. Lord and Lady H. are here at present.

"As to non-intrusion, I am persuaded you are wrong. The high party is destroying the Church."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*February*, 1840.—The question of non-intrusion is agitating Scotland. This is the day for trying principles. The extreme views of truly good and spiritual men in the Church, and those of truly bad and material men in the State, will bring on a gale which will capsize her.

"*June 29th.*—I have just returned from seeing the most melancholy sight I have ever yet witnessed—a determined, hardened infidel on the very confines of eternity! I met this unfortunate man, T——— C———, for the first time when I was visiting the parish; he seemed careless and dead, but did not profess infidelity.

"I was again called to see him on my return here in May, after having

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been about a month absent in bad health. He was evidently dying of consumption. He was greatly emaciated, but could converse easily, and seemed to be able to express himself with clearness. I had heard of his having avowed infidel sentiments, and I knew his brother to be one of the baser sort, filling up all the degrees of blackguardism between a poacher and a blasphemer. C——— spoke freely to me of his opinions, if opinions they could be called. He had met with some of the lowest kind of infidel productions; his whole idea of truth was distorted. He seemed to doubt the existence of God, the immortality of the human soul, everything which could influence him as a responsible being. I saw him repeatedly. I sat with him one or two hours at a time. I read the Bible to him, gave him the evidence in detail, and, by his own acknowledgment, fairly answered all his objections; but in vain. He was calm, dead. The very question did not seem to interest him. Every warning, every invitation, was to him alike. His features changed not; he was neither pleased nor angry; and yet he knew he had not many weeks to live. He was the most terrible instance I ever saw of the evil heart of unbelief, hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. I have seen him for the last time to-day; he was a breathing corpse. Death had stamped every feature. He bent his eye on me as I entered, and motioned me to come in. I gazed at him for some time with inexpressible feelings. There he lay, an immortal being—a sinner going to meet his God, after having again and again rejected a Saviour. I prayed with his wife, and one or two who were present. I then went to his bed. I said, 'Before I go have you nothing to say?' I wished to give him the opportunity of expressing his faith in Christ, if he had any; but he lifted up his skeleton hand, and panted out, 'No, no; noth—nothing!' As I write this his soul may be taking flight. May God have mercy on him.

"How often do I speculate about writing books! I have thought of three; I generally think over a chapter of one of them when I have nothing else to do."

His sister Annie, who had been for some months seriously ill, and was sent to Loudoun for change of air, became at this time rapidly worse, and expired in his Manse.

"*September 5th*, 10 *o'clock*.—I have this moment returned from the next room, after seeing my darling sister Annie expire. She had suffered much for three days; but her last moments were comparatively tranquil, at least, those who have seen people die said so; but I never saw any one die before. We were summoned to her bedside suddenly. When I came, all were there. I prayed a short, ejaculatory prayer, that our Father would take His child; that Christ, the dear Redeemer, would be hers. My darling died at half-past nine.

"Darling Annie was loved by us all. She was a sweet child; her face was beautifully mild and peaceful. She had the most gentle, playful, peaceful, innocent manners, with feelings singularly deep and strong for her age. Her sensibility was painful in its acuteness. She was like a delightful presence—

"'An image gay,
A thing to startle and waylay.'

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She was a sunbeam that gladdened our path, and we were hardly conscious of how lovely and how evanescent a thing it was until it disappeared. Her innocent laugh is still in my ears. Dead! Oh, what a mystery! It was only when, two hours after her death, I knelt at my old chair, and cried to Jesus, that I felt myself human once more, and as I gave vent to a flood of tears the ice that for months had chilled my soul was melted; I felt again.

"*September* 16*th*.—Upon Friday the 11th dear Annie was buried. I look back upon the week she lay with us with a sort of solemn joy. It was a holy week. The blessing of God seemed upon the house. Friday was a very impressive day. Mr. Gray, Jack, and my father and I, went together from Glasgow to Campsie. Our old friends met us at the entrance of Lennoxtown. It seemed but as yesterday when we had in mournful procession passed up that path before. The hills were the same. The same shadows seemed chasing one another over their green sides as had often filled me with happy thoughts in my young days. Yet how freshly did the text come into my mind, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on Thee.' This relieved my oppressed heart. I felt that amidst all the changes around me, God, and God's love, were the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. What a glorious thing is Revelation! 'Christ died, and rose again.' 'He died for us.' 'He rose as the first fruits of those who sleep.' There is more wisdom, more comfort, more to heal, soothe, elevate the spirit of man in these facts than in all that the concentrated wisdom of man could offer."

To his MOTHER:— "LOUDOUN, 1841.

"I have been, and will be, if God spares me, this winter very busy educating both myself and my parish; but I never felt myself in more buoyant health and spirits. I have finished the second visitation of Darvel and Newmilns—that is, about seven thousand people—since I came to the parish. On Sabbath week our service begins at twelve, and from ten till half-past eleven I am to have a Sabbath School, which I hope will be attended by six hundred children. Thus, between my school in the morning, and sermon at mid-day and at night, I will be able to preach the Gospel to all in my parish! Is not this famous? I have, besides my old Wednesday evening meeting, a class for young men on Tuesday evenings for instruction in the evidences of Christianity. I am now going through the prophecies. The family of the chief infidel are among my scholars. This seems hard work, but I assure you I am taking it very easy. There is not a blacksmith, or labourer, or weaver in the parish who does not do ten times more for time than I do for eternity. People talk a great deal of stuff about minister's work, or rather they talk a great deal of stuff themselves. I would do more, but quality and not quantity is what I wish. To show you how much idle time I have, besides walking, and teaching a starling to speak, I have read, 1st, Guizot's 'History of Civilization;' 2nd, Arago's 'Treatise on Astronomy;' 3rd, Taylor's 'Lectures on Spiritual Christianity;' 4th, 'Campbell of Kingsland, Life and Times;' and I have nearly done with the fifth volume of Gibbon—all during the last five weeks! This shows you what a luxurious dog I am.

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"I have just mentioned my starling! You never saw a more beautiful bird; and he goes flying about the room, and sits on my head, and eats out of my hand. I am teaching him to speak.

"I wrote Lord Hastings a very long and earnest letter about the church, but have received no answer. I shall do my duty, and use every lawful means to get a church for my poor people, come what may.

"There is a book I wish you would order for your Reading Club—Dr. Payne of Exeter's Lectures on the Sovereignty of God. It has revolutionised my mind. It is a splendid book, and demonstrates the universality of the atonement, and its harmony with election."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*July 4th.*—I went to Glasgow on Tuesday to meet two sons of Sir Robert Peel's. Fine lads, fresh with honours from Harrow. But I mention this fact to show how unsettled my mind is, for it upset my good thoughts—I mean, made me neglect the means of grace, and so I got for a day into my old way. God forgive me! I look back on the last month as to an oasis."

In sending the following letter, Principal Shairp writes:—

"All the remainder of his time in Loudoun I kept up correspondence with Norman from Oxford. Those were the years from 1840 to 1844, when the Oxford movement reached its climax. Often, when any pamphlet more than usually striking came out—No. 90, and others—I would send them to Norman, and would receive from him a reply commenting on them from his own point of view. That, I need hardly say, was not in accordance with the Oxford views. It was not only that he rejected the sacerdotal theory on which the whole movement was founded,—not only that, as a Scotchman and a Presbyterian minister, he could not be expected to welcome the view which made his own church 'Samaria,' and handed himself and his people over to the 'uncovenanted mercies;' but I used to think that neither then, nor afterwards, he ever did full justice to the higher, more inward quality of Newman's teaching, that those marvellous 'Parochial Sermons' never penetrated him as they did others. That sad undertone of feeling, that severe and ascetic piety, which had so great a charm for many, awoke in Norman but little sympathy."

To JOHN C. SHAIRP, ESQ., at Oxford :— "*27th March.*

"Well, what think you of Puseyism now? You have read No. 90, of course; you have read the article on Transubstantiation—you have read it! Great heavens! Is this 1841? I have drawn the following conclusions from this precious document, and from Newman's letter to Jelf:—

"1. The articles mean nothing.

"2. Any man may sign them conscientiously, be he Calvinist or moderate Romanist, only let him not oppose them openly.

"3. No Oxford man need go to Romanism either to adore (doulia) images, or praise the Blessed Virgin, or get a lift from the saints, or gratify himself by doing works of penance—he may get all this in a quiet way at Oxford.

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"4. The Anglican system and the Popish system, as explained by the Council of Trent, are 'like, so very like as day to day,' that, but for a few fleecy clouds of no great consequence, a Catholic mind would never see the difference.

"5. No. 90 is a dispatch to the Popish army to send a few moderate battalions to support the Anglican Church in its flank movement to the left from the *corps d'armée* of Protestantism.

"And what is all this to end in?

"The formation of an Anglo-Popish Church, independent of the State?

"The consequent breaking up of Church Establishments?

"The formation of two Churches—a moderate Episcopacy connected with the State, and another, 'the Anglican Church,' by itself?

"An accession to the ranks of dissent?

"The strengthening of Popery, and the battle of Armageddon?"

NOTES AND THOUGHTS FROM READING, THINKING, AND LAUGHING.

"LOUDOUN, *November* 1, 1840.

"Under the influence of one of those whims which sometimes act upon me like a breeze upon a windmill, I this Saturday night, 27th February, 1841, open this book (being at present, with the exception of what goeth before, as yet empty, albeit it is called a Book for Notes and Thoughts), for what reason I can hardly tell, except it be:

"1. The wish to put on record a strong suspicion I now begin to entertain—viz., that I have no thoughts which can stand inspection, better than did Mouldy or Mr. Forcible Feeble, the woman's tailor, before Falstaff.

"2. To put to the proof one of those sayings which men believe, like 'great laws,' that a work begun is half done. We shall see."

"*June*, 1841.

"ON THE SALVABILITY OF THE HEATHEN.—That no soul is saved except through the blood of Christ, and that no soul is saved without belief in Christ, are not equally true propositions; for, if so, all infants would be damned. Now, as all admit that infants may without faith (of which they are incapable from their age) be saved by having the benefits of Christ's death imputed to them, so, for aught we know, heathen, who are incapable of faith from their circumstances, may have the benefits of Christ's death in the same manner, and so their natural piety will be the effect and not the cause of God's showing mercy to them. We preach to such because we are commanded. God may raise a sick man by a miracle; but our duty is to use the appointed means."

"A day of fasting for the sins of the Church has been appointed by the General Assembly to be kept on the 22nd of June, 1841. I fear some will add to its sin by fathering the most heinous faults upon those who oppose them in Church politics. One rule, I think, should be strictly kept to in

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determining what are sins—viz., those upon which all Christians will agree. There may be disputes about facts—*e. g.*, as to whether the Church is covetous or not—but there should be no disputes as to whether that is sin or not. This rule would exclude confessions anent patronage, intrusion, &c. The Church should have drawn up a form of prayer, and of confession—a unanimous one. The sins I consider as being the most marked in the Church at present are: 1. Covetousness—only £20,000 from the whole Church for the cause of Christ; not £20 from each parish! 2. Too much mingling of the Church with the world; not separation enough. 3. Schism among Christians, and wrong terms of communion. 4. Strife, bitterness, and party spirit; a want of charity and love; a not suffering for conscience-sake. 5. Too much dependence on externals, acts of Assembly anent calls, &c.

"The Church visible is to the Church invisible what the body is to the spirit— the medium of communication with the external world. As the body without the soul is dead, though it may look life-like, even so is the visible Church without the invisible. The Presbyterians, I think, legislated too transcendentally for the Church. We forgot how much we are taught by visible things. We did not sufficiently value symbols. Popery makes the Church a body altogether. We forget too much that there is a visible Church; they that there is an invisible.

"*As for Church government*, I always look on it as a question of dress, of clothes—or, rather, of spectacles. What suits one eye won't suit another. What signifies whether a man reads with the gold spectacles of Episcopacy or with the silver ones of Presbytery or with the pinchbeck ones of Independence, provided he does read, and reads better too with the one kind than the other, and does not blind himself with the goggles of Popery? Though I hate schism, yet I do think that different governments are ordered in the wisdom of God, who knoweth our fame and remembers we are dust, to suit the different conditions of man. One man is born with huge veneration like a ridge on his head, ideality like hillocks; another with neither of these bumps, but in their stead causality or reasoning like potatoes, firmness like Ailsa Craig; another with combativeness, self-esteem, and love of approbation, like hen-eggs. Is it not a blessing that there is for the one an old cathedral with stone knights and 'casements pictured fair,' and seats worn with successive generations, and a fine bald-headed prelate; and that another can get a Presbyterian Church that will stand firm against Erastus, Court of Session, Kings, Lords, and Commons, and can hear long metaphysical sermons canvassing every system; and that the last can have his *say* in an Independent Church, and battle with minister and elder: while, in each, they can hear what will make them wise unto salvation? All are spectacles for different eyes; and why fight?—why force a man to see through your concave, or be forced to read through his convex? You will both read wrong, or not read at all.

"I hate schism. It is a great sin to have a visible Church unless you feel that it is only a door to the invisible one.

"To reform Presbyterianism is like the attempt to skin a flint."

"I read lately a very interesting book published by the Abbotsford Club; viz., 'Records of the Presbytery of Lanark from 1632 till 1701.' It is, I presume, a fair type of what the Church then was; and if so!—

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"The Church then wished to make the Church the State, and the State the Church. The men in those days had no idea of true liberty. Toleration is a modern idea. Their maxims were: 1. You have liberty to think what is right, but none to think what is wrong. *We* (the Church) are to judge what is right; *ergo*, you can think only as we permit you (see also 'Confession of Faith,' chap. xx., last clause). They were a grossly superstitious set. The above Presbytery frequently incarcerated witches, and sent for a great ally of theirs, a certain 'George Catley, Pricker,' to riddle the old woman with pins to find out the mark of Satan. And yet to these men we must go for wisdom to guide us in 1841! Mercy forbid! I am thankful to have none such Presbyterian inquisitors.

"The tendency of ultra-Calvinism (if not its necessary result) is to fill the mind with dark views of the Divine character; to represent Him as grudging to make men happy; as exacting from Christ stripe for stripe that the sinner deserved. Hence a Calvinistic fanatic has the same scowling, dark, unloving soul as a Franciscan or Dominican fanatic who whips himself daily to please Deity. They won't enjoy life; they won't laugh without atoning for the sin by a groan; they won't indulge in much hope or joy; they more easily and readily entertain doctrines which go to prove how many may be damned than how many may be saved; because all this seems to suit their views of God's character, and to be more agreeable to Him than a cheerful loving bearing.

"A Calvinistic enthusiast and an Arminian fanatic are seldom met with."

". . . No creature knows the unity of truth, or rather the whole of any truth. Each truth is but a part of a system. That system radiates from God, the centre: the radii are innumerable. A poor being called man lights for a moment, like a fly, upon one of the spokes of this awful wheel, which is so high that 'it is dreadful, and full of eyes;' and, as it moves, he thinks that he understands its mighty movements and the revolution of the whole system!

"A truth which explains another, but which cannot be explained, is to us a mystery. As we advance along the chain of truth, beginning at the lowest link, mystery ascends before us—God Himself, Who is Truth, and to Whom we approach for ever, but never reach!"

"Dr. Payne of Exeter's book, 'On the Sovereignty of God,' is one of the best I ever read. It has been a ring-fence to a thousand scattered ideas I have had on the subjects of which it treats. On election and atonement I think he is invincible. That Christ died for all, or none, seems as clear to me as day, not merely from the distinct declaration of Scripture, but from the idea of an atonement. If the stripe for stripe theory is given up, which it must be, a universal atonement is the consequence. The sufficiency of Christ's death and its universality are one and the same. Election has only to do with its application."

"The freedom of a man *quoad civilia*, as well as *quoad spiritualia*, will ever be in proportion to the sense entertained by himself and others of his dignity and worth. Hence the connection between Christianity and civil

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liberty, and hence the folly of Chartists and Revolutionists, and all who love or pretend to love the freedom of man, opposing the Bible, which alone makes known man's dignity; denouncing ministers who every Sabbath proclaim it, and urge men to know and believe it; destroying the Lord's Day, a day when this dignity is visibly seen by men meeting on the same spiritual platform—the same level; and refusing Church extension, which is but a means for bringing those blessings to the masses, and thus of helping them to obtain, use, and preserve freedom."

"Much struck with a remark in Coleridge's 'Friend,' 'that the deepest and strongest feelings of our nature combine with the obscure and shadowy rather than with the clear and palpable.' Hence I say: 1st, The fierceness of fanatics; 2nd, Fierceness of the ignorant in politics and of the mob. This accounts for a fact I have always noticed—viz., that in proportion to one's ignorance of a question is his wrath and uncharitableness, if his feelings are but once engaged."

"Truth may be recognised in the spirit when it is indistinctly seen by the intellect. No false proof should be removed which tends to good, until a true one is ready to replace it.

"Shelley and Wordsworth have more power than any men I know of making visible invisible things. See, for instance, Shelley's poem, 'To a cloud,' Wordsworth's ode on 'Intimations of Immortality.' Keats frequently displays in a marvellous manner the same gift ('Magic casements opening on the foam,' 'Ode to the Nightingale'), and so does Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Religio Medici' and 'Urn Burial.' If we were to remain long here, growing in feeling like the angels, we would require an algebra—new symbols—for new thoughts."

"There are some men who, if left alone, are as cold as pokers; but like pokers, if they are once thrust into the fire, they become red hot, and add to the general blaze. Such are some ministers I know, when they get into Church controversies."

"I am not surprised at David's praying to God in the night-watches; in his rising from his bed and ascending to the roof of his house, and when the 'mighty heart' of the city 'was lying still,' and 'the mountains which surrounded Jerusalem' were sleeping in the calm brilliancy of an Eastern night, that he should gaze with rapture on the sky, and pour forth such a beautiful Psalm of Praise as 'When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers.'

"The night is more suited to prayer than the day. I never awake in the middle of the night without feeling induced to commune with God. One feels brought more into contact with Him. The whole world around us, we think, is asleep. God the Shepherd of Israel slumbers not, nor sleeps. He is awake, and so are we! We feel, in the solemn and silent night, as if alone with God. And then there is everything in the circumstances around you to lead you to pray. The past is often vividly recalled. The voices of the dead are heard, and their forms crowd around you. No

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sleep can bind them. The night seems the time in which they should hold spiritual commune with man. The future, too, throws its dark shadow over you—the night of the grave, the certain death bed, the night in which no man can work. And then everything makes such an impression on the mind at night, when the brain is nervous and susceptible; the low sough of the wind among the trees, the roaring, or *eerie whish* of some neighbouring stream, the bark or low howl of a dog, the general impressive silence, all tend to sober, to solemnize the mind, and to force it from the world and its vanities, which then seem asleep, to God, who alone can uphold and defend."

"A holy mind is like Herschell's large telescope, it sees by its great power heavenly truth much more distinctly than an unrenewed mind can, and also many others which are altogether unseen and unknown to others. But by the same enlarged powers which enable it to see the glories of the heavens, is it able also, nay, cannot choose but see the dust and filth in the atmosphere of earth; let the instrument, however, be removed to a higher and purer region, and then it will 'see clearly, and not as through a glass darkly.'

"Is the gift of saving faith the gift of a telescope—a power to see truths which are unseen by the common eye? or is it the removing of mists and clouds that conceal truths, which but for those mists may be seen by every eye?

"*November*, 1841.—Read Arago's 'Treatise on Astronomy.' It is very simple.

"I sometimes like to fancy things about the stars. May there not be moral systems as well as physical? Moral wholes or plans; a portion of the plan being carried on in one world, and another in another world, so that, like different pieces of a machine, or like the different stars themselves, the whole must be put together and examined before the plan can be understood? The world may be a moral centre; the centre being the cross; from which moral radii extend throughout the moral universe. Physical space and moral space have no connection. It used to be an old question how many angels could dance on the point of a needle; but it had a glimmer of wisdom too, for it arose from a feeling that spiritual things bear no relation to space. May there not be moral constellations?"

MUSIC.

"*Irish Music.*—My father once saw some emigrants from Lochaber dancing on the deck of the emigrant ship, and weeping their eyes out! This feeling is the mother of Irish music.

"It expresses the struggle of a buoyant, merry heart, to get quit of thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. It is the music of an oppressed, conquered—but deeply feeling, impressible, fanciful and generous people. It is for the harp in Tara's Halls.

"*Scotch Music.*—A bonny lassie with her plaid, reclining in some pastoral glen among the braes of Yarrow, and waking the sleep that is among the lonely hills with some tale of love, domestic sorrow, or of 'the flowers of the forest, a' wede awa'.'

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"*Highland Music.*—The pibroch; the music of the past and gone, of lonely lakes, castled promontories, untrodden valleys and extinguished feuds, wild superstitions, and of a feudal glory and an age of romance and song which have fled on their dun wings from Morven. It is fit only for the large bag-pipe in the hall of an old castle, with *thuds* of wind and the dash of billows as its only accompaniment.

"It is deep sorrow that is checked by lofty pride from breaking.

> "'Let foemen rage and discord burst in slaughter.
> Ah then for clansmen true and stern claymore!
> The hearts that would have shed their blood like water,
> Now heavily beat beyond the Atlantic's roar.'

"*German Music.*—The music of the intellect and thought: passion modified by high imagination. It is essentially Gothic, vast and grand. It is for man. The shadow of the Brocken is over it; the solemn sound of the Rhine and Danube pervade it. It is an intellectual gale.

"*French Music.*—A dashing cavalry officer on his way to fight or make love.

"*Italian Music.*—A lovely woman, a Corinne, breathing forth her soul under the influence of one deep and strong passion, beneath a summer midnight sky amidst the ruins of ancient Roman grandeur. It is immensely sensuous.

"*Spanish Music.*—A hot night, disturbed by a guitar.

"*American Music.*—'Yankee-doodle.'"

"*December*, 1841.—I am much mistaken in the signs of the times, if an episcopal era is not near for Scotland's ecclesiastical history. To form an Episcopalian Church *quoad spiritualia*, we have, 1st, The old and respectable and unchanged Episcopalian families of Scotland. 2nd, the lovers of fashion more than the lovers of God—the families who spend a portion of their time in London, and who like a 'gentlemanly religion.' 3rd, The rich merchants, who wish to wear the new polish, and to look like old State furniture; who, by buying country-houses, by marrying into good families, by getting hold of a property with an old title, and by joining an old form of worship, labour to persuade the world that they never sold timber or sugar since they supplied the Ark with these commodities. 4th, The meek and pious souls who love to eat their bread in peace, and who, weary of the turmoil in our Church, flee to the peace of the Church of England, which seems to reflect the unchangeableness of the Church invisible. 5th, The red-hot Tories, who fly from disgust at the Radicalism of our Church.

"The only checks I see to this tide, which I fear will set in for Episcopacy, are: 1st, Puseyism, which treats us as heathen, and will tend to disgust. 2nd, That the Church of Scotland is the Establishment 3rd, That unless Episcopacy is endowed it cannot advance far. 4th, That if it attempts to get an endowment, we must checkmate it by trying the same for our churches in England, and we would do more harm to Episcopacy in England, than they can to Presbyterianism in Scotland."

"The infidel and the superstitious equally disregard the authority of evidence. The one disbelieves in spite of evidence for the thing rejected;

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the other believes, in spite of the want of evidence for the thing received. Hence Popery and Infidelity are so closely allied. Submission to the authority of evidence is the only safeguard against either.

"*Sabbath morning.*—I put some bread for the birds on the window, and thought if God made me so kind to birds, He must be kind to His own creatures—to His own children. By-and-by two chaffinches came and fought for the bread, and one was beaten off; and yet there was abundance for both. Alas! how many who are richly provided for by God thus fight about the bread of life, rather than partake of it together in peace and thankfulness. The robin is eating, but with what terror! picking and starting as if an enemy were near. Thus do Christians partake as if the Lord grudged what He gives—as if He would not rejoice that they took abundance."

"The best consistency is to be consistent to one's self, by acting every day up to the light of that day. To be governed not by any fixed point *ab extra*, but by the conscience *ab intra*, which will vary its judgments with every change of our position. The traveller who guides his steps in relation to one object, such as a mountain, who wishes to keep always at the same distance from that, may, indeed, keep moving and apparently advancing, but he is travelling in a circle round the one object; but he who is guided by the path will always be changing his relative position, and every step makes him inconsistent with the scenery; but he moves on and on, and advances into new countries, and reaches his journey's end.

"Know thyself, and be true to thyself! Thou art in the way of truth.

"The only consistent mariner is he who steers by the compass, though he is drifted leagues out of his course."

"If Christ did not die for all men, how can it be said that God willeth all men to be saved? Can He will any to be saved for whom there is no atonement?

"If Christ did not die for all men, in what sense is He said to be the Saviour of all men, though specially of those who believe?

"If Christ did not die for all men, how can all men be commanded to believe? What are they to believe? Is this not inviting to a supper insufficient to feed all the guests *if* they came? If it is said 'God knows they won't come.' I reply, this is charging God with conduct man would be ashamed of. If He died, and they may, yet won't believe, this is moral guilt, not natural inability. It is the guilt of the drunkard who cannot give up drinking; not the guilt of the man without legs who cannot walk, which is no guilt at all."

"Sin, like an angle, does not become greater or smaller by being produced *ad infinitum*."

"It is a pleasing thought that there cannot be different kinds of minds, as there are different kinds of bodies. Bodies have no type of perfection, to which they are in a greater or less degree conformed; no normal form after which they are modelled, their degrees of perfection depending on the nearness to which they come to this model. The zoophyte, or the hydra polype,

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is as perfect an animal as the elephant, as its parts are perfectly constructed in relation to the end it is destined to fulfil in the creation. But it is not thus with mind. It has a type—an image; and that is God. And to this image it must, whenever found in a right state (one according to God's will and intention), be in conformity. To no intellect in the Universe can the relation of numbers be different from what it is to ours. It is impossible that God would ever create intellects to which two and two would be anything else than four. So in regard to moral things, right and wrong are still the same in the planet Herschel, or in heaven, as on earth. Wherever beings exist that can know God, they must be like God. We thus recognise in the angels the same minds and sympathies with ourselves. When they sing praises as they announce man's redemption, we perceive the same minds, with the same sentiments and reflections as our own; and thus, too, mind becomes a conductor which binds us to the whole universe of rational beings. Every mental and moral being is born after one image—God."

Letter TO DR. DONALDSON, when requested to take the chair at a Burns Festival, at Newmilns:—*

"*Dec.*, 1839.

"Only consider the matter seriously as a Christian man, and say how we can, with the shadow of consistency, commemorate Burns after sitting down at the Lord's Supper to commemorate the Saviour? I have every admiration for Burns as a poet; but is it possible to separate the remembrance of his genius from the purposes for which it was so frequently used, or rather prostituted? I would, I daresay, have admired and wondered at the magnificent picture which Satan exhibited to the Saviour, had I beheld it; but that would not be a reason why it would have been allowable to have commemorated the genius and power of the mighty being who had delighted my senses with his picture, without any reference to the good or evil, intended to be done, or actually accomplished, by the splendid work itself. In the same way, however much I admire the beautiful poetry of Burns, I never can forget that, in a great many instances (and these affording me most brilliant examples of his powers) it has been an engine for vice; for over what vice does he not throw the colouring of genius?

"I would willingly say nothing against him, unless I am thus publicly called upon to commemorate him publicly and to say something for him. I cannot, I dare not, as a Christian minister, do this; neither can I but in the strongest manner disapprove of any dinner to his memory. What I have said would, I well know, in the estimation of the world, be termed *cant;* but with the vast majority of thoughtful, well-informed Christians, it is a self-evident truth. Excuse this very hurried note, written amidst many labours. You may make what use you please of it."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*August 4th.*—Went with Clerk to preach at Kilmorry, a station on the west side of Ardnamurchan. Had a fine view of the West Hebrides from the summit of the hill. The place where he preaches is very curious.

"Before I went into church I sat down on a knoll to gaze on the scenery.

*It is interesting to compare his convictions at this period as to the proper course of duty with the position he assumed at the Burns' Centenary in 1859. (See Chapter XIV.)

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I heard the sound of praise rising from the primitive edifice, and the lash of the waves of the great Atlantic on the shore, and between the hymn and the ocean and the majestic scenery around there was perfect oneness. They all praised God. But the dead cannot praise Him; and what a lonely churchyard that one was! One stumbled upon it. I never saw such rude graves. I could not discover one name or one inscription. Among heather and weeds, you find a small spot raised above the surface, and a turf of heather over it, ill-cut and rudely put on. There is a fearful negligence shown here of the remains of humanity. The churchyards are not inclosed, and the graves are more rude than any I have seen in any country. There is one grave in that remote churchyard in which a woman lies whose history will only be known at the great day. She was called Lowland Mary. About forty years ago she came, no one knew whence, to this remote spot. She was then a young and pretty woman. She became a servant to a respectable gentleman tenant, and supported herself for thirty years. She was pleasant and communicative on every point but one, and that was her own personal history. Whenever she was asked who or whence she was, she got into a high state of excitement, almost mad. The most she ever said was that her friends could support her, and insinuated that they were well off. It was supposed she was landed from some ship. She lived for years a solitary woman, and died a pauper this year. Clerk was sent for to see her and could not go. Her history was never told.

"I received the following information about Skye from a thoroughly reliable source:—

"To disregard the ordinances and sacraments of the Church has come to be looked upon by the islanders as characteristic of religious life. The superstitious terror with which fanaticism has invested the receiving of Baptism or the Lord's Supper has led men to show their reverence by the strange method of avoiding their observance. The teaching of my cousin, Mr. Roderick Macleod, minister of Bracadale—commonly called Mr. Rory—was the prime cause of this state of things. He held extremely strict and exclusive views as to who should be allowed to partake of the sacraments of his Church. He believed, and acted with unbending rigour, on the principle that a minister should admit no one to these Christian privileges without being full satisfied in his own mind that the applicant was truly regenerate, while doing so he refused to make known the tests by which he judged of men's spiritual state. The immense majority of the people, not only in Bracadale, but throughout the island, gradually succumbed to his rule; and while continuing nominally attached to the Church of Scotland, yet rarely asked for her sealing ordinances, and either grew indifferent to them, or regarded them, especially the Lord's Supper, with such dread that no consideration would induce them to partake of them.

"Thus, in the parish of Bracadale, with a population of 1,800, the communicants have been reduced to eight persons. In the neighbouring parish of Diurinish the communion was never administered from the year 1829 till 1840; while in other parishes the administration was irregular, and the number of communicants incredibly small.* There are hundreds of

* The anomalous state of things described as existing in Skye in 1842, continues to the present day. There are now hundreds of persons in the island—many of them fathers and mothers, some of them grandfathers and grandmothers—who were never

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people unbaptized, and who, even in mature age, evince no desire to receive the sacred rite.

"There is a numerous class of lay preachers, called 'The Men,' who do much to keep up the flame of fanaticism by fierce denunciations of those whom they reckon unworthy communicants, and of the pastors who dare to admit any to Christian privileges but such as have received their *imprimatur*. These 'Men' are of various characters and talents. Some of them are animated by a zeal that is genuine if not enlightened, leading lives of strict piety, and gifted with a wonderful flow of natural eloquence; while others have nothing to show but a high-sounding profession of faith, sometimes combined with great worthlessness of character. These separatists wear a distinctive dress, carrying a long blue cloak, and putting a red handkerchief round their heads in church. They judge spiritual character more by such tokens as Sabbatarian strictness than common morality.

"Our way home was by a different but as wild a path, which only Highland horses like Diamond and Brenda could travel. I could not have believed it without my having seen the inimitable way in which they picked their steps among the loose stones, and walked over ledges of wet rock. We had one magnificent prospect on our way back from the summit of the ridge. It was like the crater of an immense volcano—wild, silent, savage.

"*7th, Sabbath of the Communion.*—The day was wet and stormy, but it was a pleasant day to us all. The English congregation, amounting to about twenty, met in the drawing-room of the Manse. There I preached to them and administered the sacrament. It was a small but solemn meeting, and had a reality about it which I liked. It seemed more like primitive times than anything of the kind I ever saw. And *query*—had no ordained minister been in the parish, and had the parish been removed beyond St. Kilda, and had my worthy and intelligent friend, Mr. Clerk, senr., set apart the bread and wine by prayer for sacramental use, and had that company partaken of the same in order to remember Christ, would this have been a 'mock sacrament,' even though no ordained minister were present?

"*11th.*—Set off upon an expedition to Loch Shiel.

"A fresh breeze of north wind was blowing up Loch Sunard. We went rattling along under a snoring breeze; passed Mingarry Castle and Sthrone McLean, connected with which there is a sad story. McLean was a famous freebooter when McIan was in possession of Mingarry Castle. McIan's wife was fair and vain. McLean was handsome and cunning. He, the enemy of her husband, won her affections. She agreed to admit him to the castle upon a certain night to murder her husband, on condition that he would marry her. McLean accordingly entered the castle at night and murdered

baptized, while the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is looked upon by many with indescribable dread. This gloomy view of the Holy Communion prevails generally throughout the north Highlands; but, as far as I know, Skye is the only place where baptism is so generally neglected. As an instance of the baneful effects of these feelings, even after the erroneous views on which they are founded have been given up, a clergyman relates that when he once asked a parishioner, who had come from the north Highlands, to become a communicant, he was startled by the reply, "Please say no more. I cannot answer you. I have no doubt that what you say is true; but I tell you that if you had asked me to commit the greatest sin, you could not have frightened me half so much as by inviting me to sit at the table of the Lord." Yet this man was not only intelligent and well-read, but of a truly serious mind and excellent character.

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the old chief. McIan, however, left an only son, and McLean insisted upon the woman putting to death the son, who alone seemed to stand in the way of his subjecting the district to his own sway. The woman agreed to this, and, accompanied by McLean, reached the wild precipice to throw her child over into the ocean which foamed below. The mother took the child in her arms. She twice swung it in the air to cast it from her; but not doing so, she was asked by McLean why she delayed.

"'The child,' replied the unfortunate woman, 'smiles in my face whenever I attempt it.'

"'Turn then your face away and look not at its smiles,' was the bandit's reply.

The woman did so, and the child was thrown over the rock. She had no sooner accomplished the deed than McLean turned upon her and said—

"'Away, horrid woman! You who could thus murder your husband and child might murder me!'

"We soon came in sight of Aharacle, which struck me very much as being wild, peculiar, and picturesque. Aharacle is at the end of Loch Shiel. It is a flat, dark moss surrounded by hills, with a fine view of Rum in the background.

"It affords a curious instance of the singular crystallizing process which the results of the Reformation have undergone, that Papists and Protestants occupy nearly the same territory as they did then. All the Papists are on the north side, and the Protestants upon the south side of Loch Shiel. The parish of Ardnamurchan, which in Papist times contained many parishes, extended (until lately) as far north as Arisaig, about sixty miles as the crow flies, with I daresay five hundred miles of sea-coast.

"We set off for Glen Finnan at four. We pulled for two or three miles between low flat banks with low ranges of hills near; but there was a grand view ahead, clusters of mountains, with dark gullies, towards which we were steering in high hope. After sailing some miles the lake seemed closed by a green point—intensely green when contrasted with the dark, heathy, rocky mountains which now began to gather round us and above us on every side. We soon discovered from the ruins and crosses which caught our eye that this was Eilean Finnan, of which we had heard so much. It is, indeed, a touching spot, fit place for meditative thought. There are remains still on the Island of the old religious establishments, but they are ruins only. Gravestones are scattered around, chiefly, if not altogether, belonging to the Roman Catholic families in the district. One was the grave of a bishop. Another had a skeleton carved out on the stone. Another was a plain bit of wood not a foot high. Rude stone crosses of slate and of modern workmanship were placed here and there. Until a few months ago, when it was removed for safety by the popish proprietor, a small bell remained from time immemorial in a window in the ruins beside three skulls, one of them belonging to a notorious character in the olden time, Ian Muideartach. These skulls have been buried. One thing struck me much about the churchyard, viz., that the rude spokes which had carried the different coffins for the burial were deposited beside their respective graves, each grave having a rude spoke on each side of it. In contemplating that green island with its ruins, I could not restrain those feelings which prompted me to offer up in my heart a tribute of praise to

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the forgotten religionists who had here lived and died. They may have been in comparative darkness, they may have erred from the truth—but some light they had, and here they made it shine amidst the surrounding darkness of a barbarous age. Some truth they had, and they gave it to others. This island, with its buildings, its matin and vesper bells, its processions, its prayers, its ceremonies, was a visible religion; it was a monument and pledge of something beyond man, a link connecting another world with this; and it must at least have kept before the minds of the barbarian clans who prowled in the neighbouring mountains—gazing upon it from their summits, or listening to its bell calling to early prayer—the truth that there was a God, and reward and punishment beyond the grave, and that the eye of One who hated sin gazed upon them. Popery with its symbols was a pioneer to Protestantism. It was in some respects better calculated to attract the attention of men in a rude and savage state. When man is a child, he speaks as a child; but he should now, in these days of light and intelligence, put away childish things.

"After a pull of twenty-four miles we reached, about ten o'clock, the head of the loch, and saw the tall monument rising like a ghost in the darkness.

"The first thing which attracted my notice in the morning was the monument erected to commemorate Prince Charlie unfurling his standard to regain the throne of his ancestors. This romantic enterprise was begun on this spot.

"And where now are all those fine fellows who, full of enthusiasm and of hope, came streaming down these valleys and covered those scattered rocks? Where those Highland chiefs, the last monuments in Europe of the feudal times, who met here full of chivalry, and of all the stirring thoughts connected with such a romantic and hazardous enterprise? And the young Chevalier himself, with his dreams of ambition and of kingly thrones never to be fulfilled? How strange that the intrigues of a vicious Court should have disturbed the quiet of this solitary glen, and that he, who was then all freshness and manliness, should have changed Loch Shiel and its warriors for an opera and Italian dissipation! Charlie after all was never *my* darling. He had all the kingly bearing, with all the low cunning and tyrannical spirit, of the Stuarts.

"We left the head of Loch Shiel with a stiff breeze in our teeth. Having seen the picturesque outline of the mountains—which were hanging over us so that the eagle perched upon their summits might almost look into our boat—both in the evening when their forms mingled with the dark shadow of the lake, and their summits glowed with crimson and gold, and also at night when their giant forms stood in close column, their stature reaching the sky on every side of us, we were glad to see them now half robed in mist, and bedewed with many a snowy rill. After a stiff pull we reached Aharacle about two, and soon found ourselves again on the banks of Loch Sunard."

To JOHN MACKINTOSH:—

"LOUDOUN MANSE, *October 8th*, 1842.

"You are in a glorious country. There is, I think, a finer combination and loveliness in the scenery of the Lakes than in our West Highlands,

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with the exception of our majestic sea views; our castled promontories, scattered islands, rapid tides, glimpses of boundless horizons, and far-winding sea coasts are, I think, unrivalled for sublimity. But there is a snugness, and what Carlyle calls a 'Peace reposing in the bosom of strength,' in the lake scenery, which, with the exception of some parts of the Tyrol, one sees nowhere else.

"Have you seen Wordsworth? He is a perfect Pan of the woods, but a glorious creature. Such men elevate my views of the Supreme Mind more than all the scenery of earth."

"WHAT though we are but weary pilgrims here,
Trav'lers whose place of rest is not below;
Who must along the path of sorrow go;
For those we cherish and regard as dear
With weak hearts trembling betwixt hope and fear:
Yet, mourning brother, wherefore should we know
That rayless grief which broodeth o'er despair?
For still a lot most full of bliss is ours!—
Sweet commune with the good which are and were,
Virtue and love, high truth, exalted powers,
Converse with God in deep, confiding pray'r,
An ever-present Lord to seek and save,
The word which quickens more than vernal showers,
A Father's house beyond the hollow grave?"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cambridge:

"LOUDOUN, *December*, 1842.

"I feel with you that our 'inner men' did not commune sufficiently when you were here. There was more a rubbing of surfaces than a melting together of two souls. It was only after you went away that I began to grieve over undone work, and unsaid things, and half said things. But when I have time, I will send you broken images of my thoughts, that you can patch together—half crystallized opinions that will enable you to guess the form which they are tending towards. There are many points in theology upon which I somehow think you are destined, like myself, to undergo a change, and about these I am very anxious to communicate with you; such as the universality of the atonement, the nature of saving faith, the doctrine of assurance, and the sacraments. I have been reading, writing, meditating, preaching, and praying upon these subjects, and I feel the necessity of having such clear definite ideas upon them as will stand examination.

"I am busier than ever. I have been preaching round the parish upon Thursday evenings. At all those meetings I collect for religious purposes. Last Thursday I collected 31*s.* 6*d.* in a small schoolroom! I have also—don't laugh—commenced a course of lectures on geology for the Newmilns weavers! It will extend to about ten lectures.

"I have never engaged in any duty, for I call it duty, which has given me such pleasure. You know that there has always been a set of shrewd, well-read, philosophical readers here—vain, but marvellously well informed,

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and half infidel—who were very civil when I went to see them, but would never come to church. They were generally Chartists, and talked very big about the '*priests*' not wishing the people to become well informed, and so on. Well, I hardly knew how to get to windward of these men, but I knew they had formed themselves into a 'Philosophical Institution' and sometimes got men to lecture to them from Kilmarnock. I hinted to one of them that I would willingly lecture. They sent a deputation to request me to do so. I agreed. Subject, geology. I have for the last ten years been fond of the science, and luckily I had just finished a two months' course of reading on it, and had a large collection of all the best books. Well, not to make my story long, up I went to the village on the appointed night, expecting to find the members of the Institution only assembled, but I found the school-house crammed with one hundred and fifty people admitted by penny tickets, and about fifty people outside! You can have no idea, unless you knew the excitability of our people, of the interest these lectures have created: they speak of nothing else; old fellows stop and touch their hats and thank me. When I finished my second, men who used to avoid me, gave me three rounds of cheers! and last Sabbath night I saw some of the *philosophers* in church for the first time. They have got the dissenting church for me to lecture in. I have got Buckland's map copied on a large scale, and we begin a spring course, to not less, I am persuaded, than six or seven hundred people! I think this is a practical lesson. Let a minister use every means to come in contact with every class, to win them first on common ground, and from thence endeavour to bring them to holy ground. Only fancy a fossil fern from the coal, the solitary specimen in the mineralogical cabinet of the institution, going the round of Newmilns as an unheard-of curiosity! Poor souls! if you knew how I do love the working classes.

"*Dec. 30th.*—The former part of this letter was written a week ago. It proves to you what a slow coach I am. I wanted to have written to you about our unfortunate Church, but the subject is too important to be dealt with in a letter. I have seen nothing published upon this subject which so completely expresses my own views as Morren of Greenock's letters to his congregation. If I can get them in a complete form I will send them to you. My principles may be shortly stated. The Church, as an independent power in spiritual things, agrees in forming an alliance with the State to act in reference (for example) to the induction of presentees into parishes in one particular way, out of fifty other ways she might have chosen, all being agreeable to the Word of God. This particular way is embodied in an Act of Parliament—a civil act—and consequently implies an obligation on the part of the two contracting parties, the Church and State, to obey its enactments. Of this civil act the civil courts are alone the constitutional interpreters, and we must either obey their interpretation or walk out. I wish the law was modified, but I can live under it. I believe there must be a large secession. No Government can yield to their demands.

"Write to me soon. This is a wild night. It is late. My communion is on the second Sabbath of January. Pray for me."

From his JOURNAL:—

"I heard, the end of last week, that T—— B—— and D—— T—— were ill and dying. Neither of them sent for me, but I determined, thank

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God, to see them. I felt a particularly strong desire to do so. Here let me record for my guidance a rule—Always when a fitting opportunity arrives be sowing the seed. Read the Gospel in private, in season and out of season, and God may bless it when least expected by you. I went to see B. first, and found him dying. Most earnestly did I urge upon him a free salvation, and the truth that God has good-will to man. I then went to T's. He had been a cold, heartless man, a Chartist, and his son was the only man in Newmilns (except his brother) who 'cut' me, and who was very uncivil to me both in his father's presence and in his own house. Indeed, I had to leave him on the ground of incivility. To this man's house I felt I must go. But I went in prayer, leaving it to God, and conscious that I went from a sense of duty. But oh how chastened was D.! lamenting neglected opportunities, and serious and thoughtful about salvation. His son entered at the end of my visit. D. shook hands with me, and his son, mild and civil, thanked me cordially for my visit. Always do duty trusting to God, who will make light arise out of darkness.

"*Saturday Evening, 29th.*—I was last week at Kilninver burying dear Ad Dr. Campbell,* who died upon the 17th. My father is the best travelling companion I know, so full of anecdote and traditionary tales."

*Father of the late John Macleod Campbell, D.D.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISRUPTION CONTROVERSY.

THE Disruption of 1843 forms an interesting and curious page in modern ecclesiastical history. The enthusiasm and stern devotion to duty which led hundreds of good men to leave the Church of their fathers, and peril their all for conscience sake, formed a startling spectacle in the midst of the materialism of the nineteenth century. It was no wonder that the appeal made to the generous sympathies of the nation—when the people saw so many of their most revered ministers sacrificing manse and glebe and stipend for what they believed to be their duty—received a generous response. And if the commencement of the Free Church was a remarkable illustration of the undying "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum"—no less has her subsequent history been characterized by rare wisdom and energy. Every Christian man must ungrudgingly recognise the great good which she has accomplished. The benefits which have attended her devoted labours are too palpable to require enumeration. Her rapid multiplication of the means of grace at home and abroad, the wisdom of her organization, the boldness of her enterprise, the splendid liberality of her members, and the worth and ability of many of her ministers, have conferred untold blessings, direct and indirect, on the cause of religion. She has not only been a distinguished missionary agent, but she has powerfully stimulated the zeal of other Churches.

Yet it would be untruthful not to recognize the evils which, we believe, accompanied the Disruption. Ecclesiastical strife, which introduced discord into every parish and into thousands of families, not only greatly destroyed the frank cordiality of social life in Scotland, but converted every community into a set of mutually suspicious factions, and thus did grievous damage to the Christian spirit of the country. For the zeal with which the claims of Church and party were advanced was too often characterized by a bitterness of temper, a violence of language, and a virulence of sectarian animosity, which promoted anything but Christian life as exemplified by humility, justice, and charity. When there was such denunciation of ecclesiastical opponents that their loyalty to the will of Christ was questioned; and when there was added to such presumption of judgment, the

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frequent refusal, in word and practice, to recognise the Establishment as a true branch of Christ's Church, an acerbity was imparted to the controversy which was far from being edifying to the public. This rivalry of the sects also tended to weaken the authority and impair the discipline of all Churches, and diminish the feelings of reverence with which the sacred office of the ministry used to be regarded. Those, moreover, who value a national testimony to religion not as a mere theory, but as exemplified in practical legislation, must regret the perilous issues which have ensued from the jealousy and division of the Churches in Scotland. Although there is, perhaps, no free country really so united in its creed, yet there are few where it has been more difficult to settle even such matters as education without risking every guarantee for religion.

It is certainly from no desire to re-open controversies, which, thank God, have in a great measure lost their bitterness, that these things are referred to here. Most of those who took a leading part in the warfare have entered into their rest, and "seeing eye to eye" have learned to love one another in the fellowship of the Church glorified. It is therefore peculiarly painful to recall a time of misunderstanding and bitterness. But in describing the part taken by Norman Macleod during years of keen and important debate, historical truthfulness, as well as the duty imposed on his biographer of throwing as much light as possible on the motives which then actuated him, and which led to the strong expressions of opinion sometimes to be found in his journals and letters, make it necessary to re-create, to a certain extent, the atmosphere which then surrounded him. If there are hard words sometimes uttered by him, it can be asserted, with all truth, that they owe their character chiefly to his intense desire for tolerance and love between Christian men and Christian Churches, and from detestation of that party-spirit which is ever so destructive of right Christian feeling.

For the sake of clearness, therefore, as well as of illustrating the position taken by Norman Macleod during this discussion, we shall state, as briefly and impartially as possible, the points at issue in a controversy which agitated Scotland to its centre, drove into hostile camps those who had been previously united by the most sacred ties, and is still affecting the public and private life of the kingdom.

The tide of fresh intellectual life which passed over Europe in the early part of the nineteenth century, causing in France the Revolution of 1830, and in Britain the Reform Bill of 1832, manifested its effects in almost every sphere in which the voice of the populace could be heard. It told with power upon all religions and all Churches, and as might have been expected, had a marked influence on the Church of Scotland, whose government from the first had been democratic. With the quickening of political and intellectual life, there was also a revival, in the best sense, of spiritual religion. The earlier movements of this new life were towards objects of mission-

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ary enterprise, in which both parties in the Church vied with each other. The India Mission, the Education and Colonial Schemes, inaugurated by the leaders of the "Moderates," were heartily supported by the "Evangelicals," who, at the same time, led by Dr. Chalmers, were urging on Church extension with splendid tokens of success. The spirit of party was at this time chiefly manifested in the defence of Church Establishments against the Voluntaries and the war, carried on mainly by the future Non-Intrusionists, was characterized by great argumentative ability, and by no little intolerance of spirit towards dissent. This campaign against the Voluntaries was closely connected with the events which followed within the Church, and which led to its dismemberment. For the desire to popularise the Establishment as much as possible, and to show that her constitution ensured the same freedom and independence of government which belonged to dissenting communities, gradually led to a series of legislative enactments, on the part of the General Assembly, which raised the fatal *questiones vexatæ* that produced the secession.

Divested of the entanglements into which they fell, and viewed apart from the strict chronological order of events, the questions which ultimately divided the Church may be thus stated:—

I. They had reference to the constitutional power of the Church.

II. To practical legislation.

I. The two parties into which the Church was divided had divergent beliefs as to the nature of the spiritual independence which of right belonged to the Church.

The Non-Intrusion party maintained that in all questions, the subject-matter of which involved what was spiritual, the jurisdiction of the Church courts was exclusive, and that their sentences were unchallengeable, even when it was asserted by a party complaining, that the laws and constitution of the Church itself were being violated. The Church had also, according to them, the right to declare what was spiritual, and was in such cases quite free, not only to decide on the merits, but to change the forms of law regulating her procedure. They denied, moreover, that the civil courts had power to pronounce any decision which could touch the spiritual sentence, even in cases where a civil right was so involved that it could not easily be separated from the spiritual. The Ecclesiastical Courts were to stand to the Civil very much as the Court of Arches stands to Chancery.

They claimed, in short, for the Church constitutional powers coordinate not with the Civil Courts only, but with the State—a right not only to make new laws, but to be the interpreter of her own laws in every case where the question involved that which was spiritual, although civil rights were affected by it.

In all such things she was to be responsible to Jesus Christ alone as the Head of the Church.

The position of the other party was equally clear. They believed as firmly as their brethren in the duty of accepting no law which in-

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ferred disloyalty to the revealed will of the Great Head. They also claimed for the Church undisputed liberty in the exercise of her judicial functions. But they further asserted that when the Church, after due deliberation, had settled her own constitution, and had come to terms with the State as to the conditions on which she should accept establishment, and had satisfied herself that there was nothing in the statutes so establishing her which inferred disloyalty to conscience and the Word of God, she had then become bound by contract, and had no right *proprio motu* to legislate in such a manner as to nullify her own constitution and the statutes to which she had agreed. These laws had become her laws, and held her in a certain fixed relationship, not only with the State, but with her own members and every individual who had a *locus standi* before her courts, whether minister, communicant, patron, or heritor. All these, the constitutional party maintained, had a right to see that they had the privileges of law, that they were tried by properly constituted courts, and with the observance of such forms of process as statute law and the practice of the Church herself prescribed. They also maintained that any one who deemed himself aggrieved by an infringement of law, was entitled to the protection of the Civil Courts. When disputes arose not respecting what the *law ought to be*, but as to what *was* the existing law by which the Church Courts and the members of the Church were equally bound, they held, that this being a purely legal question, fell of necessity to be determined by a court of law. It was but the law of contract applied to matters ecclesiastical, and the tribunal which could alone definitely settle what the terms of contract were, must, in their view, be the courts of the country charged with the authoritative interpretation of law. While they yielded nothing to their opponents in claiming spiritual independence for the Church, they were of opinion that that independence, and the allegiance due to the great Head, were best secured by maintaining intact the constitution which the Church had adopted and which the State had, at the suit of the Church, confirmed. They held that no change could be made without the consent of all parties interested, and that to concede to any majority, which happened to obtain ascendancy in the General Assembly, power to alter the constitution of the Church, either as to doctrine or discipline, was not legitimate independence, but licence which, if carried to its logical consequences, might ultimately destroy the Church.

Such were the different ideas of jurisdiction and of spiritual independence which were held by the two parties. They soon found an ample field for discussion in the questions which arose during the "Ten Years' Conflict."

II. The Assembly of 1834 was the first in which the "High party" gained a majority over the "Moderates," and their victory was signalised by the passing of two Acts, which laid the train for all the disastrous consequences that ensued.

(*a*) The first was the Veto Act

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Although lay patronage had always been distasteful to a section of the clergy, and unpopular with the vast majority of the people, yet, with the exception of a comparatively short period, it had been in some form or other enforced by statute, and recognised in the practice of the Church ever since her establishment. The Act of Queen Anne, at all events, had been in force for more than one hundred and twenty years. The forms to be observed in the settlement of ministers were also of express enactment. It was the duty of Presbyteries to take all presentees on trial, and, if found qualified, to induct them, unless such objections were tendered by the parishioners as should approve themselves valid to the Court. The liberty of judgment was to lie with the Church courts alone, without right of appeal.

But in 1834 the party which had become dominant in the General Assembly, professing to give greater effect to the will of the people, and to prevent the recurrence of such scandals in the working of the law of patronage as had occurred during the cold period of the eighteenth century, passed an Act which practically got quit of patronage by a side-wind. This was the Veto Act, by which power was given to a majority of the male communicants, being heads of families, to veto the settlement of a particular minister without assigning any reason, Presbyteries being at the same time enjoined to accept this Veto as an absolute bar to all further proceedings. In this manner they hoped to secure non-intrusion, and nullify the evil effects of patronage. The power of judgment was thus transferred from the Church courts to the male communicants, being heads of families; and the quality of the judgment was altered from one supported by reasons, to that of a Veto pronounced without any grounds being assigned. The majority in the Assembly which passed this law certainly believed they had constitutional power so to legislate. But not only did a large and influential minority—no less than one hundred and thirty-nine against a majority of one hundred and eighty-four—protest against it as *ultra vires*, but Chalmers himself had doubts of its legality, while he supported its adoption. After the passing of the Act, the constitutional party offered no factious opposition; they allowed it a fair trial, and in several instances it was acted upon without question. But at last, in the Auchterarder case, its competency was challenged by a patron and presentee, and the question was brought to an issue by a declaratory action in the Civil Court. The patron asserted that his civil right, secured by statute, had been infringed, and the presentee that his privilege as a licentiate of the Church to be taken on trial by the Presbytery had been denied. On the question of law thus submitted to them, the Civil Courts—first the Court of Session and then the House of Lords—decided that the Veto Act was *ultra vires*. The ecclesiastical majority then professed themselves willing to give up the temporalities, but refused to take the presentee on trial, or to proceed in any way with his settlement. In all this, however, the State never interfered, and the Courts of Law

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pronounced their decision only because it was asked regarding the proper interpretation of a statute. No one sought to fetter the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Courts as to the fitness or unfitness of the presentee for the benefice, or as to the validity of the objections which the people might bring against him. All that was insisted on was that the Presbytery—and the Presbytery alone—was bound to try the suitability of the presentee and that it was illegal to accept the simple Veto of "heads of families being communicants" as a sufficient bar to induction.* The dominant part in the Assembly, however, would not listen to this reasoning. They claimed spiritual independence, and absolutely refused obedience to the Civil Court.

The next step irretrievably involved both parties. This was taken in the well-known Marnoch case. The Presbytery of Strathbogie, acting on the injunctions of the General Assembly, but contrary to the judgment of a majority of their own number, and notwithstanding the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, refused to take a presentee on trial. Upon this the presentee complained to the Civil Court. Before this tribunal the majority of the Presbytery appeared, and stated they were satisfied that by the laws of the Church they were bound to take the presentee on trial, but that they were restrained by an order of the superior Ecclesiastical Court. The Court of Session, however, told them that such an order was *ultra vires*, and ordered them to proceed. Their own convictions as to their duty being thus confirmed by a judicial sentence, they—unfortunately without waiting to throw the responsibility on the Assembly—took the presentee on trial, and having found him duly qualified, inducted him. For this act of disobedience to their injunctions, the General Assembly deposed the majority of the Presbytery. The constitutional party, on the other hand, who were in a minority in the Assembly, accepting the decision of the Civil Court as a confirmation of what they had themselves all along maintained to be the law of the Church, felt themselves bound to treat the ministers, who had been deposed for obeying that law, as if no ecclesiastical censure had been passed. They appealed, in short, from the decision of the dominant majority to the obligations which the statutes establishing the Church imposed. Matters thus came to a dead-lock, and both sides found themselves in a position from which it was almost impossible to retreat.

(*b*) Another proceeding of the same General Assembly of 1834 led even more decidedly to a similar conflict—for by the law then passed affecting Chapels of Ease, a formal right had been given to

* Even the Act, 1690, c. 23, which is appealed to in the Free Church Claim of Rights as if it were the very charter of the liberties of the Church, while it vests patronage in the heritors and elders—giving them the right to propose a minister to a congregation for their approval—expressly requires disapprovers "to give in their reasons to the effect the affair may be cognosced upon by the Presbytery of the Bounds, at whose judgment and by whose determination the calling and entry of the particular minister is to be ordered and concluded." The Veto Act, however, conferred on the people the right to reject a presentee without any trial and without assigning any reasons.

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Ministers of *quoad sacra* or non-parochial churches, to sit in Presbyteries, Synods and Assemblies. The theory of Presbyterian parity, and some precedents which had not at the time been challenged, lent countenance to the Act. But its legality was disputed by the parishioners of Stewarton, in 1839, and after a trial, the Court of Session found it unconstitutional and incompetent. As Presbyteries are Courts which possess jurisdiction not only in matters spiritual, but in civil matters,—such as the building and repair of manses, churches, and the examination of schoolmasters—it was evident that any parishioner or heritor or schoolmaster, as well as minister, was entitled to object to any one sitting as a member of the Court who had no legal right to do so. The Non-Intrusion party, however, once more claimed supremacy for the General Assembly. The Church, and the Church only, they said, had the right to determine who should sit in her Courts; but the Court of Session held that it was a violation of the law of the land as well as of the constitution of the Church itself, to allow any minister to act as judge in a Presbytery who was not the minister of a parish, and issued interdict accordingly.

Confusion thus became worse confounded. With the view of reconciling parties, measures were proposed in Parliament for the settlement of ministers, in which the utmost latitude was given to the liberty of the people to object. One point alone was stipulated,—the Church Courts must decide whether the objections to the presentee were good or bad, and their decision was to be final. But even this was not satisfactory. Nothing short of such a *liberum arbitrium* must be given to the people as has been commemorated in the song—

> "'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why, I cannot tell.'

The extreme party had taken their position, and it was not easy to recede from it. The "Ten Years' Conflict" waxed louder and fiercer as it approached its lamentable close. A Convocation of the Free Church party was held to mature measures for the final separation. Deputations were appointed to visit every parish whose minister was of the opposite party, and to stir up the people so as to prepare them for secession. The language used by these deputies was not unfrequently of the wildest and most reprehensible description. The choice they put before the country was "Christ or Cæsar." Motives of the most mercenary description were too often attributed to the ministers who dared to abide by the Establishment. There was kindled, especially in the North Highlands, a fanaticism the intensity of which would now appear incredible. It was, in short, a period of untold excitement.

Norman Macleod was for a long time unwilling to be dragged into the controversy, and pursued his parochial duties with increasing earnestness, without entering into the strife which was raging around him. He was unfitted alike by temperament and by conviction for being a "party man," and until nearly the end of the conflict his

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sympathies were not greatly roused by the action of either side. He felt that the High Churchmen or "Evangelicals" were, on the one hand, exaggerating the importance of their case, for he had seen noble types of Christianity in England and Germany under forms and conditions widely different from what were pronounced in Scotland essential to the existence of the Church. His common sense condemned the recklessness with which the very existence of the National Church was imperilled for the sake of an extreme and, at the best, a dubious question of ecclesiastical polity. In whatever way the dispute might be settled, his practical mind saw that nothing was involved which could hinder him from preaching the Gospel freely, or interfere either with his loyalty to the Word of God, or with the utmost liberty in promoting the advancement of Christ's kingdom. His whole nature was opposed to what savoured of ultramontane pretensions, however disguised, and knowing how easily "presbyter" might become "priest writ large," he was too much afraid of the tyranny of Church Courts and ecclesiastical majorities, not to value the checks imposed by constitutional law. He was, moreover, repelled by the violence of temper, the unfairness of judgment, and the spiritual pride, displayed by so many of the "Evangelicals." He had known and loved too many excellent Christian men among the so-called "Moderates," not to be shocked by the indiscriminate abuse which was heaped upon them.

On the other hand, he had such reverent love for Chalmers, the leader of the "Evangelicals," and for many of the eminent men associated with him, that he was for a time led to sympathize with their side, without adopting the policy they advocated. Although he afterwards perceived the inconsistency of the utterances of Chalmers in this controversy with the whole of his previously declared opinions on Church and State,* yet there was a boldness displayed by the party at whose head was his old teacher, and a warmth and zeal for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, which appeared, to his eyes, in favourable contrast with the proverbial coldness of the "Moderates."

He did not, however, publicly commit himself to a side, nor did he, indeed, carefully examine the question, until the thickening of the storm compelled him to do so. A speech delivered by Mr. Whigham, then sheriff of Perth, opened his eyes to the true nature of the issue set before the Church. He went home to Loudoun, shut himself up in his study, plunged into the history and literature of the controversy, and fairly thought out for himself the conclusions which determined his line of action. In April, 1843, a small section of the Church, known by the sobriquet of "The Forty," or "The Forty Thieves," attempted to take a middle course between extremes. They refused to identify the principle of con-Intrusion with the Veto Act, or with its spirit, and were ready to accept as a compromise such an arrangement as afterwards became law through Lord Aberdeen's Bill, by which the utmost freedom was declared to belong to the Pres-

* "Third Crack about the Kirk," *passim.*

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bytery to decide on the suitableness of each presentee to the particular circumstances of the parish to which he had been nominated by the patron. They equally differed from the extreme "Moderates," who were content with the existing law, and who did not desire any further popularising of the Church. "The Forty" would undoubtedly have been content had patronage been done away altogether, and the bone of contention for ever removed.

Shortly after the declaration of "The Forty," Norman intimated to Dr. Leishman, their leader, his wish to append his name, expressing the characteristic hope that "The Forty" would soon become another '45, to revolutionise the policy of the Church.

At last the war came to his own door, and he was roused to a public defense of his principles. A deputation had been sent to his parish, for the purpose of promoting secession, and of driving the people from his ministry. He at once addressed his parishioners on the disputed question with such effect, that their loyalty was secured almost to a man. He next wrote a pamphlet suited for the common people. It was in the form of a dialogue, conducted in pithy Scotch, and entitled, "A Crack about the Kirk."* Its wit and clearness of statement at once attracted attention, and it passed rapidly through several editions.

The first "Crack" was speedily followed by two others, which were hardly so racy in style, though perhaps quite as powerful in argument.

About the same period he found himself placed in a position of painful responsibility. The case which had determined the non-eligibility of Chapel Ministers to sit in Presbyteries had been that of Stewarton, in the Presbytery of Irvine. He was moderator of the Presbytery when the election of commissioners, to sit in the ensuing General Assembly of '43, was to take place. As moderator it was his duty to keep the actings of the Presbytery in due form; and as the decision of the Court of Session satisfied him that the ministers of Chapels *quoad sacra* had no legal position in the Ecclesiastical Court, he declared his determination not to admit their votes, and intimated that, should they insist on retaining their seats at the meeting of Presbytery, he would then separate, with all such members as should adhere to him, and constitute the Court from a roll purged of the names of all not legally qualified. "A circumstance had come to his knowledge," he said, "since the last meeting that materially weighed with him in the step he was about to take at this juncture. It had been declared by the public organs of the Non-Intrusionists,† and he heard it stated frequently in private and never heard it contradicted, that it was the intention of the party which was about to secede, not to retire merely as a section of the Church, but, by gaining a majority in the Assembly, to declare the connection between Church and State at an end, and, moreover to excommunicate those who remained in the Church as by law established. He would by all constitutional means, and at all hazards,

*See Appendix B.

† *Vide* the *Presbyterian Review*, April, 1843.

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do all that in him lay to prevent the venerable Establishment to which he was attached from being annihilated, and himself and his brethren from being held up to their people as excommunicated ministers. And to attain this object he felt it necessary for the members of Presbytery to send none but legally qualified commissioners to the next Assembly, and he saw no other possible course for accomplishing this than separating from their *quoad sacra* brethren. He would go further, perhaps, to evince his love and attachment to the Church of his fathers than by merely giving up a stipend; and to separate from his brethren with whom he had associated in the Presbytery, was as sore a trial as any he had yet met with. . . . . While he gave the utmost credit to his brethren on the opposite side for the sincerity of their intentions, he claimed the same credit from them for his conduct in this matter, as being dictated by a conscientious sense of duty." He accordingly separated with those who adhered to him, and the first split in the Church took place.

He was a member of the famous Assembly of '43, and used to recount the strange vicissitudes of that eventful meeting. He gives some reminiscences in letters and journals, but they are meagre compared with those to which his friends have frequently listened. "The sacrifices," he often said, "were certainly not all on one side." With indignant energy he portrayed the trial it was to the flesh to keep by the unpopular side and to act out what conscience dictated as the line of duty. If it was hard to go out, it was harder to stay in. It would have been a relief to have joined the procession of those who passed out amid the huzzas of the populace, and who were borne on the tide of enthusiasm,—greeted as martyrs and regarded as saints, in place of remaining by the apparent wreck of all that was lately a prosperous Church. The heart sank at the spectacle of those empty benches where once sat Chalmers and Welsh and Gordon, and such able leaders as Candlish and Cunningham; while the task of filling up more than four hundred vacant charges, and reorganizing all the foreign missionary agencies of the Church, which had in one day disappeared, was terribly disheartening. There was no encouragement from the outside world for those who began with brave hearts to clear away the wreck. Scorn and hissing greeted them at every turn, as men whose only aim was "to abide by the stuff." One unpopular step had to be resolutely taken after another, and the impolitic legislation of the last ten years reversed. Unless there had been in his mind a deep sense of duty, Norman Macleod was the last man in the world to undertake the dreary task which for many a day was assigned to him and to his brethren. But he did not hesitate. Although his heart was burdened by its anxieties, he took his place from that day onward as a "restorer of the breach," and was spared to see that the labours of those who endeavoured in the hour of danger to preserve the blessings of an Established Church for the country had not been thrown away.

And the history of both Churches has since then amply vindicated

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the position taken by the party which was then ready to move for reform without disruption. The policy of "The Forty" has been practically followed by the Church for several years past, and it is that, on the one hand, which has led to the gradual removal of the difficulties affecting Chapels of Ease, by erecting them into Endowed Parishes *quoad sacra*, and which, on the other, has obtained from Parliament a total repeal of the Law of Patronage. The problems which disturbed the Church have thus been settled by patient and devoted labour, conducted in a spirit of toleration and charity towards others, and with an honest endeavour after reconstruction on a sure and national ground.

It is not too much to say that to many minds the history of the Free Church has presented a marked contrast to this. In spite of her great energy, they believe that she has failed to solve the difficulty she herself raised as to the relationship of Church and State. In the Cardross case, her claim to spiritual independence within her own denomination was judicially denied. May it not therefore be questioned whether, after little more than thirty years' existence, she does not really find herself without a logical position between Voluntaryism and the Establishment?

Norman Macleod made two speeches during the memorable Assembly of 1843—the first being in reference to a motion of Dr. Cook for rescinding the Veto. A distinguished minister of the Church, who was then a student, records the deep impression which this speech made. The courage and Christian enthusiasm of its tone, he says, inspired confidence in the hearts of many who were almost despairing, and for his own part greatly confirmed his loyalty. When he heard it he exclaimed, "There is life in the old Church yet," and gave himself anew to its ministry. Only a condensed report remains of this speech, but the following extract gives some idea of its bearing:—

"Difficult as the task is which those who have left us have assigned to us, I, for one, cheerfully, but yet with chastened and determined feelings, accept of it. I do so, God knoweth, not for my own ease and comfort. If I consulted them, or any selfish feeling, I would take the popular and easy method of solving all difficulties, by leaving the Establishment; but I am not free to do so. I glory in declaring that this is not a Free Presbyterian Church. We are not free to legislate beyond the bounds of the constitution; we are not free to gratify our own feelings at the expense of the good of the country. Neither are we free from the weakness and infirmities of humanity—its fears, despondencies, and anxieties. No! we are bound, but bound by honour, conscience, and law—by the cords of love and affection—to maintain our beloved Established Church, and, through it, to benefit our dear fatherland. And I am not afraid. By the grace of God we shall succeed. We shall endeavor to extinguish the fire which has been kindled, and every fire but the light of the glorious Gospel, which we shall, I hope, fan into a brighter flame. And the beautiful spectacle which was presented to us on Sabbath evening in the dense crowd

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assembled here to ask the blessing of God on our beloved Church, enabled me to distinguish amid the flames the old motto flashing out, 'Nec tamen consumebatur.' We shall try to bring our ship safe to harbour, and if we haul down the one flag 'Retract! No, never!' we shall hoist another, 'Despair! No, never!' And if I live to come to this Assembly an old man, I am confident that a grateful posterity will vindicate our present position, in endeavouring, through good report and bad report, to preserve this great national institution as a blessing to them and to their children's children."

To the Rev. A. Clerk, Ardnamurchan.

"Loudoun Manse, *February*, 18*th*, 1843.

"How thankful ought you to be for your lot being cast in a parish which is known only to a few sea-fowl, to Sir John Barrow, or the Trigonometrical Survey! No convocationist can find you out—no *Witness* or *Guardian* newspaper has any conception where you are—no Commission would know where to send for you if they wished to depose you. The Church and State may be severed during your life ere you hear of the dissolution, or suffer by it. Happy recluse! fortunate eremite! Pity a poor brother who is tossed on the sea of Lowland commotion. He needs both pity and sympathy.

"To be serious—for this is too serious a time for joking—I am most anxious to give you an account of my personal adventures in this troublous time, and to lay before you, for your kind, candid and prayerful advice, the position in which I may very soon be placed. You know how earnestly I have tried to keep out of this Church question. Not that I was by any means indifferent to its importance, for it is connected with the question of the age (as it has been the question of ages gone by, viz., the relation of Church and State, and their mutual duties), and which, in one form or other is discussed over Europe. Neither was I indolent in acquiring information on the subject, as my extensive collection of pamphlets, my Church history notes, my underlined Books of Discipline, Acts of Assembly and of Parliament, my repeated conversations with men of *both* parties, and my own conscience, can testify. But my *heart* does not sympathize with controversy. I hate it. It is the worst way of getting good. It is at best a sore operation; rendered, perhaps, necessary by the state of the body politic—but nevertheless a sore operation; and I hate the cutting, flaying, bleeding, connected—I fear, inseparably—with all such modes of cure. Besides, whatever opinion I might have of their system of Church and State government, I really do not like the *animus* of the Edinburgh *clique*. There is a domineering, bullying temper about many of them, a sort of evangelical method of abusing, and a conscientious way of destroying a man's character and making him have the appearance of being evil, which I loathe. The cold, gentlemanly Moderate, in spite of his many faults, is more bearable to my flesh and blood than the loudspeaking high professor, who has as little real heart for religion as the other. I would rather——than——or——. The one may be a Sadducee, the other looks like a Pharisee. I would sooner have the glacier than the volcano. Pardon me, Archy, for saying this, but I am heartily vexed with what I have lived to see done under the cloak of Evan-

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gelism. I now begin to understand how the Puritanism of Charles I.'s time should have produced libertinism in the reign of Charles II.—aye, and the persecution too. Well, I am disgressing from my theme. I said that I wished to keep out of this *row*, and to do my Master's work and will in my dear, dear parish. I hoped to be let alone to win souls quietly in this sweet bay where we only felt the pulse-beating of that great ocean which was roaring and raging outside. But no! The country must be raised and excited, and my parish, of course, did not escape. When absent at Kilninver, I heard that B. of L. and W. of B. had been making arrangements for a meeting, both in Newmilns and Darvel. The evening came—B. was unwell, and W. alone arrived. The place of meeting was the Secession Church in Newmilns (contrary to Mr. Bruce's mind), and the Cameronians' meeting-place in Darvel. I went to the first meeting, at seven o'clock. Newmilns, you know, has nearly two thousand inhabitants, besides the country round. There were about a hundred in church; of these, sixty were Chartists, and the rest Dissenters and Churchmen. W. spoke for an hour—very tamely and very lamely, I thought, but was perfectly civil. If you only heard his arguments! The gist of the first part of his speech was this:—The Church ought to obey the Bible—the Bible says, 'Beware of false prophets;' 'Try the spirits,' &c. These are commands, duties which must be performed, and necessarily imply liberty and power on the part of the Christian people to judge. The *ergo* was the amusing thing from these premises—*ergo*, the Church passed the Veto Act! which gave the privilege to the male heads of families to object! He went on thus until he came to that which a sausage has—the end, and then said that if any elders or communicants present wished to sign their names to certain resolutions, they would have an opportunity, and mentioned how successful he had been in other parishes. I could stand this no longer, but sprang up—to the visible astonishment of W.—and told the people if they had any confidence in me not to give him one name, and I would take an early opportunity of satisfying them that the question was a much more difficult one than it was represented to be by Mr. W——. He said nothing, but gave the blessing!—for what, no one knew, for he did not get one name! In Darvel, however, he got twenty or so. Well, on Sabbath, after explaining my position, I intimated a meeting with my people upon the Tuesday following. I had been reading hard for weeks on the subject, and had the facts at my finger-ends. The evening came, and the church was crammed with all sects and parties. I do believe I never had a greater pressure on my soul than I had before this meeting. I did not so much possess the subject as the subject possessed me. Between anxiety to do right, and a feeling of degradation that I should be looked upon by even one Christian brother as inimical to the Church of Scotland, not to speak of the Church of Christ, I was so overcome that during the singing of the Psalm—

> "'Therefore I wish that peace may still
> Within thy walls remain,'

I wept like a very child. I spoke, however, for three-and-a-half hours, and not a soul moved! Never did I see such an attentive audience.

"The result has been most gratifying. Of ten elders not one has left me! This is singular, as I believe only two in the whole town of Kilmarnock

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have refused to join the Convocation. The people are nearly unanimous, or at all events, are so attached to me personally that they are about to present to me a gold watch and an address from all parties. I would be very ungrateful to God if I were not both gratified and humbled by this proof of my dear people's good-will to me.

"So far all has been well in my parish. But here comes a row in the Presbytery, which I greatly fear will be followed by more serious consequences. I am Moderator. You know, of course, the decision in the Stewarton case. At the first meeting after that decision, when the Interlocutor from the Court of Session was laid upon the table, it was moved that the names of the minister and elder affected by it should be struck off the roll. A counter-motion was made and carried, that the business of the Presbytery be suspended, and the case referred to the Commission for advice. Against this finding we all (*i.e.*, the 'Moderates') protested. At that meeting the 'Moderates' had a minority of the lawful members of court. But at next meeting we are satisfied that we shall have a majority among the lawful members, *i.e.*, exclusive of all the Quoad Sacra ministers. What is to be done? 'A question to be asked.' At a private meeting, by the advice of counsel, it was proposed—and, I fear, agreed to—that I should insist on the legal roll only being read when the vote is taken regarding the admission of the ministers Quoad Sacra to the court—that, in the event of a legal majority agreeing to dismiss them, we should adjourn the meeting for a few minutes, then constitute the court anew, and, if any Chapel minister insisted on remaining in spite of our decision, to turn him out. This is, in all truth, decided enough.

"The reasons for it are:—

"1. By thus forming ourselves into a legal Presbytery by the vote of a legal majority, we are enabled to stop the appeal to the House of Lords on the Stewarton case—the decision on which by the Court of Session we know there is not the slightest chance of being reversed—and which we know there is no intention of following out, the appeal only being to gain time—but which is throwing obstacles in the way of those members in other presbyteries who, but for the appeal, would form themselves into constitutional courts.

"2. We would thus send moderate men (in the right sense of the word) to next Assembly. This is of great consequence, as it is understood—the *Aberdeen Banner* makes no secret of it—that the Assembly may declare the Church severed from the State and hold as schismatics all who differ from that dictum, authoritatively uttered by the Assembly. Now we wish to have a set of decent fellows to be presided over by the Commissioner. These are the reasons for our movement, in addition to the more obvious one that all our proceedings, *quoad civilia* at least, are *de facto* null and void as long as these ministers are with us.

"On the other hand, will not this step settle the question as to whether both parties can remain together any longer? 1. We separate. 2. The Commission meets and suspends us. 3. We deny the right of a body illegally constituted to do so. 4. We send Commissioners to the Assembly. 5. Our party receives them, the other party rejects them. 6. The receiving party appeals to the Commissioner as to which is the Established Church, and then comes the split—and all this by my vote and determination as Moderator!!!

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"Is this not a fix for a quiet-living man like me to be placed in? Is it not enough to make a man's hair grey? What is to be done? 'I would,' as Sir John says, 'you would practise an answer.'

"Our meeting is on the first Tuesday of March. Send me your opinion, as a Christian man, before that. How do you think I can best discharge my duty to the law, the Church, my people, and to myself, and consequently to God? You observe I take for granted the principle—on which you need not argue—that in any question relating to the privileges granted by the State to the Church, neither the Church, on the one hand, nor the State, on the other, is the judge; but a third party, namely, the Civil Courts, whose duty it is to say what the Statute Law is. Therefore I hold their decision in the Stewarton case right *de jure*. At the same time I will use every effort to get the ministers of Quoad Sacra churches legally into the Church. The decision just makes us fall back to what we were before '34.

"I have some thoughts of splitting the difficulty in the Presbytery by asking leave to withdraw from the Court, protesting against all consequences which may follow from letting these men in; and if the other party do not agree to this, then to run my big jib up and bear away for another Presbytery. I am satisfied that a great mass of the community is sick of this business. The people feel no practical evil—and no nation was ever yet roused to revolution by a mere theory. Had it not been for indulgences and such like practical evils, Luther would not have had material with which to begin the war, though, after it was once begun opinions could keep it agoing. If the Covenanters had not been shot and bayoneted, no theory regarding Church or State would have made them sleep in moss-bogs or fight at Drumclog.

"What did you think of C. of C. saying, 'The Lord Jesus Christ will have left the Church when we go!' One of the Rothesay ministers, I am told, said the other day, that the Devil was preparing a cradle in hell for the opposition! Yet I daresay, in a century after this, we shall have some partisan historian writing whining books about these persecuted, self-denying, far-seeing saints, and describing all who oppose them as lovers of the fleece, dumb dogs, and all that trash."

To his sister JANE;—

"I am very *dowie* and cast down—not because I am alone, for I love the bachelor life every day more and more, and delight in the independence with which I can rise, eat, read, write when I like!—but this Church of ours is going between me and my sleep.

"There was a private meeting of our party the day before yesterday at Irvine. All that was done was strictly private, but most important; and only think of this—just think of it—that I Norman McLeod, shall certainly be OBLIGED to make THE move which will beyond a doubt first separate the Church into two parts!! This is confidence. It is making my head grey. As Strong says, I am this moment the Archbishop of Canterbury. My simple vote as Moderator will decide the game one way or another. In short, the hurricane is only beginning. The explosion is to come, and *I!!!* must fire the train. Well, I think I will get enough of acting now, and no mistake. Suspension, and anathemas loud and deep from the *Witness*, are all before me as possibilities. You can fancy my cogitations, my working

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out of problems. David Strong came here and spent yesterday with me. He went away to-day. We had a delightful walk together. He goes with us, and we feel as one. I gave a great blowing up to——, who said with a sneer when he heard me express my many difficulties, 'Oh, it is quite plain that Macleod does not like it!' 'Like it!' I said, turning round on him like a tiger, 'let me assure you, sir, that I look upon it as one of the sorest trials that have ever come my way, and that I would give a year's stipend and ten times more to get quit of it.' All the others backed me"

To the SAME :—

"EDINBURGH, *Thursday Morning, Half-past Seven, May*, 1843.

"The day has come, beautiful in the physical world, but thundery and ominous in the moral one. All the 'Convocationists' are going out. They have been unanimous. No vote is to be taken on any point. They lodge a protest and walk. The excitement is prodigious. I am very sad, but in no way frightened. Many are acting from fear of public opinion as much as anything else. . . ."

To the SAME :—

"*Thursday Evening, May* 18, 1843.

"They are off. Four hundred and fifty ministers and elders, one hundred and fifty members. Three have gone since the Queen's letter was read. Welsh's sermon was the *beau idéal* of one. Everything in their conduct was dignified.

"God bless all the serious among them. The row is only beginning. I am to protest against the Strathbogies. I am lighter than in the morning, though very *dowie*. I think we MAY, by God's blessing, survive. An immense crowd in the New Assembly. Welsh, and then Chalmers, moderator. The procession was solemn, I am told. Some sad, but others *laughing!* The contrast between the old and the young was very striking.

"P.S.—They are out of the Church."

"I take my stand for Constitutional Reform. *We are at our worst.* IF we survive this week we shall swim. How my soul rises against those men, who have left us to rectify their blundering, and then laugh at our inability to do so."

To the SAME :—

"*Tuesday, May* 23.

"I have but five minutes. The Strathbogie case is over, thank God! I think we may swim. It was to me a terrible night. I spoke till half-past twelve P.M. I voted twice yesterday against my old friends. I could not help it. I followed my own judgment. Great gloom, but not despair. Four hundred and fifty have this day for ever abandoned the Church."

To the SAME :—

"*Thursday.*

"No one but a member of Assembly—and of such an Assembly as the present—can understand how difficult a thing it is to command quiet time and quiet thoughts, so as to be enabled to write a legible and interesting letter. I am unfit for the task.

"We are going ahead slowly; our disagreeable work is now nearly over.

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We yesterday reached zero, when the whole Free Presbyterians formally resigned their status as parish ministers. I believe I intensely realise the position of our Church, which some of the Aberdeenshire 'Moderates' do not. The best temper prevails in the Assembly upon the whole, but upon our weak side there is a general gloom when contemplating the awful task before us of filling up four hundred and thirty vacancies, in the face of an agitation conducted by four hundred and thirty sworn, able, energetic enemies. I look forward to five years as the period of reaction. We shall have, 1, fearful religious excitement or hysterical revivals, the women and ladies leading; 2, starvation from the effect of voluntaryism; 3, ecclesiastical tyranny; 4, a strong and united combination of all Dissenters against 'all the Establishments of this country,' to borrow ——'s words; and when these features of this secession begin to manifest themselves then, but not till then, will the tide fully turn.

"I wait in hope and with patience. I am ashamed at the cowardice and terror of many of our ministers. I feel the secession deeply, but I am possessed with a most chivalrous and firm determination to live and die fighting for this bulwark of Protestantism, this ark of righteousness, this conservator of social order and religious liberty, the dear old Kirk.

"May God help us, and then I will not fear what man can do. I trust that posterity will vindicate our doings. It is for future generations we are now suffering. ——— has tried to cut up my speech, but he must have known that I never meant what he alleges. But there is, I grieve to think it, a great want of honour amongst a certain set of these men. I am just informed that I am to be offered an Edinburgh Church. This will put a finish to my troubles. I dare not think of the subject. I hope I have one feeling—a desire to sacrifice myself for my country; but whether will I do most good, in Loudoun, near Loudoun, or here? As to the living, poor as it is, and much as I have to pay, I could bear with it."

To the SAME :—

"*May* 27, 1843.

"I am at present, I begin to suspect, rather a black sheep among the 'Moderates,' because I dare to have a mind of my own, and to act as a check, though a fearfully trifling one, on their power. Another day is coming; and come what may, there shall be one free Presbyterian in Scotland who will not give up his own understanding or conscience to living man.

"I intend to give my farewell speech on Monday. We have been as cold as ice and looking as if we were all to be shot. The Free Church is carrying it on most nobly. They know human nature better than we do. But defense never has the glory of attack. I leave all to posterity, and am not afraid of the verdict. I saw a tomb to-day in the Chapel of Holyrood with this inscription, 'Here lies an honest man.' I only wish to live in such a way as to entitle me to have the same *éloge*.

"My Father is off. My soul is sick."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June 2nd*, 1843.—I have returned from the Assembly of 1843, one which will be famous in the annals of the Church of Scotland. Yet who will ever know its real history? The great movements, the grand results,

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will certainly be known, and everything has been done in the way most calculated to tell on posterity (for how many have been acting before its eyes!); but who in the next century will know or understand the ten thousand secret influences, the vanity and pride of some, the love of applause, the fear and terror, of others, and, above all, the seceding mania, the revolutionary mesmerism, which I have witnessed within these few days?

"It was impossible to watch the progress of this schism without seeing that it was inevitable.

"To pass and to maintain at all hazards laws, which by the highest authorities were declared to be inconsistent with and subversive of civil statutes, could end only in breaking up the Establishment. So Dr. Cook said. So Dr. McCrie said in his evidence before the House of Commons. The Procurator told me that when the Veto Law was first proposed, Lord Moncrieff gave it as his opinion that the Church had power to pass it; that he was unwilling to go to Parliament for its approval until it was certain that its approval was necessary, but that should this become apparent, then unquestionably the Church ought to apply for a legislative enactment. This advice was not taken, and all the subsequent difficulties have arisen out of the determination to force that law.

"The event which made a disruption necessary was the deposition of the Strathbogie ministers for obeying the interpretation of statute law given by the civil court, instead of that given by the Church court. The moment one part of the Church solemnly deposed them, and another as solemnly determined to treat them as not deposed, the Church became virtually two Churches, and their separation became inevitable.

"Thursday, the 18th, was a beautiful day; but a general sense of oppression was over the town. Among many of the seceding party, upon that and on the successive days of the Assembly, there was an assumed levity of manner—a smiling tone of countenance, which seemed to say, 'Look what calm, cool, brave martyrs we are.' There were two incidents which convinced me that the old and soberer part of the seceders had a very different feeling from the younger and more violent, regarding the magnitude and consequence of this movement. I was in St. Giles's half an hour before Welsh began his sermon; two or three benches before me —— and ——, with a few of this *hot* genus omne, were chattering and laughing. During the singing of the Paraphrase old Brown (dear, good man) of St. John's, Glasgow, was weeping; but —— was idly staring round the church. So in the procession some were smiling and appeared heedless, but the old men were sad and cast down. Welsh's sermon was in exquisite taste, and very calm and dignified; but its sentiments, I thought, were a century ahead of many of his convocation friends. His prayer at the opening of the Assembly was also beautiful. The Assembly presented a stirring sight. But still I was struck by the smiling of several on the seceding side, as if to show how light their hearts were when, methinks, they had no cause to be so at the beginning of such a great revolution. The subsequent movements of the two Assemblies are matters of history. The hissing and cheering in the galleries and along the line of procession were tremendous.

"Never did I pass such a fortnight of care and anxiety. Never did men engage in a task with more oppression of spirit than we did, as we tried to preserve this Church for the benefit of our children's children.

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"The Assembly was called upon to perform a work full of difficulty, and to do such unpopular things as restoring the Strathbogie ministers, rescinding the Veto, &c. We were hissed by the mob in the galleries, looked coldly on by many Christians, ridiculed as enemies to the true Church, as lovers of ourselves, seeking the fleece; and yet what was nearest my own heart and that of my friends was the wish to preserve this Establishment for the well-being of Britain. While 'the persecuted martyrs of the covenant' met amid the huzzas and applauses of the multitude, with thousands of pounds daily pouring in upon them, and nothing to do but what was in the highest degree popular; nothing but self-denial and a desire to sacrifice name and fame, and all but honour, to my country, could have kept me in the Assembly. There was one feature of the Assembly which I shall never forget, and that was the *fever* of secession, the restless, nervous desire to fly to the Free Church. No new truth had come to light, no new event had been developed, but there was a species of frenzy which seized men, and away they went. One man (——, of ——) said to me, 'I must go; I am a lover of the Establishment, but last autumn I signed the convocation resolutions. All my people will leave me. I never will take a church left vacant by my seceding brethren. If I do not, I am a beggar. If I stay I lose all character. I must go;' and away he went, sick at heart; and many I know have been unconsciously led step by step, by meetings, by pledges, by rash statements, into a position which they sincerely lament but cannot help. There are many unwilling Latimers in that body. This I know right well. It amuses me, who have been much behind the scenes, to read the lithographed names of some as hollow-hearted fellows as ever ruined a country from love of glory and applause. But there are also many others there who would do honour to any cause.

"What is to be the upshot of this?

"1. The first rock I fear is fanaticism in Ross-shire and other parts of the country, such as has been witnessed only in America. I have already heard of scenes and expressions which would hardly be credited. (*Nov.*—The riots in Ross-shire show this has been fulfilled!)

"2. A union with all the Voluntaries to overthrow the Establishments of this country.

"3. Ecclesiastical despotism on the part of the laity and influential clergy.

"4. The consequence of this will be, the retiring of the more sober-minded from their ranks.

"5. Action, excitement, and perpetual motion are absolutely necessary to the existence of this Free Church; and it is impossible as yet to foresee whether it will blow up itself, or blow up the whole British constitution, or sink into paltry dissent.

"I hope it will also stir up the Establishment and purify us, make us more self-sacrificing and self-denying than ever, and so all these disasters may advance the Redeemer's glory.

"*Aug.* 14.—What an important period of my personal history has passed since I wrote my last Diary! Since the division in the Presbytery of Irvine until this moment the troubles in the Church, the writing of pamphlets, the disruption, the Assembly, the preachings, the attending meetings, the refusing of parishes, has altogether formed a time long to be remembered.

"Let me try and jot a mere table of contents.

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"1.—PUBLIC LIFE.

"1. I was Moderater of the Presbytery when it separated on the business of the ministers of Quoad Sacra churches. I moved to retire, probably never as a presbytery to meet again! I did this, after much hesitation and many deep and, I hope, prayerful anxieties, (1) Because I believed that it was law. (2.) Because while it was the law, as stated by the courts of the country, which I conceive were alone competent to do so, and so the condition on which the Church was established, it did not interfere with the law of Christ, as I see nothing in the New Testament which makes it necessary for ministers to rule in Church courts. The preservation of the Establishment I felt to be more necessary. (3) It was the avowed intention of the High Church party to get the majority in the Assembly by means of the *Quoad Sacras* (the appeal to the Lords being a sham, and as such dropped immediately after the commissioners were elected), and then, as the Assembly of the National Church, to dissolve the connection between Church and State, excommunicating those who might remain.

"In these circumstances I saw only one path open for me, *i.e.*, to form ourselves into a separate Presbytery, and send proper commissioners to the Assembly.

"2. I was a member of the Assembly. It is now a matter of history.

"The 'Moderates' were too much blamed, I opposed them. I could do so. I was a free man, but they were pledged. They could act only as they did in treating the Strathbogie deposition as null and void, *i.e.*, wrong—being on wrong grounds—and in rescinding the veto. I believe the Act of '79 respecting the admission of ministers of other Churches to our pulpits, was restored for this reason, viz., had this Act not been restored, and had a weak brother in the Establishment been asked for the use of his pulpit by a Free Churchman, he must either have given it or refused it. If he did the first, it would have been made the lever for overthrowing the interests of the Church in that parish. If he did the last, he would be held up to the scorn of the people as a coward or a tyrant. Nothing is more ludicrous than ——'s assertion that by this Act the Church has excommunicated Christendom! Why, he and his party were in power nine years while the existing law was the law of the Church.

"The last Assembly saw the Church at its lowest ebb. The reforming party was represented by our poor fifteen. They alone by vote and dissent opposed the 'Moderates,' and formed a kind of nucleus for a strong party. We are now as Dr. Thomson was twenty years ago. But the limits of the powers of the Establishment are better defined. We have already received a lesson not to reform beyond these limits; but I believe next Assembly will exhibit a strong party determined to popularise the Church as far as possible within these limits, and, if possible, to extend them. For my own part, I think it is a principle, a political necessity, to make the Church acceptable to the people, as far as Bible principle will permit. I rather think the struggle against patronage is to be renewed, and that twenty years will see its death. The question will soon be tried—a republican Church Establishment or disestablishment. I would sooner have the first. If we attempt to recede we shall be crushed like an old bandbox.

"The reason why I can conscientiously remain in the Church is simply

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because I believe I have spiritual liberty to obey every thing in God's Word. I know of no verse in it which I cannot obey as well as any seceder can. This suffices me.

"During this controversy I published two small *brochures* entitled 'Cracks about the Kirk for Kintra Folk.' The first sold well. It went through eight editions one thousand each, the second through four. They did much good.

"Since the disruption I have been offered the first charge of Cupar, Fife; Maybole; Campsie (by all the male communicants); St. John's, Edinburgh; St. Ninian's, Stirlingshire; Tolbooth, Edinburgh; and the elders and others in the West Church, Greenock, have petitioned for me. As yet I have refused all but the last two. These have only come under my notice last week.

"I shall ever bear in my heart a grateful remembrance of the kindness and deep Christian affection shown to me by the people here. When I nearly accepted Campsie, I found many whom I thought rocks, sending forth tears, and gathered fruit from what appeared stony ground. God has, I believe, blessed my ministry. Now, all this and ten times more than I can mention occurred just as I had made up my mind not to go to Campsie.

"*Oct. 16th.*—I was elected on the 16th of September to the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, unanimously. On the 17th of the same month the Duke of Buccleuch's Commissioner, Mr. Scott Moncrieff, came here and offered me the parish of Dalkeith.

"On the very day of my election to Edinburgh, I went to see Dalkeith; and on my return home I sent a letter accepting it. One reason among others for preferring Dalkeith to Edinburgh is, that I prefer a country parish to a town because I am in better health, and because the fever and excitement and the kind of work on Sabbath days and week days in Edinburgh would do me much harm, bodily and spiritually.

"But why do I leave Loudoun—dear, dear Loudoun! Because

[Here follows a blank page, and on it is this entry:—]

"1845.—Reviewing this, I find this page blank. Why, I cannot tell; perhaps hardly knew. But I know I was convinced that I ought to accept Dalkeith, and I do not repent as far as Dalkeith is concerned—but poor Loudoun!"

To Rev. Wm. Leitch:— "*July* 21, 1843.

"I have been fearfully occupied of late. Indeed I am sick—sick of books, pamphlets, parsons, and parishes. Would we had an Inquisition! One glorious auto-da-fé would finish the whole question!

"As to *the* question, I think we are now at dead ebb in the country, and that for the time to come the tide will change, and in a century or so—such is the genius of restless Presbyterianism—it will begin to ebb again. Our ecclesiastical maxima and minima seem to alternate or oscillate every hundred years or so. I hate—by the way—above all things a Presbyterian revolution. There is always something Chartist or fanatic about it. The *jus divinum* being stamped upon every leading ecclesiastic, everything in the civilized world must be overthrown which stands in the way of his notions being realized. I think the present Establishment has indirectly saved the monarchy."

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To his sister JANE :—

"KIRKTON (CAMPSIE), *Saturday Night*, 1843.

"I am very, very low. I have preached in that place to-day, and have been in the Manse. Manse and glen are sleeping in the pale moonshine. I am oppressed to the earth with thoughts and feelings. The voices of the departed are ringing in my ears. I have suffered more than I can tell. It is horrid; dearest, I never could live here!"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cambridge :—

"LOUDOUN MANSE, *August* 30, 1843.

"Oh, for a day of peace—one of those peaceful days which I used to enjoy when a boy in the far west. Such days are gone, fled. I cannot grasp the sense of repose I once felt—that feeling, you know, which one has in a lonely corry or by a burnie's side far up among the mountains, when, far from the noise and turmoil of mortal man, and the fitful agitations of this stormy life, our souls in solitude became calm and serene as the blue sky on which we gazed as we lay half asleep in body, though awake in soul, among the brackens or the blooming heather. Could Isaak Walton be a member of a Scotch Presbytery or General Assembly?—he who 'felt thankful for his food and raiment—the rising and setting sun—the singing of larks—and leisure to go a-angling'? Dear old soul! 'One of the lovers of peace and quiet, and a good man, *as indeed most anglers are*.' Isaak never would have been a member of any committee along with —— —— and Co. That is certain. Don't be angry, dear John! Do let me *claver* with you, and smile or cry just as I feel inclined. We shall slide into business and gravity soon enough.

". . . . As to Non-intrusion, unless history lies, we have guaranteed to us now more than we ever acted on for a hundred years, and as much as the Church, except during a short period, ever had. We can reject a presentee for any reason which *we* think prevents him from being useful; and this is all the power the Church ever had. Simple dissent was never considered as itself a sufficient reason for rejecting a presentee.

"As to spiritual independence. In spite of all the Court of Session can do, or has done, there is not a thing in God's Word which I have not as much freedom to obey in the Church as out of it. I cannot lay my hand on my heart and say, 'I leave the Establishment because in it I cannot obey Christ, or do so much for His glory in it as out of it.' I thank God I was saved from the fearful excitement into which many of my friends were cast during May. I have been blessed in my parish.

"Banish the idea of my ever ceasing to love you as long as you love truth. You know my latitudinarian principles in regard to Church government—old clothes. I value each form in proportion as it gains the end of making man more meet for Heaven. At the same time I cannot incur the responsibility of weakening the Establishment—that bulwark of Protestantism—that breakwater against the waves of democracy and of revolution—that ark of a nation's righteousness—that beloved national Zion, lovely in its strength, but more beloved in the day of its desolation and danger."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Dec.* 3, 1843, *Sabbath Night, past Eleven.*—The last communion Sabbath

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is over which I shall ever enjoy as minister of this parish. The congregation is dismissed—whither, oh whither? How many shall partake of the feast above?

"I can hardly describe my feelings. I felt as if I had been at the funeral of a beloved Christian friend; where I had experienced deep and unfeigned sorrow, but mingled with much to comfort and cheer.

"I thank a gracious God for the support He has given. And though I wept sore and had a severe day, I did not repent of the choice I had made. Dear, dear Loudoun has been an oasis during these five years. But 'I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were,' and I only pray God that my vows made this day may be performed, that my sins may be forgiven, and that I may ever retain a lively sense of the mercies I have received.

"There is a Church here, by the grace of God. Oh, that God may keep it by His power, and send a pastor according to His mind to feed it.

"*Dec. 16th, Sabbath night, eleven.*—This has been a solemn, yet a calm, peaceful, and I hope a profitable day for myself and the people. My last Sabbath in Loudoun as its minister! What a thing it is to write the last leaf of the book of my ministry, that has been open for nearly six years!

"The parting with my evening congregation quite overcame me. I had a good *greet* in the pulpit when they were all going out, and I hope my prayers for forgiveness and acceptance were all heard and answered.

"The coming home at night with dear Jane (beloved companion—more than sister—of all my sunshine and shade) was the most affecting of all. The night was a dusky moonlight. About a hundred Sabbath-school children had collected round the church gate, surrounded by groups of women, and all so sad and sorrowful. As we came along, some one met us every twenty yards who was watching for us; and I shall never forget those suppressed sobs and clutchings of the hand, and deep and earnest 'God bless you!' 'God be with you!'

"How many thoughts press upon me! The sins of the past. Thou knowest! The mercy and love of God. The singular grace shown to me at this time. The good effected by me—by such a poor, vile, sinful worm. The gratitude of my people for the little I have done. The fear and trembling in entering on a new field of labour; the awful passing of time; the coming Judgment!

"*Dec. 13th.*—The last night in my study in my dear Manse of Loudoun, the scene of so many anxieties and communings—of sweet intercourse, of study, of sinful and unprofitable thoughts!

"I have had three days of the most deeply solemn and anxious scenes I have ever witnessed in this world! Oh, what overwhelming gratitude and affection! Let me never, never, never, O God, forget what I have seen and heard!

"I have done good—more than I knew of. May the Lord advance it, and bless the seed; may He keep the beloved young Christian communicants, the rising Church. The Good Shepherd is always with them, and they will be fed as He pleases."

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CHAPTER IX.

DALKEITH, DECEMBER, 1843—JUNE, 1845.

THE town of Dalkeith, which formed by far the most important part of his new parish, had then a population of 5,000. Its principal streets are chiefly occupied by prosperous shops and the houses of well-to-do tradesmen; but the "wynds" behind these, and the miserable "closes" which here and there open from them, consist mainly of the dens of as miserable a class as can be found in the purlieus of Edinburgh or Glasgow. There were well-farmed lands in the country district of the parish, and one or two collieries with the usual type of mining village attached to them. There were in the town numerous churches belonging to various denominations, from the Episcopal chapel to the representatives of the chief forms of Presbyterian dissent. But still the charge which devolved upon the parish minister was a heavy one. Two churches belonged to the Church of Scotland, but only one of these was then open for worship; and the parish, which has since been divided, was of great extent. The old parish church, now beautifully restored, but at that time choked with galleries, rising tier above tier behind and around the pulpit, was a curious example of Scotch vandalism. There was, however, something of the picturesque in the confused cramming of these "lofts" into every nook and corner, and bearing quaint shields, devices, and texts emblazoned in front of the seats allotted to different guilds. The Weavers reminded the congregation of how life was passing "swiftly as the weaver's shuttle," and the Hammermen of how the Word of God smote the rocky heart in pieces.

The characteristics of his new charge were very different from those of Loudoun. He was aided and encouraged in his work in Dalkeith by many in every rank of life, and he formed life-long friendships with families remarkable at once for their culture and religious warmth. But the working-men of Dalkeith did not show the keen intellectual interest in public questions evinced by the weavers of Newmilns and Darvel, nor were they possessed of their intellectual enthusiasm and love of books. The prevailing tone of mind was solid, dull, and prosaic. There was, besides, a stratum of society low enough to be appalling. The very names of some of the "Vennels" in the town,—"Little Dublin," and the like,—indicated the character of their inhabitants.

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In such haunts there was to be found an amount of poverty, ignorance, and squalor, easy to reach so long as the question was one of alms-giving, but which it appeared almost impossible to reform.

Yet the missionary labour among the lapsed classes of Dalkeith, on which he now entered, formed useful training for his future work in Glasgow. In Dalkeith he made his first efforts in the direction of that congregational organization, which was subsequently developed with such success in the Barony. He held special week-day meetings to impart information to his people respecting missionary enterprise at home and abroad, and established associations for the systematic collection of funds in support of the work of the Church. He also sought to utilise the life and zeal of the communicants by giving them direct labour among their poor and ignorant neighbours. He personally visited both rich and poor, and opened mission stations in three different localities, where regular services were held on Sundays, and sewing and evening classes were taught during the week. He formed a loan-fund to help those who were anxious to help themselves, and although often disappointed, yet experience, on the whole, confirmed his belief as to the benefit of frankly trusting working-men with means for providing for themselves better houses and better clothes. Drunkenness was, as usual, the root-evil of most of the misery, and he strained every effort to grapple with its power. He did not join any temperance society, but in order to help those he was trying to reform, he entered with them, for a considerable period, into a compact of total abstinence. The results of these experiences he afterwards gave to the public in a tract entitled "A Plea for Temperance."

The seat of the noble family of Buccleuch is near the town of Dalkeith, and the town in many ways depends on the Palace. The gates of the Park stand at the end of the Main Street, and lead into a wide demesne, affording to many families unlimited walks through forests of oak and beech, stretching for several thousand acres along the picturesque banks of the Esk. Few noblemen realise more fully than the Duke of Buccleuch the responsibilities attached to property, or are more anxious to discharge faithfully the duties of their high station. His generosity, his chivalrous honour and lofty tone of mind endear him personally to all Scotchmen. Yet, even with so favourable an example, Norman Macleod perceived the grave practical evils attending that alienation of the nobility and gentry of Scotland from the national religion which has become of late years so prevalent. The causes that have mainly produced this result are easily discovered. It is natural that among men educated in England, and accustomed to the liturgy of her venerable Church, many should find the bald simplicity and extempore prayers of the Church of Scotland distasteful. The forms of worship which are so dear to the mass of the people, are unedifying to them. Nor is it to be wondered at if the cheap and ugly barns, which the heritors of Scotland have frequently erected as parish churches, should so offend the tastes of these heritors themselves as to

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drive them away from the ungainly walls. The ecclesiastical disputes too, which have recently torn Scotland asunder, have perhaps repelled not a few, and made them seek the peaceful retirement of a communion which has not been identified for centuries with any national movement. However this may be, the great Earls and Barons who used, by their presence, to give an importance to the deliberations of the General Assembly scarcely second to that of the debates of Parliament, have now few representatives on her benches, so that those of the clergy who have struggled under many difficulties to increase the usefulness, elevate the tone, and improve the services of the Church, have been left without that support from the higher classes to which they naturally deem themselves entitled. And Norman Macleod deplored the division which had grown up between the nobility and the people for reasons besides those which affect the stability of the national Church. He saw that what absenteeism was doing in Ireland in subverting the loyalty of the masses was, in a smaller degree, yet unmistakeably, being accomplished in Scotland. "The aristocracy do not know what they are doing," he used frequently to say; "they are making themselves the most powerful instruments for advancing democracy and of ruining the influence of their own order." He felt, with more than his usual warmth, that those loyal attachments which spring up when common sympathies and associations unite class with class, and which are so much calculated to sweeten the atmosphere of social and political life, are severely checked, when those who ought to be leaders in all that affects the deeper life of the people, live as foreigners and aliens, and by refusing to worship with their Presbyterian countrymen, throw discredit, not merely on the National Church, but on the national faith. Pecuniary or political support, however largely accorded, cannot counterbalance such personal alienation.

From the proximity of Dalkeith to Edinburgh he was able to study the working of the committees entrusted with the control of the various agencies of the Church, and to lend his aid in reconstructing her missions. The impressions produced by this experience were not encouraging, for while he entertained a profound personal respect for the good men who guided the business of the Church, he groaned aloud over the want of power and enthusiasm. He soon learned that there were causes for the slowness of progress lying deeper than faults of management, and his lamentations passed from the committees in Edinburgh to the indifference of many in the ministry, and of the Church at large. Morning, noon, and night his thoughts turned towards the revival of the zeal and the developement of the resources of the Church. "I am low—low about the old machine—no men, no guides, no lighthouses, no moulding master-spirit." Consumed with anxieties, he was glad when the opportunity was offered of making himself useful in Church business. The first work assigned to him, as well as the last, was in connection with the India Mission. He was sent

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in 1844 to the north of Scotland along with Mr. Herdman* to organize associations for the promotion of female education in Hindostan.

To his SISTER JANE:—

"DALKEITH, *Friday, December* 15, 1843.

"Well, it is all over!—I am now minister of Dalkeith; and may God in His mercy grant that it may be all for His own glory! I received a most hearty welcome, and was rejoiced to get hold of not a few hard horny fists, and also the trembling hands of some old women. There is work for me here, I thought, and some usefulness yet by God's grace."

From his JOURNAL:—

"DALKEITH, *December* 16, 1843.

"I was yesterday inducted into my new charge. Another change—another great waterfall in the stream of time.

"I am weary of controversy and strife, and I shall devote my days and life to produce unity and peace among all who love Christ. I pray that God may make me more useful and holier now than I have ever been before, that I may be the means of saving others.

"*Dec.* 31*st, Sabbath.*—The first Sabbath in my new parish and last night of the year. In an hour, forty-three with its solemn changes will have passed, and the unknown forty-four have begun. The grate before which I sit was in Campbeltown; I was toasted before it the night I was born. O time! O changes! My head aches!"

"*August* 5, 1844.

"I have been very busy; my catechism† will be out this week, and will be only three-halfpence; it is, I think, simple and good. I am very anxious to write a tract to leave in sick-rooms, both for the use of the sick and, what I think is much wanted, for the use of those around the sick who may wish to be of service to them, but who hardly know what to do. I would point out passages of scripture for them to read, and give short comments upon these passages and a few simple prayers."

To his SISTER JANE:—

"INVERNESS, *August*, 1844.

"I feel that in all the congregations I have addressed, and in all the meetings, there is little—very little real life! A great amount of coldness; at least, I think so. To form Missionary Associations is like giving good spectacles to those whose eyes are nearly out; they will not cure the disease. The 'eye-salve' must first be applied before much good can be done! hence, what we need is preaching the gospel. This is an apparent truism; but alas! truisms are what people attend to least. On Tuesday I went to Elgin. The weather this week was magnificent; the air clear and bracing; the Moray Firth 'gleaming like a silver shield;' the great line of precipice of old red sandstone, which forms a rocky wall to Caithness, all

*Now the Rev. Dr. Herdman, of Melrose, who was, in 1872, appointed his successor in the management of the Indian mission.

† A Catechism for Churchmen, on the Doctrine of the Headship of Christ, which he published after the "Cracks about the Kirk."

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clear and well-defined. Held our meeting at one; about fifty ladies present, and several of the clergy. Formed the Association. Sermon at night tolerably well attended. Saw Patrick Duff's fossils from the old red; beautiful, very beautiful. Fish with the scales glittering as if the fish were caught yesterday.

"Next day found the coach full. A fair in Forres. Got a lift in a Free Churchman's gig. Had much talk with him, and could not blame the man; but blamed the clergy, old and new. Reached Nairn at twelve. John Mackintosh came down to the inn. He is mad about Germany and Germans; he even smokes. Dined at Geddes, after forming an Association. Thursday was a glorious day. John and I drove off by the coach to Inverness. Had a good meeting. Our mission is now nearly over. I am very thankful I have come; thankful for the encouragement given by the clergy and the people, and thankful for having been enabled to preach the truth."

To JOHN MACKINTOSH:—

"DALKEITH, *October*, 1844.

"Geddes is now one of the bright points in the world which lies in darkness, to which my spirit will often turn for light; but not your intellectual light, though of that there is abundance, but heart-light. I am every day hating intellect more and more. It is the mere gleaming of a glacier—clear, cold, chilly, though magnificent; and then—— 'Come, no more of this, an' thou lovest me, Hal.' I detest essay letters; but I love a smoke, and I love thee, dear John, and thy house, and even Ben Wyvis, and all the happy group that showed it to me; and I love all that love me down to my devoted cat; and when any do not love me, I pity them for their wanting so large an object for their affections; and so I wish, above all things, to bear about with me a heart which I would not have shut by sin or by vanity, and always open, dear John, to thee. Well, I had such a day and night with Shairp! I went to Houstoun. We talked—and you know my powers in that sort of wordy drizzle—we talked the moon down. We talked through the garden, and along the road, and up the avenue, and up the stair, and in the drawing-room, and during music, and during dinner, and during night, and, I believe, during sleep; certainly during all next morning, and even when one hundred yards asunder, he being on the canal bank, and I in the canal boat. What a dear, noble soul Shairp is! I do love him. Would that our Church had a few like him. We want broad-minded, meditative men. We want guides, we want reality, we want souls who will do and act before God; who would have that disposition in building up the spiritual Church, which the reverential Middle Age masons had when elaborately carving some graven imagery or quaint device, unseen by man's eye, on the fretted roof of a cathedral—they worked on God's house, and before God!"

To the SAME:—

"DALKEITH, *October*, 1844, half-past nine A.M.

"'There is poetry in everything.' True, quite true, Emerson—thou true man, poet of the backwoods! But there is not poetry in a fishwife, surely? Surely there is; lots of it. Her creel has more than all Dugald Moore's tomes. Why there was one—I mean a fishwife—this moment in

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the lobby. She has a hooked nose. It seems to be the type, nay the ancestor, of a cod-hook. Her mouth was a skate or turbot humanised; her teeth, selected from the finest oyster pearl; her eyes, whelks with the bonnets on—bait for odd fish on sea or land; her hands and fingers in redness and toughness rivalled the crab, barring him of the Zodiac. Yet she was all poetry. I had been fagging, reading, and writing since 6 A.M. (on honour!)—had dived into Owen, was drowned in Edwards, and wrecked on Newman—my brain was wearied, when suddenly I heard the sound of 'Flukes!' followed by 'Had—dies!' (a name to which Haidee was as prose). I descended and gazed into the mysterious creel, and then came a gush of sunlight upon my spirit—visions of sunny mornings with winding shores, and clean, sandy, pearly beaches, and rippling waves glancing and glittering over white shells and polished stones, and breezy headlands; and fishing-boats moving like shadows onward from the great deep; and lobsters, and crabs, and spoutfish, and oysters, crawling, and chirping, and spouting out sea water, the old 'ocean gleaming like a silver shield.' The fishwife was a Claude Lorraine; her presence painted what did my soul good, and as her reward I gave her what I'll wager never during her life had been given her before—all that she asked for her fish! And why, you ask, have I sat down to write to you, beloved John, all this—to spend a sheet of paper, to pay one penny, to abuse ten tickings of my watch to write myself, like Dogberry, an ass? Why? 'Nature,' quoth d'Alembert, 'puts questions which Nature cannot answer.' And shall I beat Nature, and be able to answer questions put to me by John—Nature's own child? Be silent, and let neither of us shame our parent. Modesty forbids me to attempt any solution of thy question, dear John. Now for work. My pipe is out!"

To his SISTER JANE:—

"DALKEITH, 1844.

"I have been horribly busy. As for next week, I cannot see my way to the end of it. I am to be at the top of my speed, and no mistake. I have got a beautiful third preaching-house in a close, so that I have the three best points in the town occupied, and I will clear the way for a missionary. I am going to develope one of my theories regarding the best method of teaching the lower orders, by getting pictures of the life of Christ, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments printed in large type, and hung up on the walls. I have more faith in the senses than most Presbyterians.

"Need I assure E—— of the impossibility of my saying anything like what is reported of me! No—I said the fightings of '*all* sects and parties were disgusting infidels even,' and so prejudicing Christianity in their minds.

"I am very jolly because very busy. Breakfast on bread-and-milk every morning at eight; dine at two jollily."

Letter *to* the late SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, of Kildalloig, on the birth of a son and heir.

"*Officer of the Watch.* The commodore is signalling, sir.

"*Captain.* What has she got up?

"*Officer.* No. 1, sir. 'An heir apparent is born.'

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"*Captain.* Glorious news! All hands on deck. Bend on your flags. Stand by your halyards. Load your guns! All ready fore and aft?

"All ready, sir.

"Hoist and fire away!

"Three cheers!!!

"Load. Fire! Three cheers!!!

"Load again. Fire!

"Three tremendous cheers!!!

"For the Laird of Kildalloig!

"It is impossible to do justice to the sensation which was created in every part of the ship. The vessel herself made one of her best *bows*, and for once ceased to look *stern*. The sails, though suffering much from the *bight* of a rope, for which the doctor had stuck on them a number of *leeches* and recommended wet *sheets*, nevertheless 'looked swell' and much pleased as the *top gallants* said sweet things into their *lee earing*. The royals though rather high and complaining of the *truck* system, waved their *caps*. The chain-cable sung 'Old King *Coil*,' while the best-bower cried *encore!* (anchor). The *capstan* began to make love to the *windlass*, who was thought to be a great *catch*, but who preferred the *caboose* on account of his *coppers*. The *boatswain* took the ship round *the waist*, but got it *pitched* into him for his impertinence. He said it was all *friendship*. The *binnacle* was out of his wits with joy—quite *non-compass*. The wheel never *spoke*; he had more *conning* than any in the ship, and was afraid of being *put down*, or getting *hard* up. The *cuddy* gave a fearful bray. The *cat-of-nine-tails* gave a mew which was heard a mile off, and scampered off to the *best-bower*, which was embracing the *cat-head* and sharing its *stock* with it. The *life-buoy* roused up the *dead lights*, who rushed and wakened the *dead eyes*, who began to weep tears of joy. The *shrouds* changed into wedding garments. The two *davits* said they would, out of compliment to the laird, call themselves after the two *Johns*. The *companion* got so in love with marriage that he swore he would not be cheated by a mere name, but get another companion as soon as possible. The long-boat sighed for a punt, and began to pay his addresses to the cutter. The launch got so jealous that he kicked the *bucket*; while the *swab* declared he would turn cleanly, and try and earn a good character so as to get spliced to a *holy-stone*. The guns offered their services to all hands, and promised that they would marry all and sundry *can(n)onically*, and each give a *ball* on the occasion. The *block-heads* alone were confused, but even they said they would contribute their *sheaves*. The very *man-holes* spoke lovingly of the fair sex; and the *false keel* for once spoke truth, saying he never saw such fun, but that he would be *at the bottom* of all this mystery.

"What the effects of all this might have been no one can tell if all the above marriages had taken place; but just as all parties were ready for being spliced (the *marling-spikes* acting as curates), it was found every gun was deep in *port*. But in the meantime the captain summoned all on deck and gave the following short but neat speech:—

"'My men,—Fill your glasses! Drink a bumper to the health of the young Laird of Kildalloig. May he swim for many a long year over the stormy ocean on which he has been launched. May neither his provisions nor cloth ever fail him. May he ever be steered by the helm of conscience,

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and go by the chart of duty and the compass of truth; and may every breeze that blows and every sea that dashes carry him nearer a good haven!'

"Hurrah!"

To his Mother:—

"DALKEITH, *Sunday*, 1845.

"After working very hard during the week, I rose to-day at half-past six, studied till nine, taught my school till eleven, preached forenoon and afternoon long sermons, had baptisms, slept for an hour, preached for an hour to fifty outcasts in the wynd, was my own precentor and clerk, and here I am as fresh as a lark—a pulse going like a chronometer, and a head calm, and clear and cool as a mountain spring. But my chief reason for writing you to-night is to tell you a story which has amused me.

"On coming home this evening I saw a number of boys following and speaking to, and apparently teasing, a little boy who, with his hands in his pockets and all in rags, was creeping along close by the wall. He seemed like a tame caged bird which had got loose and was pecked at and tormented by wild birds. His cut was something like this. I asked the boys who he was. 'Eh! he's a wee boy gaun' about begging, wi'out faither or mither!' He did seem very wee, poor child—a pretty boy, only nine years old. I found him near my gate and took him in. I asked him to tell me the truth. He said his father was alive—a John Swan, in Kirkaldy; that his 'ain mither' was dead; that he had a stepmother; that 'a month and a week ago' he left them, for they used to send him to beg, to drink the money he got, and to thrash him if he brought none in; and that they sent him out one evening and he left them. He got threepence from a gentleman and crossed in the steamboat to Leith. He had heard that he was born in Kirkhill near this, 'and that his mither lived there wi' him when he was a bairn.' He reached a stable, and there he has been ever since, begging round the district. Poor infant! Jessie, my servant, once a servant in some charitable institution, was most minute in her questionings about Kirkaldy; but his answers were all correct and very innocent. Well, a few minutes after, Jessie came in. 'What,' said I, 'are you doing with the boy?' 'Oo, I gied him his supper, puir thing, and am making a shake-down for him; and, ye see, I saw he was verra dirty, and I pit him in a tub o' water, and he's stannin in't ee' noo till I gang ben. That's the way we used to do in the Institution. Eh! if ye saw the boys frae the Hielans that used tae come there! Keep me! I couldna eat for a week after cleannin them; and wee Swan is just as bad. I wadna tell ye hoo dirty he is, puir bairn! I couldna thole tae pit him tae his bit bed yon way. I cast a' his duds outside the door, and sent Mary Ann straight up tae the factor's for a sack for him; for ye see whan we washed them in the Institution——' 'Be off,' said I, 'and don't keep the poor fellow in the tub longer.' I went in, a few minutes ago, and there I found him, or rather saw something like a ghost amongst mist, Jessie scrubbing at him, and seeming to enjoy the work with all her heart. 'How do you like it?' 'Fine, fine!' But just as I wrote the above word, the door was opened, and in marches my poor boy, paraded in by Jessie—a beautiful boy, clean as a bead, but with nothing on but a large beautiful clean shirt, his hair combed and divided; and

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Jessie gazing on him with admiration, Mary Ann in the background. The poor boy hardly opened his lips, he looked round him in bewilderment. 'There he is,' said Jessie; 'I am sure ye're in anither warld the night, my lad. Whan wer ye clean afore?' 'Three months syne.' 'War ye ever as clean afore?' 'No.' 'What will ye do noo?' 'I dinna ken.' 'Will ye gang awa and beg the night?' 'If ye like.' 'No,' said I, 'be off to your bed and sleep.' Poor child, if his mother is in heaven she will be pleased!

"If charity covers a multitude of sins, Jessie Wishart will get her reward."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*January*, 1845.—Of nothing do we stand more in need in this poor country at this moment than of a man who knows and loves the truth, and who would have the courage to speak out with a voice which would command a hearing. I think we are in a forced, cramped, fettered, unnatural state. It is notorious to every honest man, who will open but a corner of even one eye, that we have received a terrible shock by the Secession. It is very possible that had there been no Secession, the Establishment might have been in the end more irrevocably shattered, as an Establishment, by the High Church forces within, than she is or can be by these same forces acting on her from without. This is a 'may be' only; but it is 'no may be,' but a most serious fact, that the withdrawal of these men has left us fearfully weak. In what respects?

"1. There are many parishes left with mere skeleton congregations. In some parts of Sutherland and Ross-shire, the skeleton has dwindled down to a bone—a mere fossil.

"2. The best ministers, and the best portion of our people have gone. Lots of humbugs, I know, are among them; but, as a general fact, this is true.

"3. The 'moderate' congregations will soon make 'moderate' ministers. The tone will insensibly be lowered.

"4. We have many raw recruits; and they are thinking more of the drawing-room paper and the fiars* prices than of the Church.

"5. We have no *heads* to direct us; not one commanding mind, not one trumpet voice to speak to men's inner being and compel them to hear. There are, I doubt not, many who would do right if they knew what was right to do. Like some regiments during the war, we have gone into battle with our full complement of men, and the slaughter has been so great that ensigns have come out majors and field-officers, with rank and uniform, but without talent or experience.

"But the Free Church is as crammed with error as we are, though of a different and less stupid kind. Vanity, pride, and haughtiness, that would serve Mazarin or Richelieu, clothed in Quaker garb; Church ambition and zeal and self-sacrifice that compete with Loyola; and in the Highlands specimens of fanaticism which Maynooth can alone equal. This is not so characteristic of the people as of the clergy, although it is met with among deacons, and the clever tailors and shoemakers of the party, and some of the Jenny Geddes type; but many of the people follow them because they

*The average annual value of grain by which the stipends of parish ministers are determined.

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somehow think it safer, while they follow their own kind hearts also, and love good men and good ministers of all denominations.

"I fear much that this great excitement, without Christian principle, will produce reaction with sin; and that our nation will get more wicked. Alas! this is drawing rapidly on the Highlands. The Establishment cannot save that poor country, for the mass of the clergy are water-buckets. The Free Church cannot save it, for they are firebrands.

"What should we do?

"Not lean on the aristocracy. They have but one eye, and it looks at one object—the landed interest. If they, as a body, support the Establishment, it is on much the same principle that they support guano—because it helps to make men pay their rents.

"Not on Government. Peel is a trimmer, and would for a time 'save the country.'

"Not on numbers. Holiness is power. The poorest man who is great in prayer is, perhaps, a greater man in affecting the destinies of the world than the Emperor of Russia. We need quality, not quantity!

"On missions? Good! So are spectacles, if we have eyes; so are steam-engines, if they have steam.

"We require an *Inner Work* in the hearts of the clergy and the people. We need life, and not mere action; the life of life, and not life from galvanism. If we were right in our souls, out of this root would spring the tree and fruit, out of this fountain would well out the living water. But until we attend to this, mere outward action will but blind and deceive.

"The next two years will be years of severe trial to the Church.

"We want earnest men, truth-loving and truth-speaking men, and so 'having authority, and not as the scribes.' We want a talented, pious young Scotland party. We must give up the Church of the past, and have as our motto the Church of the future.

"The soldering between the Free Church and Dissenters has all along been false—based on love of popularity and self-interest, and hatred to the Establishment.

"*February 7th.*—The spirit of the ecclesiastical movement will never be known; it is a noxious gas, which, however, cannot be fixed in any material substance that will convey it to posterity. If it could be confined like chlorine, and conveyed like a bleaching powder to our grandchildren, it would bleach their faces white. You can always tell what a man says or does; but can you tell in a history his lowering look, his fidgetty expression, his sneaky remarks, his infinite littleness and fierceness and fanaticism which have made up three-fourths of the man, which have given a complexion to his whole character, which have annoyed a whole neighbourhood? These things evaporate in a generation, and what posterity gets has been pickled and preserved on purpose for it—a made-up dish, spiced and peppered and tasted by the knowing hands, tried by cooking committees, and duly manufactured for the next age, and directed to be opened by those only who are ready to praise the dish and to vow that it is just the kind of thing which was common at every table in Scotland! And so, when any Fraser Tytler or Walter Scott, or any other historian, picks up the *débris* of dishes, very different, but once found, perhaps, in every house—'Oh! that was a chance meal, an unfortunate repast, a mere hurried lunch; not at all characteristic

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Open our forefathers' preserve pots. They are in our cupboard. These are the specimens of the true viands.' 'O history, what a humbug art thou!' Once we leave the Bible, history is but bubbles on the stream, or mountains in mist."

To ROBERT SCOTT MONCRIEFF, ESQ:—

"*March* 11, 1845.

"The Duke has offered £70 a year to pay a missionary. This is kind and generous, like himself. But I have no missionary; and, perhaps, at present, one is not much needed, and if he were, I cannot get a man who is worth the money. In these circumstances, the £70 is of no use to the parish; but my conviction is, that the half of this sum might be judiciously used in another way. I shall explain what I mean. You know that the grand obstacle in the way of filling our church with the poorer classes is the want of clothes. This is the excuse they make. In a great many cases it is the true cause of their neglect of ordinances. I know well, that of the hundreds here, who attend no place of worship in the world, a great per centage would, in their present state of depravity, absent themselves from public worship if they had all the clothes that their bodies could carry. There are too many drunken men and women (the worst of the two) who would pawn their clothes, and, if they could, would pawn themselves, for drink. But, I also know very many who I honestly believe would never be absent one day from the house of God, if they had the means of appearing there decently clad. There are parents who, during sickness, have pawned their clothes for food to give their children; and who, living from hand to mouth, have never been able to recover them. There are others who are industrious—women especially—who cannot from their small wages earn them. Such people attend my mission stations regularly. They have implored me to enable them to appear in church. One asks a pair of shoes, another a pair of trousers, another a shawl, another a gown; and they have done so with tears. I have twenty or thirty persons in these circumstances on my list. Now, I have assisted some of these out of my own pocket, and these persons are regularly in church. Why not employ (until we get a missionary) a part of this fund in supplying the wants of the best of such people? You, perhaps, may think that I may be deceived; possibly, I may. But as I have been for some years constantly amongst such people, I am not easily deceived. And may we not be deceived with a missionary, and lose the £70 in a lump? There is a chance of being deceived in some cases, and of losing a pound here and one-and-sixpence there; but on the other hand there is a greater chance of reclaiming people to habits of order and decency, of bringing into godly habits parents who never have been in church since they were children, who have never been at the sacrament, and whose children are unbaptized. Is it not worth while to make the trial? Unless something like this is done, my visiting of the parish is almost mere sham. I pass through the people like a stick through water. They receive me kindly, and they are just as they were when my back is turned. You ask me, then, what I want? I'll tell you: I want a sum of money in my own hand to try the experiment for one year. The Duke gives me £70 for the good of the parish; if he gets the good, he will not care, I am sure, how the money is expended. Let me only have the half. I will give you an account

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of how I spend it. I will show you the results, and I am willing to stake my stipend that a dozen missionaries, trudging about with their gaiters and umbrellas, and preaching long, dry sermons, won't do so much good at first as £35 spent in my way."

To his MOTHER :—

"DALKEITH, *March*, 1845.

"Everything goes on smoothly. I have, ranged before me, a series of really beautiful coloured lithographs for my mission station. We are taught by the eye, as well as by the ear. The more ignorant we are, the less able are we to form ideas. Children in years and children in knowledge are the better of pictures; so think the Papists, who know human nature well. But they err, not in dealing with people who are children as children should be dealt with, but in keeping them children.

"There is a marked change in the town, whatever the reason may be. The police sergeant told me yesterday that the change during the last three months is incredible. Instead of ten a week in the lock-up for drunkenness, he has not had one case for a month; while the streets, formerly infested with low characters, are now as quiet as possible. This is gratifying, and should make us thank God and take courage.

"My geological lectures are over, I gave the twelfth last night; it was on the wisdom of God as displayed in the structure of the world, and I do think it must have been interesting even to those who knew nothing of the subject."

To his SISTER JANE :—

"DALKEITH, 1844.

"I had a meeting on Monday last to petition against Maynooth; I intimated it from my pulpit. The meeting was good. I made a long speech; was all alone. Although I believe I am the first, and, as far as I know, mine is the only parish belonging to our Church that has petitioned, I am so thankful I followed my own sense and did it. The fact is, we have passed through a revolution, the most serious by far in our time. Sir Robert has sapped the basis of Establishments; he has capsized the principles of his party; he has alienated from him the confidence of the country, and inflicted a sore blow upon Protestantism. I declare solemnly I would leave my Manse and glebe to-morrow, if I could rescind that terrible vote for Maynooth. I cannot find words to express my deep conviction of the infatuation of the step. And all statesmen for it! Not one man to form a Protestant party!—not one! God have mercy on the country!" *

From his JOURNAL :—

"*March 27th.*—The connection between a right physical and right intellectual and moral state is a question of vast importance in connection with the supremacy and advancement of the Christian Church, *i.e.*, the good and happiness of man. If it be true that through bad feeding, clothing, hard work, &c., there is a retrogression of the species, or families of the species, and *vice versâ*, how important that a country, especially a Church, should

* Compare with these reflections the opinions expressed in Chapter XIII., May, 1854.

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attend to the physical wants of the people! I have heard it alleged that criminals, generally speaking, are an inferior race physically. Query, how much has Christianity advanced the human race by stimulating that charity that 'does good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith?' The defect of most systems for benefitting man has arisen not so much from the presence of a bad element, as the absence of a good—from a minus, not a plus—from forgetting that man is an intellectual, social, moral, active, and sentient being, and that his well-being is advanced just in proportion as all these different parts of his nature are gratified. Better drainage, ventilation, poor laws, deal with his sentient part; and so far good. Reading-rooms, lectures, mechanics' institutes, cheap literature, deal with his intellectual, and are good, too. Amusements, coffee-houses, and some of the above, deal with his social, and are likewise good. The axiom, 'give the people always something to do,' deals with his active powers; the gospel and all the means of grace, with his moral nature; and as this is the mainspring of all he thinks and does, it is the most important of all; but it alone, as a system of truth separated from a system of action, which includes all reform, will not do. To preach a sermon, and refuse meat to the starving hearers, is mockery; and so says St. James. To this I add, the necessity of a living, wise and Christian agency coming constantly into contact with men.

"It is a glorious night! 'The moon doth with delight look round her, and the heavens are bare.' How wonderful is the majestic calm of nature! how awing to the spirit this steadfast and unhalting march of God's plan in nature and providence! Man's wrath stays it not; many storms disturb it not. The stars twinkle as they did on Eve or on the waters of the Deluge. How comforting to think of the Mighty Hand which is guiding all! 'Be still, and know that I am God!'

"*December 29th.*—During this past year I have preached one hundred and twenty-six times in my own parish, besides sermons in mission stations. Helped to found thirty Missionary Associations for the support of female Education in India, in Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Inverness, Fort William, Helensburgh, Dunoon, Perth, Dundee, Kilmarnock, Coldstream, Hawick, Greenock, and besides delivering addresses in Largs, Glasgow, Campsie, Dalkeith, Edinburgh College, written the 'Churchman's Catechism' (3,000 sold)."

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CHAPTER X.

1845.—NORTH AMERICA.

THE General Assembly of 1845 having determined to send a deputation to British North America, to visit the congregations connected with the Church of Scotland in these colonies, the late Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton, Dr. John Macleod, of Morven, and Norman Macleod, of Dalkeith, were appointed deputies. They accordingly sailed from Liverpool in June, and were absent on this duty for five months. The purpose of the deputation was to preach to the many congregations which had been deprived of their clergy during the recent ecclesiastical troubles, and to explain, when called upon, the views which had determined the policy of those who had remained by the Church of their fathers. They determined not to utter a disrespectful word regarding their Free Church brethren, and while firmly vindicating their own Church, to do nothing likely to interfere with the usefulness of any other Christian body.

Their labour—travelling, preaching, and addressing meetings—was severe. As a specimen of the work which fell to him in common with the others, he records what was done during one week. "On Friday, I preached and travelled sixteen miles; Saturday, preached once; Sunday, preached and gave two addresses to communicants at the Lord's Table; Monday, preached again; Tuesday, travelled thirty-two miles and spoke for an hour and a half; Wednesday, travelled forty-three miles and spoke for two hours; Thursday, preached and travelled twenty-five miles!"

The following extracts are taken from the letters he wrote during his sojourn in America:—

To his SISTER JANE:— "On board the *Commodore*, going to
"LIVERPOOL, 1845.

"We had a happy dinner at Glasgow. Mother sad, until 'I calmed her fears and she was calm.' Don't you love your mother? What is she? Not a nice *body*—she is too large in soul and body for that. Not a nice *soul*—she has too much sense and intelligence for that. Not a nice *woman*—she has too much enthusiasm and also piety for that. A lady is not the

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word—for my mother's income was always small, good soul; and though she could furnish ten ladies with what is lady-like and keep to herself what would serve to adorn a minister's house, lady is not the word. *My mother*! That's it; and don't you love her? I do; and let me tell you that in these days the fact is worth knowing.

"*Liverpool, Half-past eleven* P. M.—The Bell Buoy struck me much. As the waves rise the bell rings. I cannot tell you the effect it had on my imagination when I first heard it. The sun was setting, attended by a glorious retinue of clouds. Ships in full sail and pilot boats were sailing in relief, and crossing and recrossing between us and the red light. I heard a most solemn and touching chime; then silence; and the *ding dong* again came over the sea. I can hardly express the strange thoughts it suggested. One could not but think of it in nights of storm and darkness ringing its note of warning to the sailor, and its note of welcome too, and perhaps its funeral dirge. It was so on the awful 7th of January, when the New York Liner was shipwrecked on these banks; when the fine fellow of a captain got deranged as he discovered that the light-ship, his only guide, was driven from her moorings! I could not but think it was alive and cold and lonely: that it had all the feeling of being deserted on a waste of waters like what poor Vanderdecken had, who hailed every ship, but no one came to his aid; and so the bell chimed and chimed for company, but it only proved a warning to all who heard it to sail away!"

"At Sea.

When I looked into Dr. Simpson's cabin, I saw a poor emaciated man, evidently dying of decline, in one of the berths. I spoke kindly to him, and found he was an American who had left Boston for his health, thinking a sea voyage would do him good. But he was now returning in a dying state. In the evening, the captain seeing how ill he was, removed him to a berth nearer the air. I saw him again in the evening and got into conversation with him about the state of his soul. He seemed very ignorant but teachable. He had attended a Unitarian Chapel. I promised to read with him and to come to him any hour he wished; gave him my name and told him I was a clergyman. He seemed very grateful. He said his father was alive, but his mother was dead; and she used to speak to him every day on these things. Poor fellow! Perhaps it was in answer to her prayers, that in his last hours he had beside him those who spoke to him the truth.

"*Saturday, 21st.*—Poor —— was speechless this morning. He died at nine o'clock. I am very thankful that I did not delay speaking to him.

"*Sabbath, 22nd.*—Rose early. The morning was breezy. The coffin was covered by a flag and placed on a plank near the port. The sailors who attended were dressed in their white trousers, and many of the passengers were gathered round. We read together the Church service for the burial of the dead. When we came to the portion of the service when the body is committed to the deep, the plank was shoved forward with the coffin on it, and one end being elevated, the coffin slid down and plunged into the ocean; a splash, and his remains were concealed forever till the day that the sea shall give up its dead.

"I read the Church of England service in the forenoon to an excellent congregation, and John preached on the text, 'How shall we escape?'"

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To the SAME :—

"*Friday.*—Saw icebergs for the first time in my life. The first time we sighted them they were gleaming like silver specks on the horizon; but their bulk soon became visible. Nothing could exceed the majesty and beauty of those masses coming from some mysterious source, and floating silently on the mighty ocean. We passed within two hundred yards of one. The side next the western waves was hollowed into large caves, the precipice being only about twenty feet high. The mass was of the purest alabaster white you can conceive, gleaming and glistening in the setting sun; the waves were dashing against and undermining the island; but as the sea rolled up foaming into these marble caves, it was of the deepest and purest emerald. The union of the intense green and pure white was exquisitely beautiful.

"In the afternoon the breeze increased, thick fog rolled over us. We were all solemnized by the danger of coming thump upon an iceberg, which all agreed might take place, and, if so, instant destruction would follow. A group of passengers met round the capstan under cover, and near the funnel, for warmth, for the air was piercingly cold, and every man seemed to vie with the others in telling dismal stories, chiefly from his own history, of tempests and shipwrecks and vessels on fire and destruction by icebergs. The scene in the saloon was really striking. One of the passengers was playing the guitar beautifully, and it was strange to look round the group listening to him. Men from every part of Europe—a missionary bronzed with the sun of India, Protestant clergy and Catholic, officers and merchants, all met, having a common sympathy, only to scatter and never meet again; without, were storm and mist and floating ice-islands! How like it was to each one of us, floating on this mysterious sea of life, gleaming now beneath the sun, and again tossed about and covered by darkness and storm, and soon to melt and disappear in the unfathomable gulf where all is still!

"I retired to rest with sober, and I trust profitable, reflections. There was of course the feeling of possible danger, which might be sudden and destructive. I committed myself to the care of Him who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand. I read with comfort the 103rd Psalm. I awoke, however, in the middle of the night, and how I longed for the morning! How helpless I felt, and how my life passed before me like a panorama!

"*Saturday.*—You know my love of steam engines, and certainly it has not been lessened by what I have seen in the *Acadia*. What a wonderful sight it is in a dark and stormy night to gaze down and see those great furnaces roaring and raging, and a band of black firemen laughing and joking opposite their red-hot throats! and then to see that majestic engine with its great shafts and polished rods moving so regularly night and day, and driving on this huge mass with irresistible force against the waves and storms of the Atlantic! If the work glorifies the intellect of the human workman, what a work is man himself!

"*Sunday.*—Having kept my watch with Dalkeith time, I have had much enjoyment in following the movements of my household and my flock, following them with my thoughts and prayers; and the belief that at the hours of public prayer there were some true hearts praying for me was very refreshing.

"*Monday.*—Another magnificent day; a fine breeze and all sail set. I

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have had some hours of most entertaining and deeply interesting conversations: one hour or so with the bishop, in which we entered fully and freely upon all the disputed points in the Romish Church, another hour with Unitarians,—all most useful and instructive. The passengers drank our healths with three times three. I leave the boat with regret.

* * * * * * *

"*Pictou, Friday Night.*—This has been a truly delightful day in all respects. We went to Church; it is a neat building capable of holding about eight hundred. As we drew near we saw the real out-and-out Highland congregation; old men and women grouped round; one or two of them were from Mull, and asked about all my aunts and uncles. It looked like speaking to people who had been dead. But the scene in the Church was most striking. It was crammed, and the crowd stood a long distance out from the doors. Such a true Highland congregation I never saw, and when they all joined in singing the Gaelic Psalm how affecting was it! John preached a splendid sermon in Gaelic, and I preached in English to the same congregation.

"*Monday.*—Yesterday is a day never to be forgotten; I do not think it possible to convey the varied, solemn, and strange impressions which were made upon my mind. The weather was beautiful. Many hundreds had remained in town all Saturday night. On Sabbath morning dozens of boats were seen dotting the surface of the calm bay, and pulling from every part of the opposite shore towards Pictou. About one thousand people crossed during the forenoon. Hundreds on horseback and on foot, in gigs, cars, carts, were streaming into town. At eleven o'clock, Dr. Simpson and I went to the church in our pulpit gowns,—I in my dear old Loudoun gown, which has covered me in many a day of solemn battle. The church could not contain anything like the congregation. Dr. Simpson preached and exhorted the first communion table, I exhorted other two, and this was all, for the Ross-shire notions of communion are prevalent here. I occupied some time in my second address in trying to remove such sinful and superstitious ideas as are entertained by many. While Dr. Simpson gave the concluding address I went to the tent;* it was on a beautiful green hill near the town, overlooking the harbour and neighbouring country. When I reached it I beheld the most touching and magnificent sight I ever beheld. There were (in addition to the crowd we had left in the church) about four thousand people here assembled! John had finished a noble Gaelic sermon. He was standing with his head bare at the head of the white communion table, and was about to exhort the communicants. There was on either side space for the old elders, and a mighty mass of earnest listeners beyond. The exhortation ended, I entered the tent and looked around; I have seen grand and imposing sights in my life, but this far surpassed them all. As I gazed on that table, along which were slowly passed the impressive and familiar symbols of the Body broken and Blood shed for us all in every age and clime—as I saw the solemn and reverent attitude of the communicants, every head bent down to the white board, and watched the expressions of the weather-beaten, true Highland countenances around me, and remembered, as I looked for a moment to the mighty forests which swept on to the far horizon, that all were in a strange land, that they had no pastors now, that they were as

* The "tent" is a species of movable pulpit used for open-air services in Scotland.

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a flock in the lonely wilderness—as these and ten thousand other thoughts filled my heart, amidst the most awful silence, broken only by sobs which came from the Lord's Table, can you wonder that I hid my face and 'lifted up my voice and wept!' Yet how thankful, how deeply thankful was I to have been privileged to see a sight here in connection with the Church of Scotland which the Highlands of Scotland, even the Lowlands, could not afford! Oh that my father had been with us! what a welcome he would have received! An address signed by two thousand has this moment been presented. Forty deputies from the Churches came with it.

"15*th*.—We reached Gareloch, fifteen long miles off, about three o'clock. When we reached the summit of a hill, we saw the church on the opposite declivity; rows of gigs and horses showed the people had come. I spoke an hour and a half on the Headship of Christ. Thank God! we said all the good we could of our opponents, and nothing bad. While John was speaking, I went out to rest myself. I strolled for about a quarter of a mile, and stumbled on the tent, used sometimes in preaching. You could not imagine a more striking spot for a forest-preaching. It was in a forest bay. The tent was shaded by the trees, which swept in a semicircle around it. Immediately before it was a cleared knoll, capable of accommodating four thousand people, with stumps of trees and large bare stems rising over them. I was told many thousands have sat on that knoll, hearing the word; and when I visited it in quiet and silence, and pictured to myself the scene which a communion Sabbath evening would present, it made me feel how unspeakably great was the blessing of the preached gospel in the wilderness—how it truly made it bloom and blossom as the rose! And how fearful seemed the sin of being a covetous Church, grudging to send the bread of life to a poor, morally starving people!

"*Wednesday*, 16*th*.—Rose at five, and started to preach at Wallace, forty-three miles off. Another gig, with a lady and gentleman, accompanied us all the distance 'just to hear the sermon and address!' The day got fearfully hot, about 85° in the shade; it has kept at 80° ever since! The drive was the more sultry as we had to keep through forest almost the whole way. But with coat and waistcoat off, blouse and straw hat on, and a good supply of cigars, I got on jollily; the roads were so so. By clenching my teeth, and holding on now and then, the shocks were not so bad. While the horse was baiting, about twelve miles from Pictou, I walked on, gathering strawberries, which are everywhere in abundance, and keeping off a few mosquitoes by smoking. I saw a log-hut near the wood, and entered it. A man met me, evidently poor, who could hardly speak a word of English; yet he was only five years old when he left Mull! He was married, and had six children. He seemed amazed when I spoke Gaelic; welcomed me to the house. But he no sooner found out who I was than I was met by a storm of exclamations expressing wonder and delight. He told me two of his children were unbaptised; and, as the gig had come up, I left him with the promise of returning to him next day on my way home.

"We baited the horses at an old fellow's house, who came here when a boy from Lockerbie in 1786. What changes had taken place here since then! He remembered only six 'smokes,' where there are now probably forty or fifty thousand—one house only in Pictou; no roads, &c. He said he was driven out of Isle St. John, now Prince Edward's Island, by the mice, in

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1813. A mice plague appeared in that year over all Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. They filled the woods and villages; they filled houses and crawled over beds, nibbled the windows of shops, ate up crops and herbage; they swam rivers; they were met in millions dead in the sea and lay along the shores like coils of hay! If a pit was dug at night, it was filled by morning. Cats, martens, &c., fed on them till they died from overgorging. Oh! It makes me sick to think of it! Yet such was one of the forms in which danger and starvation met the early settlers.

* * * * *

"*Thursday*, 17*th*.—We soon reached the poor Highlander's house where I was to baptize the child. The gigs drove on to an inn to bait the horses, and I entered the log-house. I gave him an earnest exhortation, and baptized both his children. They were neat and clean. It was strange to hear them talk Yankee-English, and the father Gaelic. I was much affected by this man's account of himself. He had much to struggle against. He had lost a cow, and then a horse, and then a child. Little wood had been cleared, and he was due thirty pounds for it. 'But,' he said, handing me a large New Testament, 'that has been my sole comfort.' I was much struck on opening it to find it a gift from 'the Duke of Sutherland to his friends and clansmen in America.' What blessings may not a few pounds confer when thus kindly laid out. The tears which streamed down that poor man's face while he pointed to that fine large printed Testament would be a great reward to the Duke for his gifts, had he only witnessed them as I did. The poor fellow accompanied me on the road, and parted from me with many prayers and many tears. It is this parting with individuals and congregations every day, never to meet again, which makes our mission so solemn and so mingled with sadness. As a congregation dismisses, you can say with almost perfect certainty, 'There they go; when we meet next, it will be at Judgment!'

* * * * *

"*Charlotte Town*.—Stalking up the town we met some Morven men. The following conversation amused me as exemplifying a strong Churchman. A great rough fellow, a teetotaler (!), was the speaker. His name was Campbell.

"*Campbell*. 'Is my Uncle Donald alive?'

"*John*. 'No. He is dead.'

"*C*. (very carelessly). 'Aye, aye. Is my Uncle Sandy alive?'

"*J*. 'No; he is dead too.'

"*C*. 'Aye, aye' (but no marks of sorrow), 'and what are his children doing?'

"*J*. 'Indeed, they are the only Free Churchmen in the parish!'

"*C*. (opening his eyes and lifting up his hands), 'Save us!—is that possible!' The death of his uncles was evidently a joke in comparison with the horrible apostasy of his children.

"*Tuesday*.—This has been a very strange day; but that you may understand it, I must give you a little biography. There was a man, McDonald, a missionary some twenty years ago, in the braes of Glen Garry. I believe, chiefly from his having been given to intoxication, he was obliged to resign his mission, and came to Cape Breton, and staid for a year or two. After suffering great mental distress, he became a perfectly sober and steady man.

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He began preaching among the Highlanders. His preaching had great effect. He separated himself from the other clergy, because he thought them careless and bad. His sect became stronger and stronger. Many wild extravagancies attended the 'revivals' under him, crying out and screaming-fits of hysteria, which were attributed to extraordinary influences. The result, however, has been that three thousand people, including fifteen hundred communicants, adhere to him; he has eight churches built and twenty-one prayer-meetings established; no lay-preaching; elders in all the churches; sacraments administered. He keeps all a-going, and has never received more than £50 a-year on an average. He is laughed at by some, ridiculed by others, avoided by the clergy; but all admit that he has changed, or been the means of changing, a thousand lawless, drunken people into sober, decent, godly livers. This man, then ordered, all his churches to be put at our service, and sent an invitation through his elders for me to preach. Of course I will preach wherever I am asked—in a popish church, if they will let me. The worse the field the more the need of cultivation. I reached the church about twelve; McDonald, with his snow-white locks, surrounded by a crowd, met me. 'I rejoice,' he said, taking off his hat, 'to see here an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland. I bless God for the day. I appeal to you, my people, if I have not preached the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, if I have not kept you from Baptists, Methodists, and every sect, for the Church of your fathers. Welcome, sir, here.' I said we would talk after sermon. I entered the humble wooden kirk; it was seated for about three hundred, and was crammed by a decent and most attentive audience; twelve elders sat below the pulpit. McDonald, with a strong voice, led the psalmody,—he and his elders standing. After service, I went with him to a farm-house. He gave me all his history, and we discussed all his doings. I frankly told him my opinions. He has had a hard time of it. 'Often,' he said, and his lip quivered with emotion, 'have I, on a communion season, preached, and served tables, for eight hours in that church, no one with me, and no food eaten all the while.' He seems now to feel the loss of not being in fellowship with the Church, and the responsibility of leaving so many sheep without a shepherd; and, if any good minister came to this neighbourhood, he is anxious to be readmitted. When I parted from him, he burst into tears, thanking me for my 'kindness and delicacy to him,' and rejoicing in my having been with him. His people, they say, are very proud of it. Well, I would fain hope a real work has been done here. If there have been extravagancies, how many such were at Kilsyth and other places; and surely better all this folly, with such good results, than cold and frigid regularity with no results but death. Better to be driven to the harbour by a hurricane that carries away spars and sails, than be frozen up in the glittering and smooth sea. There are many things connected with McDonald's sect I don't approve of. Two of his elders came to Charlotte Town to bid me farewell. I gave them many frank, and, I thought, unpleasant advices. But to my surprise, when parting, the old men put their arms about my neck, and imprinted a farewell kiss on my cheek. . . .

"*Boston.*—I have been actually three days in Boston. Do you not think I am now well entitled to give a sound opinion upon American manners? I have lived in one of her hotels, heard two of her preachers, seen two of

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her Sabbath-schools—I have driven in her cabs and omnibuses, visited her jails and lunatic asylums, smoked her cigars, read her newspapers, and visited Lowell, and may I not be permitted to *guess* what sort of people they are? I was prepared upon Saturday to pronounce a judgment on the whole nation; but, happening to be wrong in my first opinion, I shut up my note-book. I had mounted the box of a coach; the driver sat on my left hand; he said he always did. Just as I had noted the great fact that 'all drivers in America sit on the left side of the box,' I thought I would ask what was gained by this. 'Why, I guess,' replied Jonathan, 'I can't help it; *I'm left-handed.*' I learned a lesson from this: to beware how I generalise.

"Our visit to Boston was a very agreeable one. I had ready access to men from whom I received much information. There is a Sabbath-school Union in Massachusetts, which I visited on Sunday, examining their books, &c., and I shall bring home with me all that is better in their system than in our own. On Monday, along with Mr. Rodgers, I visited the American Board of Missions. On the way to it I had a good deal of conversation with him on Voluntaryism. I was struck with one remark. He said, 'Our forefathers, having suffered from the tyranny of Prelatists, went to the other extreme of too great ecclesiastical freedom. You were wise in having kept your Books of Discipline and Confession of Faith.' The American Board interested me much. There is a large building appropriated exclusively for missionary machinery. In the upper floor there are three rooms—two of these are for the library, consisting of volumes of history and accounts of the different countries where their missions are; in short, every book that can be of any use or interest to a missionary. In the other room, there is a very interesting museum of objects of natural history from the different parts of the world where their missionaries labour; and what is more interesting, *pagan spoils*, gods from the South Seas, scalps and tomahawks, &c. I was struck with the many little evidences of extensive missionary operations—a large room being filled with boxes directed to the missionaries in different parts of the world, and a large press kept for holding communications from different missionaries.

"*September 1st.*—I am now fourteen miles from La Chute. One of the most striking features of Lower Canada is its Popery and Frenchism. One feels much more in a foreign country here than in the States. The houses are French, the same as we see in Normandy. There are many beautiful, large, handsome churches, gay crosses by the wayside, nunneries and colleges. The riches of the Church are immense. Popery is to me the mystery of iniquity. It awes me by its incomprehensible strength. If I could to-morrow believe that it is possible to believe on the authority merely of the Church, and that private judgment were not my duty, I would turn Papist. It is so sweet to the carnal heart to be freed from responsibility. But only think of that system—with its priests and fine churches and colleges everywhere! Why, two hundred years ago, the Jesuits had in Quebec, in the midst of forests, a college like the College of Glasgow. The savage Indian must have heard their matins, as he prowled on the trail of an enemy. While I conversed with my intelligent friend, Singras, in his room, I could not help expressing my wonder, and I am sure he was sincere as he offered up, with sparkling eyes, a prayer for my conversion, and asked me to allow

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him to pray for me. If I am wrong, O Protestant! pardon my heretic heart, which must believe that many a sincere and spiritual soul knows and loves God, even when the follies and infirmities of old Adam make him sing hymns to the Virgin or adore the sacrifice of the mass. But I did not say this to Singras, but prayed God to bless him and make him a Protestant.

"But I must resume my travels. There are beautiful fields between Eustache and La Chute. It was at Eustache the rebels made their last stand. They fortified the church. It was burnt by our troops, and one or two hundred burnt or shot. A Yorkshireman's account of the battle to me was this:—'The lads tried to cross the ice, intending to attack the volunteers. They didn't ken the right uns were oop oonder t' tree. Weel, as thea rebels gied across, the right sodgers fired a ball. Gad! it scored the ice as it hopped along, and over that score none o' t' rebels wad gang for life, but ran back tae d' choorch, where they were boorned—hang 'em!'

"*Perth, Sabbath Evening.*—I have had the hardest week's work I ever had. I have gone about ninety miles sailing, and a hundred and twenty-seven driving, often in lumber waggons without springs, over the worst possible roads—have held fourteen services, and now, after having preached three long sermons to-day, I am, thank God! well and happy.

"I have seen much, and enjoyed myself. I have had peeps into real Canadian life; I have seen the true Indians in their encampment; I have sailed far up (one hundred and fifty miles above Montreal) the noble Ottawa, and seen the lumber-men with their canoes and the North-westers on their way into the interior, some to cut timber, and some to hunt beaver for the Hudson Bay Company; I have been shaken to atoms over 'corduroy' roads, and seen life in the backwoods; and I have been privileged to preach to immortal souls, and to defend my poor and calumniated Church against many aspersions.

"*Perth, Monday Evening.*—A journey of twenty-four miles is ended, and I have spoken two hours and a half. This angry spirit of Churchism which has disturbed every fireside in Scotland, thunders at the door of every shanty in the backwoods. I went to Lanark to-day to front it. The roads were fearful; my hands are sore holding on by the waggon; but such a delicious atmosphere; not a cloud in the sky, and so fresh and bracing. The delightful September weather is come; the air is exhilarating almost to excitement. Then, in going through the forest, there is always something to break what would at first appear to be intolerable monotony. There are tall, majestic trunks of trees, which draw your eye upwards till it rests on their tufted heads, far up in the sky; or the sun is playing beautifully among the green leaves, or some strange fire suddenly appears; or you catch glimpses of beautiful woodpeckers, with gay plumage, running up the tree, and hear the tap-tap-tap, like a little hammer; or you see a lovely pet of a squirrel, with bushy tail and bright eyes, running a race with you along the fence, stopping and gazing at you, then running with all his might to pass you, then frisking with its tail and playing all kinds of antics; or you halt and *listen* to the intense silence, and perhaps hear an axe chop-chop-chop,—the great pioneer of civilization; and then you suddenly come to a clearance, with fine fields, and cattle with tinkling bells, and happy children, and pigs, and, perhaps, a small school, and maybe a church, and almost cer-

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tainly meet a Scotchman or a Highlander, who says, 'Gosh bless me, am bheil shibse mac Mr. Tormoid.' If you see a miserable shanty and lots of pigs, expect to hear, 'Erin go bragh.'

"*Markham, twenty miles from Toronto, 20th September, Saturday Night.*—I preach to-morrow in Toronto. What a variety of opinions are here congregated! Churchmen and dissenters of all kinds, as at home. I always preach the gospel, insisting in every place that to believe this and live is all in all, that the whole value of Churches consists in their bringing the living seed, the word, in contact with the ground, the heart; that the Church itself is nothing but as a means towards effecting the end of making us know, love, and obey God. I try to bring men into the Church of Christ, and make the question of the Church of Scotland a secondary matter. In explaining the Church question (which, along with the sermon, occupies perhaps three or four hours) I avoid all personalities, all attacks, and give full credit to my opponents; and I think I have not said a word which I would not say if these opponents were my best friends, and were sitting beside me. Indeed I know that a Free Church preacher was (unknown to me) present at one of my longest addresses, and that he said he could not find fault with one expression. I am thankful for this. You know how I hate *Churchism*, and that is one reason why I think this Free movement is so dangerous. But one of the saddest feelings is that experienced at parting. I have generally ended my address by such a sentiment as this: 'Yet all this is not religion; it is only about religion. My sermon was on the real work. The true battle is between Christ and the world—between believers and unbelievers; that was the battle which I have been fighting while preaching. But this painful and profitless combat is between Christian brethren. The Church controversy is a question on non-essentials, on 'meat and drink.' But 'the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' I have seen many on their dying beds. I never heard any rejoice that they belonged to this or that Church; but if they were glad, it was because they were in Christ. It is almost certain that, when you and I meet next, it will be in the presence of Christ Jesus. If we are glad then, it will not be because we have been in an Established or Free Church, but because we are in the Church gathered out of every nation. And if on that day I can look back with joy to this day's work, it will not be because of what I have said upon the Church of Scotland, but of what I have said about Christ Jesus.' Yes; these partings are sad and solemn! But the satisfaction is great to have told the honest truth in everything. We part always with good-will, and with many kind wishes and prayers.

"The little Manse is always affecting to me. It is generally a small wooden house; no carpets—poor, poor. O honest Poverty! let me never contemplate thee but with a tearful eye of sympathy and love. Who would laugh at poor S——with his little school, broken up by the Free Church, and his wife and bairns looking poor and sad? Who would smile but in love at M——, with his old housekeeper, Kirsty, and his half bottle of port, which he said 'should be sound (looking at the glass between him and the light), but it had been six months drawn, and *perhaps* had been spoiled?' Who would despise poor ——'s 'study,' albeit there was in it but few books, an old chair, a rickety table? Yet he himself was there, with a large

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head and heart, and fit to minister to any Church on earth. Who would laugh, though he had only a tin teapot and no ewer to the basin? Honest souls! your reward is little in this world; and most blameable will we at home be if we do not assist you, the pioneers of civilisation in the forest!

"I shot the Long Sault rapid. A noble sight. The St. Lawrence, the king of streams, becomes compressed between rocky islands and a rocky shore. The result is a wavy, foaming current—roaring like a big burn after a spate. Away goes the large steamer, four men at the wheel forward, and four men at the tiller astern; down she whirls, the spray flying over her bows, and she going seventeen miles an hour. She cannot stem it, but she shoots it nobly. It is a fine sight to see the majestic stream, crossed and angry and plunging and foaming like a pettish brook. The brook can be opposed; but what power will stem the fury of the St. Lawrence?

"*Saturday, 16th.*—This day's sail was 'beautiful exceedingly.' It was through the Lake of the Thousand Isles. I had, from reading 'Honison's Sketches of North America,' when a boy, a vision of beauty and glory and undefined grandeur connected with this same lake. Like most things which appear fair to the fancy, the reality did not come up to the dream, but still it was very beautiful.

"From Kingston we proceeded by steam to Toronto, up the bay of Quinte to Belleville. This bay is one of the fair scenes in Canada. The moon rose in glory and majesty, and I was loth to quit the deck for the confined crib in the small cabin. While walking on the upper deck, I heard a number of voices joining in a Gaelic chorus. I went down and there found a dozen Highlanders. After they were finished, the following conversation took place, I speaking in high English.

"'Pray what language is that?'

"'Gaelic, sir.'

"'Where is that spoken?'

"'In the Highlands of Scotland.'

"'Is it a language?'

"'It's the *only* true *langidge*. English is no *langidge* at all, at all.'

"'It must be banished; it is savage.'

"'It's no you, or any other, will banish it.'

"'Pray let me hear you speak a sentence of it. Address a question to me.'

"'*Co as a thanaig thu?*' (*Where do you come from?*)

"'*Thanaig mis as an Eilean Sgianach!*' (*I come from the Isle of Skye.*)

"'*O, sheúdail! 'Se Gäel tha am.*' (*Oh goodness! He is a Highlander!*)

"These men had never been in Scotland. They were all Glengarry men, and were of course rejoiced to meet me.

"The number of Highlanders one meets, and of those, too, who are from the old homes of Morven and Mull, is quite curious. At Toronto there came to see us, first, three men from Mull who had been forty years in Canada, and could speak hardly a word of English; but each was linked some way to my grandfather's house, and they laughed and cried, time about, telling stories about the 'water-foot' of Aros. Then came an old servant from Campbeltown—'Ochanee! ochanee!'—remembering, I believe, all the shirts I had when a boy. Then a man from Morven entered. 'Do I know your father? Tormoid Og! It's me that knows him.' My uncle found

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a woman, near Lake Simcoe, who was longing to see him. When he entered she burst into tears. She had on a Highland plaid and a silver brooch. He thought he knew the brooch. It was Jenny M'Lean's, the old hen-wife at Fiunary, given her by my uncle Donald before he died; and this woman was Jenny's sister! It is like a resurrection to meet people in this way. And these form the strength of the country. As long as the old stock remains, all is sound and well. Old associations, the old church, the old school, the simple manners, the warm attachments of a time almost vanished from Scotland, survive here. May they not be blasted by the fierce fire of Churchism, which is annihilating the social habits of Scotland, and converting her peasantry into bigots, and her loyal people into fanatic democrats!

"At ——— I met old Dr. M———. He had a frightful stammer. I asked how they spent the Sabbath, having no Minister? He said, 'I t-tried to col-col-lect the pe-pe-people to hear a ssss-sermon; but, after reading one, s-somehow or other they did not c-come to hear me again! It was t-too b-bad!' Poor fellow! fancy him reading a sermon!*

"In crossing the Lake, I saw on the horizon a light feathery cloud of a peculiar shape. It was the spray of the Falls of Niagara!

"This is my last letter from America. God be praised for all His mercies to an unworthy sinner. I shall give you my next journal *vivâ voce.*"

On their return from America, the deputation received a hearty welcome from the Church, and the thanks of the Assembly were accorded to them for the manner in which they had fulfilled their duty. Crowded meetings were held in Edinburgh and Glasgow, to receive their account of the Colonies. The effects of their visit were long felt in Canada, and many pleasing tokens occurred in after years of the deep and lasting influences produced by the presence and teaching of the deputies.

*He used to tell another story of this good old gentleman. They were driving together through the forest on a frightfully hot day, and the Doctor in a tremendous heat, from the conjoined labour of whipping his horse and stammering, began to implore Norman Macleod to send them a minister. "We d-d-don't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could g-g-give us a p-p-plain every-day s-s-s-ermon *like what you g-gave us yourself to-day!*"

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CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, AND TOUR IN PRUSSIAN POLAND AND SILESIA.

THE excitement caused by the Disruption had not yet calmed down, for the animosity of party spirit still burned with a heat almost unparalleled even in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Those who had once been intimate friends passed one another without sign of recognition, and family life was embittered by parents and children, brothers and sisters, taking adverse sides on the Strathbogie case, or on the powers of the Civil Magistrate.

This reigning spirit of intolerance stirred the keener feelings of Norman Macleod far more than the questions which divided the rival Churches. However decided his views may have been as to the merits of the controversy, he cared infinitely more for the maintenance of just and kindly feelings between Christians, than for anything in dispute between ecclesiastical parties. He did not grudge the success of the Free Church, and he lamented the conduct of those who refused sites for her churches. But he protested with utmost vigour against the spirit of intolerance which was too often displayed by the Church of the Disruption, and on some occasions he spoke and wrote in strong terms against its bigotry. "I am not conscious of entertaining any angry or hostile feeling towards the Free Church as 'a branch of Christ's Catholic Church.' I desire that God may help all its labours, both at home and abroad, for advancing that 'kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' I respect many of its ministers and I enjoy the friendship of many of its members. I admire its zeal and energy. I have no sympathy with the alleged attempts to embarrass any of its ministers—or the ministers of any Church on earth—when seeking accommodation for themselves or their adherents. My remarks are directed solely against that proud and intolerant spirit which says to the Church of Scotland, 'Stand back, I am holier than thou,' and which has corroded so many hearts formerly kind and loving. I detest Church controversy; it is rarely profitable to writer or reader; it is apt to darken our minds and injure our best affections. Let these men, in one word, love Christians more than Churches, and the body of Christ more than their own, and they will soon discover that separation from a Church, and protesting

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against a Church, are quite compatible with union with that very Church, on the ground of a common faith, and co-operation with it for the advancement of a common Christianity."

He was, in truth, utterly weary of ecclesiastical strife, and when, during his visit to America, he heard of the proposed formation of the Evangelical Alliance, he hailed with delight a project which not only harmonized with his own deepest feelings, but promised to have a specially beneficial effect in healing the divisions of Scotland.

The Alliance was then in the freshness of its youth, and when he came home he threw himself with his whole heart into the movement. The narrowness of spirit, which afterwards repelled him from its ranks, had not, as yet, displayed its presence.* He was profoundly touched by the atmosphere of Christian brotherhood which prevailed at the preliminary conference held in Birmingham, and he was still more impressed by the imposing assembly of delegates from all parts of the world which met afterwards in London. He had already seen much of the world, but he had now the privilege of becoming acquainted with some of the most eminent representatives of home and foreign Churches, and gained such an insight into the vital principles and character of these Churches as only contact with living men could give. By means also of the Evangelical Alliance he established a friendly relation with many of the great missionary bodies of England, and, on their invitation, went for several years to London to attend the May meetings, or to preach the annual sermon in connection with some of their societies. His influence increased as his power became known, and his own faith and courage were mightily strengthened by the enlarged sympathies he gained from co-operation with other Christians.

To his MOTHER:—

"DALKEITH, *6th March*, 1846.

"I am not lazy or careless—far less indifferent; but writing letters is uncongenial to me. I fancy that when I say, 'we are all well, and love you, and are always thinking of you and speaking of you,' that I have said all that is required; and that the state of the weather, the health of dogs and cats, and the jog-trot adventures of every day, cannot merit a record on paper. There are a thousand things I would like to say—not to write—that abominable scratch, scratch, scratch! that heavy, lumbering bread-and-butter style of conveying stories and facts which need the eye, the voice, the grace, notes and touches which give them life! It is after all but another edition of Laura Bridgman, a speaking from the tip of the fingers, and giving glimpses of thought.

"Now here I am with yards of paper before me, and 6,000 people round me—a romance in every close, a tale in every family requiring volumes and not pages. Jane will tell you what a coach-horse life I lead, and how difficult it is for me to get time to pour out my heart, though full to the brim, into yours, which I verily believe would never be so full as to make you

*See Chapter XVI, May 25th, 1863.

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call 'stop,' though all your children were to write to you by the steam press.

"But what news can I give you? 'Can I not tell what is doing in the house?' Yes; but are you serious in saying you wish to hear? 'Yes, quite serious.' Then, if so, you have little to think about. But, as far as I know, the following is the state of the house:—

"As to the attics, one is locked up, and in the other your youngest son slept last night under the influence of a lesson in Latin and a plate of porridge. In the next floor, one bedroom is cold and empty. Another room was occupied last night by your firstborn. As you may like to know how he passed the night, I'll tell you. Having resolved to be abstemious in his eating—'Why now are you that?' My dear mother, a man's liver is the better of it. It keeps him cool, makes him sleep well, and wake light and hearty. Well, having resolved to be abstemious, I took one and a half Welsh rabbits to my supper—the cheese (being next to milk) was laid on thick. I was soon asleep. 'Did you dream?' No. 'No nightmare?' No. 'What did you do?' Sleep, according to an old habit.

"Lower floor—study occupied by your son, one pipe, a dog and cat, books, &c. Other rooms empty. Cellars—rubbish, broken glass and starved rats.

"Are you wiser now? 'And what is doing outside?' My dear, that outside is a big word. The sky is blue; the birds are singing; carts are passing on the road; men and women are drinking; some crying; some starving; some dying. The word has tolled me back to being! I can be merry no longer. I was laughing beside you, but now I am in real life. I see sad scenes, and hear sad things, and my heart is not light. So I shall not write anything more to-day—but my sermon."

To his MOTHER:—

"DALKEITH, *June 3rd*, 1846.

"I cannot let my birthday pass without saying God bless thee—for my birth and up-bringing—and the unceasing love and goodness which has beamed upon me from your heart and which has gladdened my life on earth, and next to the grace of God has helped to prepare me for the life in Heaven which I hope, through the mercy of God in Christ, to share with yourself, and perhaps with all who have shared our domestic joys."

To his SISTER JANE:—

"EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE CONFERENCE AT BIRMINGHAM,
4 *o'clock, Wednesday, April.*

"I have been in two 'Sessions' of the Conference, and take half an hour's breathing time to write to you my first impressions. You ask how I liked it? I reply that it was one of the happiest evenings I ever spent on earth. Never in any company had I the same deep peace and joy, and the same broken-heartedness for sin. Oh! what a prayer was that of Octavius Winslow's! It stirred my deepest feelings, and made the tears pour down my cheeks. How I wished that you could have been there! And to see so many on their knees—and to hear the 'Amens' of acquiescing, sympathising, and feeling spirits! I would have gone ten times the distance to have enjoyed all I did.

"About 120 are present to day. Candlish, Guthrie, Hamilton, are there,

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but I have not yet spoken to any. I am more afraid to-day. I fear that they are growing too fast outwards. As long as we deal with God, we seem omnipotent in Him and through Him, but our attempts at work professedly for Him seem to me highly dangerous as yet. I pray God that all may go on well. The prayer and praise are glorious. It has developed in me an affection which hitherto I have only manifested but partially—very partially—and that only in words—because of a lack of opportunity,—I mean, love to ministerial brethren. I feel like a man who had brothers—but they had been abroad—and he had never seen them before. I feel too, how much knowing the brethren comes from seeing them; 'the brother whom he hath seen' increases love to Him who is unseen."

To his SISTER JANE :—

"CONFERENCE AT LONDON, *Wednesday, May 25th.*

'Everything goes on pleasantly and well. The Frees, honest fellows, are not here. They are a loss, for they have good heads for business.

"Bickersteth, dear man, is in the chair, and Bunting, noble man, is now speaking. Angel James is about to follow, and Dr. Raffles has finished. It is mere chat, like a nice family circle, and I hope that our Elder Brother is in the midst of it."

To ELIZABETH PATTERSON.*

"At Sea, on his way to LONDON, 6 P.M., *Wednesday, August.*

"How rich is that grace which can not only give peace to ourselves, but also make us share His own joy in giving good and happiness to others! None but He could make you, a weak creature, without hands or feet or tongue, stretched on a bed of pain—able not only to be an example to us of faith and patience, but an inexpressible strength to us, as you have many a day been to me. Well, dear, His own work, whatever it be, will be perfected in you, and by you; and then, but not till then, He will perfect you in Himself. But as long as you can please and glorify Him more on earth than in Heaven, you will, I am sure, be content to stay; and I hope we shall all be taught by your meek compliance with His will to comply with it too, when He takes you hence or takes us. He Who has hitherto so wonderfully helped you, is able surely to help you to the end. The Hand which

*Among the many members of his flock in Dalkeith who encouraged him in his work, there was one who, unable herself to take an active share of duty, yet perhaps really strengthened him more than any other. Elizabeth Patterson had been an invalid and a sufferer for several years before he came to the parish, and during the eight years of his ministry there, she was only once or twice out of bed. She required the constant care of her widowed mother and her loving sisters. She was frequently so weak when he visited her, that she could not speak but in a whisper; yet that always expressed kindness towards others, or meek resignation to the will of God. She seemed to forget herself in the interest she took in Christ's kingdom, caring for the good of the poorest child in Dalkeith as well as for the advance of religion over the earth. It was no wonder that such a character drew forth his sympathies. He often spoke of the comfort and strength he got from witnessing her faith and courage, and from knowing that she and her family, and her good friend Mrs. Porteous, were "instant in prayer" on his behalf. Often, after a weary day's work in filthy closes, he would find refreshment and gain new hopefulness at the bedside of this holy sufferer. She and her family afterwards went to St. Andrew's, but until the time of her death in 1863, he kept up his friendship with her, and sometimes went from Glasgow to visit her on her weary sick-bed.

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holds all the ocean I see around me, which sustains this blue sky over my head, can uphold and sustain your weak body, for it is more precious than all this big world. It is a redeemed body. The mountains may depart; His love never! Every drop of the ocean will be exhausted; His love never! The Heavens will depart like a scroll, but they who do His will shall abide for ever! Let us praise Him! May He be with you day and night!"

To his SISTER JANE:—

"LONDON, *August.*

"The Alliance has been formed. Such a scene of prayer, shaking of hands, and many weeping!

"I met a man this morning with a towering forehead, having 'the harvest of a quiet eye,' and 'a most noble carriage.' I was introduced to him, and he said, 'I know your name, and I am glad to have seen your face.' I replied, 'Sir, I have long revered you, and now rejoice to grasp your hand.' Then we for a short time discoursed about our Church, and when, in explanation of our position, I said, 'I fear I must call the Free Church the party of Presbyterian Puseyism,' he seized my arm, and said, 'You have taken the words out of my mouth. I wrote to the King stating the same thing. I think they are making the Church an idol.' Who was this?—Bunsen."

"LONDON, *August 4th*, 1845.

"I have just time to say that our Alliance goes on nobly. There are 1,000 members met from all the world, and the prayers and praises would melt your heart. Wardlaw, Bickersteth, Tholuck, say that in their whole experience they never beheld anything like it. I assure you many a tear of joy is shed. It is more like Heaven than anything I ever experienced on earth. The work is done, a work in our spirits which can never be undone. The Americans have behaved nobly. I am appointed chairman of one of the future meetings for devotion, an honour to which I am not entitled except as representing my Church. I would the whole world were with us! No report can give you any idea of it. I am half asleep, as it is past midnight. I have to meet Czersky at breakfast at eight."

To his MOTHER:—

"My mind and heart are almost wearied with the excitement of this time. Meetings every day—conversing, smoking with Germans, French, Americans, &c.—all in love and harmony. Tholuck, Rheinthaler, Barth, Cramer, from Germany; Monod, Fisch, Vernet, from France; Cox, Kirk, Skinner, Paton, Emery, De Witt, Baird, from America. It would take hours to tell you my news."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*September*, 1846.

"What an eventful year this has been to me! In June, 1845, I crossed the great Atlantic, and returned home in safety in November. Since then I have had much to do with colonial matters. I have received, with my colleagues, the thanks of the Assembly. I have visited Birmingham as a member of the Evangelical Alliance. I have been thrice in London—once

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to address five meetings on our Missions, and once as a Member of the Select Committee of the Alliance, and the third time attending the Alliance itself. I have, besides, written four articles for a Magazine, spoken at four public meetings in Scotland, and I have not neglected my own parish. I trust I may now have some time to devote my whole energies to this home work, and to publishing religious tracts. I have gained more than I can express by intercourse with the world. In America, and at the Alliance, I have mingled more with other minds—got hold of more—than during my whole lifetime.

"What has been done by the Alliance?

"1. Brethren have met and prayed together; they have become acquainted and learned to love one another. Is this not much? If the tree must grow from within—if Love is to be the fountain of all good to the Church and the world—is this not much? Is it not almost all? Was not every one at the Alliance melted by the harmony and love that prevailed? What holy and happy hours were these! Often was that room in Birmingham and London felt to be the house of God, the gate of Heaven!

"2. Was it not much to have agreed upon a basis, and to have presented to the Papist so much harmony upon cardinal doctrines? All who had any dealings with the Popish Church felt this.

"3. May not a louder voice now speak to the world than has spoken for a time?

"The happiest and proudest day I ever spent was the day I presided in London over the Evangelical Alliance."

To PRINCIPAL CAMPBELL, of Aberdeen:—

"DALKEITH, *September*, 1846.

"I received your *brochure* yesterday. I do not quite agree with you in some points. I think there may be all the *one-ness* which Christ ever intended to exist in the Church, without that kind of visible unity which you seem to contend for. The grand problem is how to obtain the greatest amount of one-ness in essential doctrine—in affection—in work—with the greatest amount of personal and congregational freedom as to government and worship. We may begin by assuming that denominations must exist. Let us try to give the *dijecta membra* unity. Find the unknown quantity x, which is to be the bond of union. Here they are:—legs, arms, heads, eyes, ears, scattered about. What form of body will unite them, leaving to each his individuality? Heaven alone knows; I don't. In the meantime we must do what we can.

"I preached the anniversary sermon for the Wesleyans in their large chapel in Edinburgh. Such a crowd! Long before the hour every crevice was choked. Up the pulpit stairs, and filling all the passages. As Southey says of the rats,

> "'And in at the windows, and in at the door,
> And through the walls in hundreds they pour,
> From within and without, from above and below,
> And all at once to the Bishop they go.'

"I am the first established minister who has preached in their church." The death of his old teacher, Dr. Chalmers, deeply moved him, and,

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when addressing the Lay Association of the Church of Scotland, he took the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of this great and good man—"whose noble character, lofty enthusiasm, and patriotic views will rear themselves before the eyes of posterity like Alpine peaks, long after the narrow valleys which for a brief period divided us are lost in the far distance of past history."

To his MOTHER:—

"*June*, 1847.

"Another third of June! and another, and another—it may be—until there is no son to write and no mother to write to, and the passing birth-days of time are lost in the new birth of an endless day.

"You would be grieved for dear old Chalmers. I am sure you will sympathize with what I said about him at our public meeting on Tuesday. I was grieved that later differences prevented, I think foolishly, any notice being taken of his death in our Assembly. The motives for our doing so might have been, perhaps, misunderstood. There is a great power at work, called Dignity, which sometimes appears to me to be like General Tom Thumb, the dwarf, acting Napoleon. I may be misinterpreted, too—I don't care. A man's head—at least mine—may deceive a hundred times a day—a man's heart never! I never felt the rightness or the wrongness of any thing strongly, without its really turning out to be the right or the wrong I thought it was. Dear old man! He is among congenial minds for the first time—he never breathed his own native air till now—never felt at home till now. I intend going to his funeral. I hope the Free Church will have the taste not to attempt to make it sectarian—Chalmers belonged to Scotland. I am just going to write a funeral sermon on him. I feel he is a father and brother a thousand times more than men whom I address as 'Fathers and Brethren.'

"This is a glorious day. The hawthorn is bursting into wreaths of snow; 'the birds are busy in the woods;' the butterflies are *glinting* among the bushes; and everything is lovely.

"Is my father with you? I need not say that he is inseparably connected with you in my thoughts to-day, for I am sure a kinder father no children ever had. I am thankful that he fixed upon the Ministry for me. I declare I do not remember a day when I thought it possible that I could be anything else than a Minister—nor do I remember any other profession which for a moment I ever wished to adopt—unless in school, when I once desired to be a bandmaster; at another time, a Ducrow galloper on horses; and, lastly, and more especially, a Captain of a man-of-war!

"My dear, I remember long ago, when there was a minister of the name of Macleod in Dalkeith."

To Mr. JAMES M'PHERSON, Loudoun:—

"DALKEITH, *June 30th*, 1847.

"I do not feel that I am separated from my beloved, tenderly, deeply beloved flock, who have either left Loudoun for Heaven, or left the Establishment for another branch of Christ's visible Church. I feel we are united by bonds far closer than we understand; bonds which Christ has cast around us, which He will lovingly keep around us, and which He will

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not let the world or ourselves sever. And oh! how I long for His coming; when we shall be together again; when we shall know even as we are known, and be for ever with Himself!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"*July* 4, '47.—I never felt more overwhelmed by work than during the five weeks which preceded my Communion. I was concerned for the Assembly, that it should do God's will. I was convener of the committee appointed to select and send off a deputation to the Colonies, which are ever present to me. I had public sermons to preach in Glasgow and Edinburgh. I had to speak the truth, and fitting truth, at the Lay Association and Female Education Meetings. The Evangelical Alliance was coming. I was to speak there. Then there were preparations for the Communion, and a great deal of sickness in the parish. At home, my own dear brother, George, was ill, and my mother and I going, in thought, to the graves at Campsie. In short, I never had such a pressure upon me. I could have wished to bury my head in the grave.

"To add to this, on the Wednesday before my Communion, ten minutes after leaving our Session meeting, good Mr. Bertram, my elder, fell down dead! It was, indeed, a very trying time; yet I had much inward peace. I felt as if outside of the house there were wind and storm, which beat into the ante-chambers; but that there was within a sanctuary which they did not and could not reach. I experienced a strange combination of great trouble and perfect peace. And how graciously has God brought me through all! The Assembly was very good; its debates calm and truthful, its decisions, as far as I can see, just and righteous. The deputation to America was selected after much correspondence. I am since vindicated for having proposed and carried their appointment. They have received an enthusiastic welcome, and they themselves acknowledge that their mission was needed. My public sermons were well received, and I hope did good. I spoke as I wished, *i.e.* the truth which I desired to communicate to the Lay Association, and at the meetings for Female Education in India, and of the Evangelical Alliance. I was, at home, able to strengthen and comfort dear Mrs. Bertram. I never had a more peaceful and delightful Communion. My dear George is recovering. Oh, how my prayers have been answered Thou, God, knowest! I have passed through all this in peace. I thank God. For I do feel that His supporting grace can alone enable one to meet the sorrowing burden of humanity. The flesh would say, fly, hide thyself, partake not of those cares and troubles. But this is not the voice of the Spirit. The Spirit of Jesus would have us carry the care, and the anxiety, and the sorrow of the world, all the while giving us His peace—that peace which He had even when He wept at Bethany and over Jerusalem, and went about doing good, and mourned for unbelief.

"Faith in an eternal life with God, must, I think, arise necessarily out of love to Him here. Did I only know that David loved God, I would, without further evidence, believe that he had full assurance of life beyond the grave.

"To me the greatest mystery next to the mystery of God's will is my own! It is of all truths the most solemn to recognize the possession of a responsible will—which because it is a will *can* choose, and because of sin *does* choose, what is opposed to the will of God.

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"The existence and influence of Satan are not more mysterious than the existence and influence of bad men. Evil is the mystery—not evil agents and evil influence. Considering all things, perhaps, a Demoniac in the synagogue, a wicked Judas in the Church, is a greater mystery than Satan.

"The great difference between the law and the gospel is, that the latter brings a power into operation for producing that right state of mind—love to God—which the law commands but cannot effect.

"Christ is the living way, the eternal life, as He gives to us His own life and Spirit. To be as He was is the only way to the Father.

"God is surely revealing Himself to all His creatures. I cannot think that there is even a Bushman in Africa with whose spirit the living God is not dealing. The voice of God is speaking though they may not hear it; yet they may hear it, and so hear it as to know the living and true God.

"St. Paul said that God had appointed the bounds of men's habitations that they might seek after Him. This implies that to find Him was possible.

"I will never agree to the sensuous philosophy which insists on all teaching coming through materialism. Education is to lead out, to draw out, what I may already possess.

"God has made us for joy! Joy is the normal state of the universe. This only makes Christ's sorrow more terrible. Man's joy and God's joy must be one. 'Ye shall be as gods.' Yes; but not by the Devil's teaching.

"What dreadful suffering must Christ have endured from want of human sympathy! How alienated is man from God, when Peter and the apostles were so alienated from Christ. 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me,' but none else!"

The movement in favour of a reformed Church, inaugurated in Poland by Ronge and Czersky, was at this time awakening much interest among Protestants. Both Ronge and Czersky had been present at a meeting of the Alliance, and as some members of that body were anxious to obtain reliable information on the subject, Norman Macleod was asked to accompany the late Dr. Herschell of London on a visit to the principal congregations of the new communion.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO PRUSSIAN POLAND AND SILESIA IN AUGUST, 1847

To his FATHER:—

"During my short stay abroad I intend to address all my letters to you, in the hope that they may contain something interesting, which may, perhaps, induce you to bear with that peculiar hieroglyphical character which I generally use in writing, and which, through your excellent example, I have studied from my earliest infancy. I must begin at the beginning—whether or not I shall continue to the end is another question.

"At York we visited the Castle and all its horrors—saw old and young confined in stone courts, hard stone under foot, hard stone on every side, stone and iron surrounding them during day and night, and we in sunshine and breeze, with joy above and around us. Saw the condemned cell, with its iron bed and cold walls, the only view being through thick bars, upon a

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small green spot with rank grass, surrounded by walls, where the wretched occupant must be laid on the day of his execution, along with those who have gone before him to the same sad spot. A burying-place which contains the bodies of those only who have been executed is a sad and solemn sight.

"From this we passed to the Minster once more. And what a change from the cell and the graveyard, and the cut-throat Museum, to that gorgeous pile of pinnacle and tower, with its long-drawn aisles and stained windows, 'red with the blood of kings and queens,' and quaint device and carved imagery, and full of glorious anthems and chanted prayers! A very shadow, I thought, of that state of grandeur and glory into which the gospel brings us—out of the horrid prison and condemned cell, and graveyard without hope."

* * * * * *

"I pass over the many interesting conversations held in Berlin with Neander, Uhden, Kautze.

"We obtained, however, little information from them regarding the present state of the Reform movement. All parties seemed indifferent to it. All parties rejected Ronge. Sydow called him '*ein ausgeblasener Narr*,' and despised both the man and his opinions, and considered them only a little better than Popery.

"Saturday morning we posted sixty-two miles, to Schneidemühl, where we arrived the same evening about eight o'clock. We found Czersky waiting for us.

"Upon Sabbath morning, at ten, we went to his church. As we entered the people were singing one of Luther's hymns, with—as is usual in German churches—loud and harmonious voices, led by an organ and a tolerably good choir. About 120 were present. The passages and all round the altar, were strewed with flowers, which we learned afterwards, was a token of gladness at seeing us amongst them.

"When the psalm was nearly concluded Czersky entered. He was dressed in priest's garments; in a long black cloth gown, which came down to his toes and was buttoned in front, and over this a jacket of white muslin beautifully worked, with wide sleeves, and coming down to his waist. He knelt and prayed in silence before the crucifix, and then preached.

"We held a conference with the elders at Czersky's house, in the morning. About twelve were present. The chief objects of the meeting were to ascertain their state of mind towards Czersky, and above all to exhort them upon certain points which, we believed, required the advice of neutral parties in whose good-will perfect confidence could be placed. Mr. Herschell and I spoke our minds fully.

"Though our conference lasted nearly two hours, we were listened to throughout with the utmost patience. Not a word was spoken unless we asked a reply. When these replies were given, Czersky seemed anxious that we should hear the opinions of his elders as well as his own. These opinions were most satisfactory. From this meeting, and from a private conversation which I had with Czersky during a short walk in the fields on Sabbath, as well as from familiar intercourse with him on the following days, I am convinced that there is perfect confidence placed in him by his people, and that he is a most simple-hearted, sincere man. Though he will

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never be a great leader, he will prove a true witness; and if he cannot attack, he certainly will resist error. After the meeting we remained and took tea with himself and his wife. We were much struck with the humble and poor house in which he lives. Everything indicated a man who had not at least made money by his change.

"Our Sabbath evening's work was closed by a call upon the old Lutheran minister, who was just retiring to rest. He received us very kindly, was frank and full of good humour; and while he deplored the number of churches in the town instead of one (his own), he bore the strongest testimony to Czersky, declaring him to be, in his opinion, a simple, honourable, upright, pious man. This was most satisfactory.

"Having determined to take Czersky with us to Posen, we all met next morning in the hotel, and were early on our way, by courier post with four horses. We had a journey of sixty miles before us. The day was scorching. Our road lay along flat plains or through forests, and poor Polish villages. It was so sandy and rough that we could not make sometimes more than six miles an hour. The whole of this day's journey reminded me of America, more especially when our road lay through the forest.

"Post is, in many respects, an abler man than Czersky. He is an able speaker, has read and thought much, and is as firm a believer in positive Christianity as Czersky. Family worship is common among his people. His congregation numbers about 740, old and young.

"The results of our inquiries into this movement in Poland may thus be summed up:—

"1. Numbers: There are fifteen Christian Catholic congregations in Poland, each numbering upon an average 300 souls, old and young. The numbers in four principal stations are, respectively, Posen 745, Schneidemühl 400, Bromberg 600, Thorn 400. Post has sometimes 1,000 in summer.

"2. All the clergy in Poland are for positive Christianity, and will have nothing to do with Ronge.

"3. They are not yet united, but wish to form a Presbytery.

"4. This movement should be helped and strengthened. The people and ministers are poor. They could get on better by joining the Established Church; but they desire church freedom, and they think that they are in a better position to act as a Mission, having reference to the Church of Rome, than if they were to become absorbed in the State Church.

"We left Posen on Thursday morning, and slept that night at Lissa, half way to Breslau. We reached Breslau in the evening of Friday.

"We determined to drive out next day to Hünen, to see Dr. Theiner, whom all parties acknowledge to be the most learned and able man connected with this movement. He was out walking when we arrived. His old servant, however, went for him, while we sat beneath the shade of some orange-trees in the little flower-garden.

"By-and-by we saw approaching, with quick steps, a man of the ordinary size, upwards of fifty, with a long German surtout, a cap with large scoop, spectacles, and his long hair, sprinkled with grey, flowing behind. He ushered us into a large room, which, in its thorough confusion, reminded us of Neander's—chairs and tables, covered with books, and the whole room as if it was the temporary receptacle for a library hastily carried into it, along with some furniture, during a fire. The first look of Theiner filled

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me with confidence and affection; the large manly brow, the twinkling black eyes and gentle smile, every feature expressive of eagerness, thought, tenderness, and simplicity. He gave us his opinion fully and frankly. He spoke of Ronge with unmeasured terms of contempt as '*ein nichtwürdiges, elendes Geschöpf.*' He spoke of Czersky and Post with the greatest respect, declaring his conviction that they were honest men. His own position now was one of literary activity.

"In the evening of Sabbath I heard Ronge. After reading a few cold, formal prayers, he commenced his sermon. His delivery is lifeless, without fire in eye or action; hesitating, uninteresting. One was puzzled more and more to discover what the elements were in this man which could rouse the populace.

"I expected to have met Ronge according to appointment in the evening, but he sent an apology by his friend, Dr. Beusch, with whom we had a very long conversation and dispute. His opinions, like those of Ronge, are ultra-rationalistic—or rather, pantheistic; and it was hardly possible to get a common standing ground. The whole system seemed to be a mixture of socialism and Deism gilded with the morality of the Bible, and having a strong political tendency towards communism.

"Such is Ronge-ism. It is bad, but who is to blame? Popery first. It is evident that the whole of this false system is a reaction from Popery; that it has been moulded into its present form in the conscious presence of Popery. The materialism of the one has given birth to the anti-symbolical and attempted spiritualism of the other. What the result is to be, no one can tell. It cannot stand as it is. It must advance to Quakerism and Spiritual Pietism, and end in Socialism, or its serious people be absorbed in a deeper and more evangelical movement. There does not appear to be connected with this part of the movement one man capable of giving it a good direction. One has only to hope that the Bible and hymn-book may help to save some of the poor people, who, I doubt not, are better than their ministers.

"I have now, within two years, seen the practical working of various Churches, and come into contact with the clergy of various denominations. I have seen the war of weak sects in the backwoods and lonely settlements of the Colonies, and Voluntaryism in its poverty and in its grandeur in the United States. I have watched well the temper and the tendency of the Free Church in Scotland, especially in the Highlands. I have met in the freest and most friendly communion, for days together, the Dissenters of England at the Evangelical Alliance. I have examined the workings of Episcopacy during a year's residence in England. I have seen Popery in every part of Germany from Vienna to Berlin, in France and Belgium, Ireland and America. I have examined into the German Church, and the result of all has been to deepen my attachment to my own Church—to fill me with unfeigned gratitude to God for the Protestant Evangelical Presbyterian Established Church of Scotland. It is Protestant, without any toleration of Popish error within its bosom. It is Evangelical, and equally removed from formal orthodoxy, or canting methodism, or icy rationalism. It is Presbyterian, and in possession of a free and vigorous government which occupies a middle point between the power of one bishop or of one congregation. It is Established, and so not dependent for its support on

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the people, while, for the discharge of all the functions of a Christian Church, independent of civil government by virtue of her constitution. What want we then? Nothing but the power of the living Spirit of God, to enable ministers, elders, and people to use the high talents God has given us for the good of Scotland, of the Christian Church, and all to the glory of God. 'If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!'"

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CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS AT DALKEITH.

1848—1851.

AS this chapter must embrace the close of his ministry in Dalkeith, it affords a fitting occasion for forming an estimate of the influences which then affected his views and character. It was a time of mental growth more than of literary or public work. He had more leisure for study than he ever afterwards possessed. His travels in America and on the Continent, and his intercourse with representatives of almost every variety of Church, had enlarged his sympathies, and given him a living grasp of the questions at that time affecting Christendom. His spiritual life also, chiefly from the care with which he cultivated devout habits, became higher and more even in tone.

The two men who had most influence on his opinions were Thomas Arnold, and his own relative, John Macleod Campbell. Arnold's Life had just been published, and the manliness, the healthy common sense, the unswerving truthfulness and Christian faithfulness of the great Head Master of Rugby, touched him profoundly; while the struggle which the book recounted against the sacerdotal pretensions of the "Young Oxford" school, on the one hand, and against the narrower section of the "Evangelicals," on the other, had more than a historical interest for him; for these two extremes, under different outward forms, were equally loud-voiced in Scotland, and in Arnold's writings he found a copious armoury for the defence of his own position at home.

John Macleod Campbell was in many respects a contrast to Arnold. If the latter was clear and trenchant, the former was meditative, abstract, profound, almost to obscurity. Even when Norman was a student, Campbell used to have long and earnest conversations with him in his lodgings. He was then minister of Row, and involved in those controversies which issued in his lamented deposition—an act almost barbarous in its intolerance, and by which the Church deprived herself of one of the greatest theological minds, as well as one of the holiest characters she ever possessed. The intimacy between the two cousins had of late years become closer, and it continued to deepen to the last

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hour of their lives. Campbell had a greater influence on Norman's views than any other theologian living or dead, and was reverenced by him as being the most heavenly-minded man he ever knew. There was no one at whose feet he was more willing to sit and learn. Campbell's influence was not, however, so positive and direct then as it afterwards became. His great work on the Atonement was not yet published. A little book, called "Fragments of Exposition," written partly by him and partly by his friend, the late thoughtful and accomplished Professor Scott of Manchester, was the chief contribution Campbell had as yet made to the theology of the day. But his conversation was rich in suggestive ideas, which had a great effect in determining the tendency of Norman's theology.

There was one style of teaching which was especially characteristic of his later ministry in Dalkeith, and of his earlier time in the Barony. He felt that the metaphysical and doctrinal preaching which was still prevalent in Scotland, had led men to deal with abstractions, ideas, names, rather than with the living God; and so he tried to produce a greater sense of the personal relationship of the Father, Son, and Spirit. The dealings of an earthly father with his child were continually used to illustrate what the Heavenly Father must, in a far higher sense, feel and do; and he evermore pressed his hearers to entertain the same trust and confidence towards Christ, as would have been proper and natural had He been present in the flesh. Such tender thoughts of the Father and the Son found fullest expression in his prayers, which, while most reverent, were so real that they sounded as if spoken to One visibly present. Their perfect simplicity never degenerated into familiarity. Their dignity was as remarkable as their directness. These views had also a marked influence on his character. What the Personal Christ must love or hate became the one rule of life. This divine love inspired a deep "enthusiasm of humanity." He seemed to yearn over men in the very spirit of Christ—so patient, considerate, and earnest, was he, in seeking their good.

His sermons at this time conveyed the impression of greater elaboration than those of his later years. One remarkable characteristic was the restraint he put on the descriptive faculty with which he was so richly endowed. He could very easily have produced great popular effect by indulging in pictorial illustration, but he held this in strict subordination to the one purpose of impressing the conscience, and even then, the touches of imagination or of pathos, which so often thrilled his audience, were commonly limited to a sentence, or a phrase.

There were other men, besides Arnold and Campbell, who more or less influenced his views at this time. There was Struthers, the author of "The Sabbath"—a rare specimen of the old Scotch Covenanter, stern but tender, of keen intellect and unbending principle, and full of contempt for the nineteenth century. Norman took great delight in exciting Struthers to talk on some congenial home, to describe, with shrill voice and pithy Scotch, the good delt days, to

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denounce with indignation the degeneracies and backslidings of modern times, to anathematize Voluntaryism as practical Atheism, and declare Sabbath schools "the greatest curse the Almighty ever sent to this covenanted land—undermining family life and destroying the parental tie." If there was exaggeration, there was also good sense in many of Struthers' reflections, especially as to the past and present of the working classes. He had been himself an operative for many years, and his remarks on questions affecting the working classes were not lost on his hearer. In contrast to Struthers there was John Campbell Shairp, now the well-known Principal of St. Andrew's, who, recently returned from Oxford, and full of enthusiastic memories of the men and the opinions then influencing the finer minds of the University, made Norman feel as if he had personally known Newman, Stanley, Jowett, and Clough. Shairp, with his keen sympathetic temperament, was, moreover, so saturated with many of the new views, and so earnest in his search after truth, that he stimulated his friend to study many subjects in which he would otherwise have taken little interest. John Mackintosh, also, his deep-souled and dearest friend, then preparing, after his Cambridge career, for the ministry of the Free Church, was a frequent visitor at the Manse, and by his conversation, as well as by his letters when travelling in Italy and Germany, inspired the very atmosphere of poetry and literature which he was himself breathing.

To this list the name of another must be added, who touched more closely on his life as a minister of the Church of Scotland. Ever since the Disruption Norman had mourned the deadness of the Church, and deplored the lack of men fit to guide its councils or quicken its life; but in Professor James Robertson he found one who had both head and heart to be a Church leader. With a keen intellect, great power as a debater, and a singular grasp of principles —an enthusiast in philosophy as in theology—he was, withal, simple as a child towards God, true and loving towards man, and heroic in self-sacrificing devotion with which he laboured for the Christian welfare of his country. He was a patriot more than a Churchman; and, in supporting him, Norman felt he was following no narrow ecclesiastic, but one who had regard to the good of the nation as the grand aim of a National Church, and whose warm heart beat with a courageous and generous faith. Robertson was just beginning his appeal to the Church and country for the endowment of 150 parishes. His aim seemed Utopian to the timid minds of many, who could not believe that the Church, so recently shattered, could be roused to the accomplishment of such a work; but to others, the boldness of the proposal was one of its chief recommendations. Norman and he became attached friends. Long were the hours of friendly discussion they enjoyed, lasting far into night, when the conversation would range from criticism of Fichte, of whose philosophy Robertson was an enthusiastic admirer, to questions of expediency touching some "overture" to the

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Assembly. Robertson was the only man Norman ever regarded as his ecclesiastical leader.

From his JOURNAL:—

"What precise relation does revelation without bear to revelation within—the book to the conscience?

"Is anything a revelation to me which is not actually a revealing—a making known to me, or, in other words, which is not recognized as true by me?

"Do I believe any spiritual truth in the Book, except in so far as I see it to be true in conscience and reason? Is my faith in the outward revelation not in exact proportion to my inward perception of the truth uttered in the letter?

"Wherein lies the difference between assenting to the Principia of Newton, because written by a great mathematician and not because I see them to be true, and my assenting to the Bible, because written by inspired men and not because I see how truly they spoke?

"Whether do I honour Newton more by examining, sifting, and seeing for myself the truth of his propositions, or by merely taking them on his word?

"Can any revelation coming from without, be so strong as a revelation from spirit to spirit? Could any amount of outward authority be morally sufficient to make me hate a friend, or do any action I felt to be morally wrong while apprehending it to be wrong? It might correct me as to facts which depend entirely upon testimony and not upon spiritual truth.

". . . I have just received some merry thoughts from a blue-bell, which out of gratitude I record.

"How long has that bell been ringing its fragrant music, and swinging forth its unheard melodies among brackens and briars, and primroses and woodroof, and that world of poetic wild scents and forms—so many—so beautiful—which a tangled bank over a trotting burn among the leafy woods discloses? Spirits more beautiful than fairies behold those scenes, or they would be waste. That bell was ringing merrily in the breeze when Adam and Eve were married. It chimed its dirge over Abel, and has died and sprung up again while Nineveh and Babylon have come and gone, and empires have lived and died forever! Solomon, in all his glory, was not like thee.

"What an evidence have I in this blue drooping flower, of the regularity and endurance of God's will since creation's dawn! Amidst all revolutions of heaven and earth; hurricanes and earthquakes; floods and fires; invasions and dispersions; signs in the sun, moon, and stars; perplexity and distress of nations; nothing has happened to injure this fragile blue-bell. It has been preserved throughout all generations. The forces of this stormy and troubled earth, which have rent rocks, have been so beautifully adjusted from age to age, that this head, though drooping, has not been broken, and this stalk, though frail, still stands erect. This is 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.'

"The blue-bell swung in breezes tempered to its strength centuries before the children of Japheth spied the chalky cliffs of Dover. It has been called by many a name from the days of the painted warrior to the days of Burns

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but it has ever been the same. It will sing on with its own woodland music to all who can hear its spirit-song, until time shall be no more. The blue-bell may sing the funeral knell of the human race.

"If there be no enduring spirit in man, no flowers of immortality more lasting than the flowers of earth, verily all flesh is more worthless than grass.

"*April.*—It is curious to compare old and new maps, and to mark the progress of discovery. The blank space of ocean is followed by a faint outline of a few miles of coast, marking the termination of an intrepid voyager. Then further portions of the same coast are laid down at intervals as supposed islands. Then, by-and-by, those portions are connected, and the outline of a great continent begins to be developed. The 'undiscovered' passes to the region of the known and familiar. Then follow the exploring of bays, the tracing of rivers, and the inland discoveries of mountain, plain, wood, and pasturage, until at last we have an Australia mapped into settlements, dotted with towns and villages, divided into bishoprics and parishes, inhabited by old friends as prosperous emigrants, issuing its newspapers, and becoming an important member of the great family of man. Thus is it with the Bible. What progress is being made in the discovery of its meaning! How much better acquainted is the Church of Christ now with its spirit, its allusions, its inner and outer history, than the same Church during any former period! What far more true and just idea of the mind of Christ, as manifested in and by the Apostolic Church, have we now than the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries possessed? Distance has increased the magnitude, extent, the totality and grandeur in the heaven-kissing mountain range. Individually, I find in daily study of the Bible, a daily discovery. What was formerly unknown becomes known, and what seemed a solitary coast becomes part of a great whole, and what seemed wild, and strange, and lonely, becomes to me green pasture and refreshing water—the abode of my fireside affections. And surely I shall read the Bible as an alphabet in Heaven. It was my first school-book here, and I hope it will be my first there. What! shall I never know the Spirit which moves the wheels, whose rims are so high that they are dreadful?

"The only true theory of development is the development of the spiritual eye for the reception of that light which ever shineth."

"*Craufurd Priory, May 11th.*—I leant against a great tall pine to-day. The trunk moved as the top waved in the wind. The many-branched top with its leaves, useless, albeit, was dependent on the rooted stem; it 'moved all together, if it moved at all.' But was not the stem dependent on the top also? Had the top been cut off, how long would the stem have been of becoming rotten? Let the people beware how they brag about the roots, and the dependence of the uppermost branches upon them. All is a goodly tree. May it only be the planting of the Lord! That so being it may bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

". . . . Christ's love is not His life, death, resurrection, ascension, promises. It is that in which they all live, move, and have their being; and my faith in His love is a higher thing than faith in anything whereby He manifests it. It is faith in Himself—in what He is, and not merely in what He does."

The political disturbances on the Continent during 1848 had, of

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course, great interest for him; but he was struck still more by the outburst of discontent at home, as revealing a condition of society for which the Church of Christ was in a great measure responsible. His impressions on this subject were deepened by what he saw when he was in Glasgow during a serious riot. Suddenly the leading thoroughfares were swept by a torrent of men and women of a type utterly different from the ordinary poor. Haggard, abandoned, ferocious, they issued from the neglected haunts of misery and crime, drove the police into their headquarters, and, for a while took possession of the streets. In this spectacle Norman recognized the sin of the Churches which had permitted the growth of such an ignorant, wretched, and dangerous population. There was no horror perpetrated during the first French Revolution that he did not believe might have been repeated by the mob he saw in Glasgow; and although the Chartist movement was connected with a very different class of the community, it also suggested serious thoughts as to the future of the country, and the duty incumbent on the Church.

"*April*, 1848.

"The Chartists are put down. Good! Good for jewellers' shops and 'Special' heads; good, as giving peace and security. Each one on Kennington Common might have spoken Bottom's intended prologue for Snug in his character of Lion. 'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. *I am a man as other men are*;—and there, indeed (quoth Bottom), let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.' But this same Snug, the joiner, though no lion, is still a man as other men are—and so is each of the 10,000 or 20,000, or, according to common computation, 200,000, Snugs on Kennington Common—each a man like other men, each having a body finely fashioned and tempered, which in rags shivers in the cold, while the 'Special' goes to his fireside, with triumph draws in his chair, saying, 'the scoundrels are put down;'—a body that can gnaw from hunger, and has not perhaps tasted food for twenty-four hours, while my respected and rather corpulent friend, the good 'Special,' growls that he will be kept from dinner, and can only take a hurried lunch in the club, John taking charge of his baton. Nay, honest Snug has a heart, his friend Nick Bottom, the weaver, has his Thisbe at home, whom he loves, and though he is an ass, his wife loves him as much as Titania ever did his namesake. Does the 'Special' love Mrs. Smith, and the young Smiths, more than these do Mrs. Snug and Mrs. Bottom, and the young Snugs and the young Bottoms? The Nell of the one and the Joan of the other think more of these same scoundrel Chartists than of all the world beside. Each dot in that huge mass on Kennington Common is the centre, the only one, perhaps, of household admiration. Daddy Special, thou art a good, kind soul of a father and a husband—thou wouldst not crush the cat's paw with thy baton—didst thou know poor Snug and Bottom, thou wouldst not show thy family the way to break their heads. These are men like thyself, not lions. They are men, and so responsible and immortal beings. It is this which makes the heart bleed, and which makes us hear with anxious spirit the

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news of all that these men wish, say, try, and accomplish, and all that is done to put them down.

"We demand from them patience while starving—do we meet their demands for bread? We demand from them obedience to law—do we teach them what they are to obey? We demand from them love of man—have we taught them the love of God? What is the nation to do for these men, who made the nation anxious, and the Exchange of the world oscillate—and the hero of a hundred fights put on his armour? Here in the midst of us is a mighty power, felt, acknowledged—what is doing to make it a power for good? Put down! It is the putting down of a maniac, not his cure; and what if the maniacs increase and obtain a majority, and put down the keepers! Special! what hast thou ever done for thy brother? Ay—don't stare at me or at thy baton—thy brother, I say! Now don't get sulky; I am not ungrateful to thee, nor am I disposed to fraternize with Duffy and O'Connor, though I call Snug and Bottom brothers. But, I ask, hast thou ever concerned thyself about thy poor brother—how he was to be fed and clothed—or if neither, how he was to endure? How he was to be taught his duties to God and man—and, if not, how he was to be a loyal subject to Queen Victoria, and a supporter of the Bench of Bishops? Honestly, friend—hast thou ever taken as much thought about him as thou hast taken in thy kindness about thyself and myself, in defending us on the 10th? Hast thou ever troubled thyself about healing his broken heart as thou has about giving him a broken head? And yet thou art not a bad man, but a good, kind soul. But, friend, we are all forgetful, and all selfish!

"Selfish! This lies at the root of the whole evil, as it lies at the root, indeed, of all evil. That a great evil exists in the present state of our country is certain. Where shall we see such poverty and ignorance, with their results of misery and discontent and readiness to attempt anything to get quit of both, as in our free and Christian country? Everywhere the same—every town, every village, has its ignorant and wretched men. The bees who fly about the hive, and buzz and sting, and die in the snow in winter, during some momentary sunshine, are few in comparison with those who remain torpid and dying from cold and exhaustion in the unknown and unseen cells. The ignorance of masses of our people is unknown to all but those who, like myself, come into contact with them. I can, at this moment, mention four parents who came to me for baptism, who were as ignorant as heathen, never having heard of Jesus Christ, and knowing nothing of God or immortality. Everywhere pest and canker—spreading, deepening, increasing—and, unless cured in God's way, punishing—terribly and righteously punishing—in God's way. Principle and self-interest prompt the same question—what shall we do?—where is the cure?

"Is the cure less taxation? How this, when thousands of your most dangerous men tax themselves 70 per cent. for drink! Is the cure high wages? Ask the manufacturer if his safe men and true men are generally among those who have high wages. Is the cure school instruction? But what security of any good have we in mere intellect without God? More churches? Get your men first who will enter them. More ministers? Neither can cure poverty, and ministers must be good and wise. Suffrage? Humbug.

"Not one of these is itself sufficient. but all are good when taken to-

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gether. We must have schools, and any schools better than none, any education better, infinitely better, than none. But not to dwell upon what all admit and feel, yet I would ask, why is not each factory compelled to have its large school and its large church? Both to be for the workmen. Let the church be threefold—Popish, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian, and let there be no fixed minister, but let the clergy in the town take time about in the evenings, too, and none admitted but in working clothes.

"Yet there is to me a more excellent way, and that is love! The true and only cure seems to me to lie in the personal and regular communion of the better with the worse—man with man—until each Christian, like his Saviour, becomes one with those who are to be saved; until he can be bone of their bone, sympathize, teach, weep, rejoice, eat and drink with them as one with them in the flesh. The world will not believe because it cannot see that Christianity is true, by seeing its reality in the marvellous oneness of Christ and people.

"The world, if ever it is to be reformed by men and through men, can only be so by the personal intercourse of living men—living epistles, not dead ones. Love, meekness and kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in human souls, uttering themselves by word, look and deed, and not by mere descriptions of these sentiments or essays upon them, can alone regenerate man. The living Church is more than the dead Bible, for it is the Bible and something more. It is the Bible alive. It is its effect, its evidence, its embodiment. God has always dealt through living men with men, and He Himself deals with them through a Personal Spirit. When Christ left the world He did so that He might forever dwell in it in His people.

"Neither money nor schools nor tracts nor churches can ever be substituted for living men. It is this we want. It is this the lanes and closes want. Not ministers merely going their rounds like policemen with black clothes and white neckcloths; nor elders taking statistics, nor deacons giving alms, or ladies tracts—all good (what should we have been without these, the only salt hitherto!); but we want Christians, whether they be smiths or shoemakers, or tailors or grocers, or coach-drivers or advocates, to remember their own responsibilities, their immense influence for good, and to be personal ministers for good. The separation outwardly of society is terrible. Only see the old and new Town of Edinburgh! What a type of British society! It used not to be so. In the old town and in olden times families of different grades used to live in the same tenement, and poor and rich were thus mingled together in their habitation and in their joys. So is it now in many villages, and in many parts of the country. But generally there is a wide separation, bridged over by tracts, or societies, or money (sparingly); but not by the living Church of Christ. The full heart and the full mind do not meet to empty themselves (thereby becoming fuller) into the void heart and the void mind. We have words on the philosophy of life, instead of life itself. We are selfish, I say, and willing to pay for it rather than to part from it. We subscribe for volumes of music instead of breathing forth, in the habitations of sad and bad men, 'the still music of humanity.' When shall we learn to imitate, or rather to share, the love of Him who was love itself, who, 'knowing that all things were given Him of the Father, that He came from God and went to God,'—what then?—Oh

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marvellous condescension, because marvellous love,—'girded Himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet!'

"The question in regard to elevating man is not so much what is good for him, as how the good is to be given to him. What he should have must correspond to what he needs. As an animal and in the body he needs food and clothing, air and light, and water and exercise; as a social being he needs society; as a sentient being he needs things pleasing to the senses; as an active being he needs something to occupy him; as a moral being he needs God over all and in all, blissful and blessing. Let all man's wants be met. But the link between the supply and the demand (or the soul which should demand), is the man who has already found the supply. If the question ever arises between the animal and the immortal, the first must yield. I hate giving in to the principle that hunger entitles a man, not to our sympathy and our charity, as men and Christians; but entitles him to be anything or nothing, a thief or seditious. 'A man's life is more than meat.'"

To J. C. SHAIRP, Esq., Rugby, who had sent a Review of "Struthers' Autobiography": "*May* 12*th*, 1848.

"As to Struthers, I fear you have missed the man. He is so completely a formation in an old structure of society, or rather an old organism in one, so thoroughly Scotch, so thoroughly antique, that unless you had been familiar with the genus, you could not classify him. I rejoice in his erudities about kirks. The very oddity of the garments which encase his Old Mortality soul delights me. The feature which I wished you to delineate was that manly independence, that godly simplicity of the peasant saint, which is so beautiful. Just read again his early days as a herd, his first day of married life, his first entrance into Glasgow, and then remember how true the man is. He is a genuine *man*, and as perfect a specimen of a class of Scotchmen passing away (and soon to be driven off the road like the old coaches by steam) as the pibroch is a specimen of old music, or the small bog myrtle of a Highland scene."

To the SAME:—

"CRAUFURD PRIORY, *May* 11*th*.

"I have not written to your friend, Mr. Temple, because I found I could not receive him at my house with any comfort or satisfaction. I came here for change of air, and propose returning home the end of the week, in order to attempt a little Sabbath duty before going off to 'summer high,' upon the Western Hills for a few weeks. I have run away from the General Assembly to which I was elected a member, preferring to drink in the spirit of solitude, and to feast my inward ear upon 'unheard melodies,' rather than to sit, 'dusty and deliquescent,' listening to the debates of my most worthy and orthodox, but still prosy and cock-sure-of-everything, brethren. All this lengthy explanation is to account for my apparent heathenish want of *Temple* service and unkindness toward your friend.

"I have found it very good to have been withdrawn for some time from outward work. What I have lost in body doing, I have gained in soul being. I have felt how considerate and loving it was in Christ to have asked His disciples to go with Him and 'rest awhile,' because so many

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were coming and going that they had not time even to eat. In this struggle between the unseen and seen—God, and things apart from or out of God—it is good to be outwardly separated from the seen and temporal, as a means of being brought more into contact with the unseen and eternal. I have not had such enjoyable Sabbaths for a long time. Such peace and repose was unearthly. We ministers in Scotland cannot always enjoy our Sabbaths. We have too much giving and too little receiving. The only way to get good for ourselves is to preach peacefully, without attempt at fine things, and in the sight of God and for His glory. Two books I read during my sickness—your friend Stanley's 'Apostolic Age,' and the last edition of Hare's 'Guesses at Truth.' This last rather disappointed me. It did not, as a whole, send me far on, nor did it come up to my idea of what the Hares could have done under the cover of a title which left such a mighty field for vigorous speculation. I was delighted with Stanley. The style perhaps is rather too intensely artistic. But it is a well put together, manly, fresh, truthful book. I have no doubt of his success in seizing the features of the old giants. I was charmed with his idea of each apostle becoming a guiding star to different times, or different ages finding their wants supplied by one more than the rest. I am satisfied, and have been for some time, that this is the age of St. John. Unless the Church gets wholesome spiritual food given to it, its next development will be mysticism. Nothing outward in government, creed, or mode of worship can satisfy the increasing hunger in the Church; all are seeking something which they find not, yet know not hardly what they seek. I think that something is unity. But of what kind? Nothing can satisfy but one;—unity of mind with Christ, and so with one another. I hope the breakings up in Protestantism may lead to it. The breaking up of fleshly unity (*i.e.* anything apart from God) often leads to spiritual unity. Each part, being driven to God (in its conscious weakness) for that strength, and good, and peace, and joy, earth has failed to give, becomes thereby more united spiritually to every other part so doing.

"I dare say you do not understand me, for really I have no brain, and no patience either to think or write. I ought not to attempt it. I only wish you were beside me, that I might *splutter* out my thoughts about the reaction which the *outwardness* of our orthodoxy is producing, and which the worst kind of Germanism, and the pantheism of Emerson, are meeting and dissecting, but which St. John's Gospels and Epistles can alone so meet, as to sanctify and save. But my brain, John, my brain!

"I am wearied, I can write no more. The day is lovely. John Mackintosh is here enjoying himself much. We are with my brother John, in Crauford Priory. The trees are scattering their blossoms in the breeze; the leaves are transparent; the bees and birds alone disturb the silence of the woods. I have had a short enjoyable lounge on mossy sward. I seldom think when walking. I am, as Emerson says, 'a transparent eyeball.'

"A great study of mine during my sickness has been that mighty deep—Christ's temptation—taken in connection with the history of the first temptation, the history of the Israelites, Christ's own history, and the history of the Church—and of each Christian."

An illness, brought on by overwork, compelled him to give up preaching for a time. He went for change of air to his father's house

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at Shandon, on the picturesque banks of the Gareloch, and there, in his rambles by burn and brae, thought out those views of the temptations of Christ which were afterwards published.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Shandon, May.*—How beautiful is everything here! It is a very world of music and painting. In the melody of the birds, in the forms and beauty of the landscape, in the colouring of the flowers and dressing of the trees, there seems a vindication of the pursuit of the fine arts. They are God-like; but how demon-like when the artist recognises nature no longer as the 'Art of God,' but as the art of Satan for satisfying the soul without God; then Eden is Eden no longer—we are banished from its tree of life.

"How many things are in the world yet not of it! The material world itself, with all its scenes of grandeur and beauty, with all its gay adornments of tree and flower, and light and shade—with all its accompanying glory of blue sky and fleecy cloud, or midnight splendour of moon and stars—all are of the Father. And so, too, is all that inner world, when, like the outer, it moves according to His will—of loyal friendships, loving brotherhood—and the heavenly and blessed charities of home, and all the real light and joy that dwell, as a very symbol of His own presence, in the Holy of Holies of a renewed spirit. In one word, all that is true and lovely and of good report—all that is one with His will, is of the Father, and not of the world. Let the world, then, pass away with the lust thereof! It is passing away of death and darkness—of all that is at enmity to God and man. All that is of the Father shall remain for ever."

To his SISTER JANE:— "SHANDON, *May*, 1848.

"I have been yearning here for quiet and retirement. I got it yesterday. I set off upon a steeple-chase, scenting like a wild ass the water from afar. But heather, birch, and the like, were my water in the desert. I found all. I passed through the upper park and entered a birch wood. I traced an old path, half trodden—whether by men or hares I could not tell. It lead me to a wee burn. In a moment I found myself in the midst of a poem; one of those woodland lyrics which have a melody heard and unheard, which enters by the eye and ear, goes down to the heart, and steeps it in light, pours on it the oil of joy, and gives it 'beauty for ashes.' This same mountain spirit of a burn comes from the heather, from the lonely home of sheep, kites, and 'peasweeps.' It enters a birch wood, and flows over cleanest slate. When I met it, it was falling with a chuckling, gurgling laugh, into a small pool, clear as liquid diamond. The rock shelved over it and sheltered it. In the crevices of the rock were arranged, as tasteful nature alone can do, bunches of primroses, sprouting green ferns, and innumerable rock plants, while the sunlight gleaming from the water danced and played upon the shelving rock, as if to the laughing tune of the brook, and overhead weeping birches and hazels, and beside me green grass and wood hyacinths and primroses. All around the birds were singing with 'full-throated ease,' and up above, a deep blue sky with a few island clouds, and now and then, far up, a solitary crow winging across the blue and silence. Now this I call rest and peace. It is such an hour of rest amidst toil as does my soul good, lasts and will come back with a soothing peacefulness amidst hard labour.

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"I felt so thankful for my creation, my profession, my country, my all, all, all! I only desired something better in the spirit.

"Pray don't smile at my burn; but when I feel in love, I delight to expatiate upon my beloved; and I am mad about my burn."

To the SAME:— "SHANDON, *May* 23, 1848.

"To-day I set off on a cruise to discover a glen about which there were vague traditions at Shandon. It was called Glen Fruin, which, in ancient Celtic, I understand, was the Glen of Weeping. Dr. Macleod, Gaelic authority who is with us (a great friend, by-the-bye of my mother's), says that the bodies of the dead used to be carried through the said glen, from some place to some other place—hence weeping. Well, I set off. Behold me, stiff in the limbs, my feet as if they were 'clay and iron'—hard, unbending, yet weak; but the head of gold, pure, pure gold; though now, like Bardolph's, unfortunately uncoinable. Behold me puffing, blowing, passing through the upper park. Bathed ere I reached the birch wood, and soon reclined near my burn, with Shakespeare as my only companion. But even he began to be too stiff and prosy. The ferns, and water, and cuckoo beat him hollow; so I cast him aside, and began creeping up the burn, seeking for deeper solitude, like a wild beast. I was otter-like, indeed, in everything save my size, shape, and clothes, and having Shakespeare in my pocket. Then I began to gather ferns, and found beautiful specimens. Then I studied the beautiful little scene around me, and was so glad that I dreamt, on and on, listening to that sweet inland murmur.

"The power of the hills is over me! Away for Glen Fruin, two miles uphill! Hard work! Alas, alas! that I should come to this! Try it! Be off! So off I went—and on and on. Green braes—there march dykes—there withered heather—there mossy. Very near the first ridge which bounds the horizon. Puff, puff—on, on! 'Am I a bullet?' On—at last—I must lie down!

"This will never do! Go ahead, Norman! Get up—get on! I do think that, on principle, I should stop! Go ahead. What's that? *'Cock, cock, ock, whiz-z-z-z'*—Grouse! That's cheering. What's that? *'Wheadleoo, wheadleoo'*—a curlew? Hurrah, we are going ahead! Another pull! The loch out of sight. Something looming in the far distance. Arran Hills. So, ahead, my boy—limbs better—steam up—the spirit of the hills getting strong—the ghosts of my fathers and mothers beckoning me onwards. The moor getting boggy—soft—more hags—first rate! Ladies don't walk here. This is unknown to dandies. Another hill. And then—up I am! Now, is not this glorious? Before me, pure Loch Gare—and beyond the most sublime view I almost ever saw. Terraces apparently of sea and land—the sea a mirror. Vessels everywhere—the setting sun tinging the high peaks of Arran, kissing them and the hills of Thibet with the same glow, laying the one asleep with a parting kiss, and with another waking up her eastern children. There's poetry for you!

"The great hills of Arran, 'like great men,' as Jean Paul says, 'the first to catch, the last to lose the light.' Was not all this glorious? not to speak of the sea, and ships, and solitude. Do you know I never think at such times. I am in a state of unconscious reception, and of conscious deep joy. No more.

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"Glen Fruin lay at my feet, with sloping green hills like the Yarrow 'bare hills,' as Billy says; but like all such hills, most poetical and full of 'pastoral melancholy.' Well, I shall only state that I came down, in case you imagine that I am there still. And when I came down, what then? Most amiably and most literary—crammed a listening audience with Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Shakespeare.

"Now have I not much cause to thank God for all His mercies? and, dear, I have done so. I have been truly happy. My study has been the Temptation, still so full of wonders. I have not been in the least troubled about the Assembly, except so far as to make me remember it in my prayers—yes, both Assemblies, I am glad to say. These glorious scenes are in harmony only with a spirit of love. God's reign over all men, throughout all ages, and God's reign of love in our hearts, when believed, gives peace.

"I wish to be back in time to prepare for the Communion. The scenes of beauty and the time of retirement which I have had are in perfect keeping with again hearing 'the still sad music of humanity,' in our miserable closes and vile abodes. The Lord left His glory and rest to dwell with men; and by the cross He entered into more glorious rest, were that possible."

To JOHN C. SHAIRP, Esq., Rugby:— "SHANDON, *May* 25.

"In the midst of sovereign hills silence is most becoming, and then I never can think at such times. I grow as unconsciously as plants do beneath the sun and shower. But oh! the life and joy! The man who begins to doubt anything on a mountain top except his own powers, who begins to question instead of contentedly receiving, who speaks of the authority of books and professors, who, in short, does not love and rejoice, should be pitched over the first rock, or have such a hiding given him with *weeping birch* as will send him howling to Glen Fruin ('the Glen of Weeping')! I am every day getting better. I suffered from an affection of the membrane which covers stomach, chest, and brain, and practically all creation when it (the membrane) is out of order! I am certain Hamlet's liver or membrane was affected!

From his JOURNAL:— "SHANDON, *June* 3.

"Was there ever a period in which it was more necessary for men who love the good of our National Zion to meet together in prayer and sober, earnest thoughtfulness, to consider the state of our country and the present state of the Church, our dangers, difficulties, weaknesses, duties, comforts?

"Might not such questions be considered as bearing upon that mighty one of education: the training up of an efficient ministry; an efficient system of Sabbath schools; the infusing a healthier life and love into our clergy; the development of Congregational, Presbyterial, Synodical, and Assembly life; the bringing forward of the intelligent laity; the best mode of dealing with the poor Highlands; with the masses in towns; what is needed in our theology in our times with reference to Germany and England; what are our duties to Dissenters, to the Church of England, to the Continent. If we only could get men to think, and think earnestly, in this terrible crisis, I should be at ease."

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To his SISTER JANE :—

"DALKEITH.

"I feel terribly my loneliness, especially as preventing me from enjoying literary society. I began pondering in my mind whether there was any one in the town who could share my pleasure in reading 'The Prelude,' and 'In Memoriam,' or have a talk with me about the tendencies of the age. Of all my acquaintances, I thought Mrs. Huggins probably the most *spirituelle*, and off I went with 'The Prelude.' I found her in her usual seat by the fireside, her face calm and meditative, her thumbs still pursuing their endless chase after each other, as if each had vowed an eternal revenge of his brother. There was an air of placid repose in her time-worn features, combined with an intellectual grandeur, caught from her long residence with the late illustrious Mr. Huggins, and also a nervous twitching of the features, with an occasional lightning flash about the eye, which I have do doubt was occasioned by living near the powder-mills for thirty years. I was disappointed with her views of poetry. I read the Introduction, and the following conversation ensued :—

"'*I.*—We have here, I think, a fine combination of the poet with the poetic artist.'

"'*H.*—I wadna doot. How's yer sister?'

"'*I.*—Well, I thank you. She has been a long time cultivating the ideal under me; but her talent is small, her genius nothing."

"'*H.*—Is her *coch* (cough) better?

"'*I.*—Rather, Mrs. Huggins. But, pray, how do you like Wordsworth?'

"'*H.*—I dinna ken him. Whar does he leeve? In Pettigrew's Close? Is he the sticket minister?'"

To his BROTHER GEORGE (advising him on the choice of a profession) :—

"DALKEITH, *November* 6, 1848.

. . . "We must assume then, that, whatever we eat or drink, or whatever we do, it must be for God's glory; or, to make this plainer, I assume that Christ has for every man 'his work'—a something in His kingdom to do which is better suited to him, and he to it, than any other. Happy is the man who finds what his work is and does it! To find it is to find our profession, and to do it is to find our highest good and peace.

"My faith is, that there is a far greater amount of revelation given to guide each man by the principles laid down in the Bible, by conscience, and by Providence, than most men are aware of. It is not the light which is defective, it is an eye to see it.

"For instance: Christ calls us outwardly and inwardly to our profession, and those two calls, when they coincide (when, like two lions, they meet at one point), determine a profession to any man who will be at all determined by the will of the Redeemer. The outward call is made up of all those outward circumstances which render the profession at all possible for us, and which render any one profession more possible than another. With this principle you are at no difficulty, of course, in determining a thousand professions or positions in society which are not possible for you, and to which, consequently, you are not called. I need not illustrate this, it is self-evident. But as in your case two or three professions may present

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themselves to you which appear all possible—nay, at first sight, all equally possible—in such a predicament you would require carefully to apply the above rule, in order calmly to consider which is most possible, on the whole, for you. Among the outward circumstances which, as I have said, combine to make up this outward call, may be mentioned bodily health, the likings of friends, interest of the family, means of usefulness, &c.

"But there is also the inward call to be considered. By this I mean a man's internal fitness for the profession; and this of course makes the problem a little more complex, yet not impossible of solution. A man might put such questions as those:—

"Which profession gives the greatest scope for the development of my whole being, morally, intellectually, socially, actively? Again; am I fitted for this as to talent, principle, education? In which could I best and with the greatest advantage use all the talents Christ has given me, and for which He will make me responsible, so that not one talent shall be laid up in a napkin or buried, but that all may be so employed that He can say to me, 'Well done, good and faithful servant?' This is the way of looking at the question; and I do not think it difficult to apply it practically with the assistance of God's good spirit. I tell you candidly, that, as far as I see, you have to decide between the ministry and the medical profession.

"I need not tell you which I love most. I would not exchange my profession for any on earth. All I have seen of the world in courts and camps, at home and abroad, in Europe and America, all, all makes me cling to it and love it the more. My love to it is daily increasing. I bless and praise God that He has called me to it. Would only I were worthier of the glory and dignity which belong to it! I find in it work most congenial to my whole being. It at once nourishes and gives full scope to my spirit. It affords hourly opportunities for the gratification of my keenest sympathies and warmest affections. It engages my intellect with the loftiest investigations which can demand its exercise. It presents a field for constant activity in circumstances which are ever varying, yet always interesting, and never too burdensome to be borne. It enables me to bring to bear all I know, all I acquire, all I love, upon the temporal and eternal well-being of my fellow-men, and to influence their peace and good for ever. It brings me into contact with high and low, rich and poor, in the most endearing and interesting relationships in which man can stand to man: a sharer of their joys and sorrows, a teacher, a comforter, a guide. Do you wonder that with all my care and anxiety (which are burdens worthy of man) I should be happy all the day long? I envy no man on earth, except a better Christian. A minister of the gospel! Kings and princes may veil their faces before such a profession. It is to have the profession of angels, and to be a fellow-worker with Christ. Excuse me, if forgetting you for a moment, I have expressed the deep convictions of my soul as to what I feel this profession to be. I do not mean to say that I have no wish to influence you; I have. For I would sooner see you an officer in Christ's army—a plain Scotch minister though he be—than any other thing on earth which I can suppose it possible for you to have.

"Add to all this, the loud call for such men as you to join the Church! Oh, George, if you knew how I have looked forward to your being with me! How I have rejoiced in the prospect of seeing us three brothers carry-

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the Banner of the Cross together in our poor but beloved country! I somehow cannot give up the hope yet. Better days are coming. They would come soon, had we more such men as you."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*November* 6.—Twenty-six cases, and eighteen deaths, (no recoveries) from cholera at Loanhead. The Cholera Hospital preparing here.

"'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' Amen.

"*December* 21.—I hear two cases have occurred here last night.

"Lord give me grace to do that which is right. My trust is in Thee. Thou art my refuge, and my fortress, my God, and having Thee as my sure and unchanging good, I am not afraid of the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor of the destruction which wasteth at noonday.' Lord, direct my steps! Preserve me from the vanity and vainglory which might wickedly lead me to expose myself to danger, and from the selfish fear which would drive me from my duty. 'Lead me *in truth*, teach me,' and may I, at this trying time, be and do that which is right as Thy son and ministering servant, and whether by life or death may I glorify Thee—for living or dying I am Thine, through Jesus Christ! Amen.

"*December* 31, *Sabbath night.*—I am here all alone upon the last Sabbath, almost the last hour, of 1848.

"What a year of world-wonders this has been, with political revolutions in every part of Europe! In Britain, famine, pestilence, riots, and rebellion.

"It has been an all-important year to me! During the year I can say, that as far as I know, I have not for a day or at any time consciously resisted what I knew to be right, setting my heart upon evil. I do not say that I have done any one thing perfectly. Every day has disclosed manifold imperfections,—sloth, pride, vanity, ambition, shortcomings in all things—but I have been alive. To what is this owing? I rejoice to write it—let it be seen by angels and devils—to the free and boundless and omnipotent grace and infinite love of God.

"I have been reading those old diaries. May I not try (in much ignorance) to sum up some practical lessons from dear-bought experience?

1. I had inadequate views of Christ's cross. I saw a work done for me—a ground for pardon—an objective reality; but I did not see so clearly the eternal necessity of the cross *in* me, of sharing Christ's life as mine, of glorying in the cross as reflected in the inward power it gives to 'be crucified to the world, and the world to me.'

2. I was dealing too little with a Personal Saviour—had too little (or no) confidence in His love to me individually, and in His will and power to free from sin by making me like Himself.

"Light dawns, life comes! I have faith in the love of God to me, that I—even I, shall be 'perfect' as my Father in Heaven is perfect.

"What have I lost by my wilful and rebellious sin! I have during these years come in contact with many thousand in different parts of the world, in the most interesting circumstances, in domestic and in public life, in sickness, family distress, and on death-beds. How much good has been lost and evil done, by the absence of that real earnestness of word, look, temper, teaching,—that *all*, which can only come from a soul in a right state

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with God, and which never can be imitated, or would be so only by hypocrisy. What good, and peace, and happiness have I lost to myself!

"There is another thing presses itself upon me. I know as surely as I know anything, that all my sin has emanated from myself, and yet I do believe God has brought more good to me in the latter end by this very life than could perhaps have been brought in any other way. I would shudder in writing this if it appeared to be the slightest excuse for my iniquities. These, I repeat it, were mine. But I think I have a glimpse of that marvel of Providence by which evil—while it is nothing but evil—is yet by infinite wisdom and love made, like a wild stream, an instrument of God.

"Let me not forget to mention three men from whom I have received unspeakable good—Thomas Arnold, Alexander Scott, and dear John Campbell.

"I go to Glasgow to-morrow. Cholera rages, but I join my family, casting my care on God. Lord Jesus, my ever-present and ever-loving Saviour, I desire to abide in Thee, to trust in Thy life, Thy grace, Thy character, Thy ways.

"Lord I am thine! for time and eternity. Amen and Amen."

The condition of the Church still weighed heavily on him. Church questions were in his eyes secondary to the grand end for which all Churches exist, the raising up of living Christians; and so day and night he pondered over the best methods for stimulating a healthy zeal. There were many clergymen in his own neighbourhood and elsewhere, who sympathized with him in his anxieties, and with whom he frequently exchanged ideas on this subject. But as there was no organ through which the Church might address her members on questions of Christian life and work, it was resolved that a magazine should be started, containing papers for Sabbath reading, and to be sold at the lowest possible price. He thus became editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, a monthly periodical published by Messrs. Paton and Richie, in Edinburgh. Short sermons, papers on social and scientific subjects, biographies, missionary intelligence, articles upon parochial and church organization, and notices of books, formed the contents.

The *Christian Magazine* never attained a very large circulation; but the editor was well satisfied in having an audience of 5,000 families to which he could address himself, and there can be no doubt that the appeals made in its pages on behalf of missionary enterprise, and organized parochial work, did much to quicken a religious life which was broad and tolerant as well as earnest.

Many of the articles and stories which he afterwards wrote for *Good Words*, appeared in an embryo form in the "*Blue*" *Magazine*, as it was popularly called; but the greater portion of his contributions consisted of short, practical papers intended for the firesides of Churchmen. During the first year of the magazine (1849-50), he wrote more

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than twenty articles, and among these a useful series on Family Education, which afterwards expanded into a volume.*

A series of papers on Drunkenness, which he contributed during 1850-51, was reprinted under another title.†

He was a member of the General Assembly of 1849, and spoke at considerable length on Education, the Continental Churches, India Mission, and Endowment. In his speech on the last named subject he expressed, with great energy, his favourite idea of the Christian congregation being a society charged with the blessed mission of meeting the manifold evils of society, physical and social as well as spiritual, and urged the necessity of bringing living Christian men into personal contact with the poor, the ignorant, and the ungodly. His reflections during the disturbances of 1848, and the deep impression made on him by the Glasgow mob, found a voice for themselves on this occasion.

"The question appeared to him to lie between the needy masses upon the one hand, and those who were able to help them upon the other—between those who were poor temporally and spiritually, and those upon whom God had bestowed temporal and spiritual blessings. The object of endowed territorial work was to bring them in contact upon the fields of the Christian Church. They wished the poor to meet the rich there, that the rich might assist them; they wished the ignorant to meet the well informed there, that they might receive of their knowledge. They wished the suffering, the destitute, and the afflicted, to meet the kind, and sympathizing, and Christian-hearted there, and from the union of fulness and emptiness, to enable those who have, to give to those who stand in need. Every man in that vast mass of humanity had immense influence, and if he could not be made great for good he might be made great for evil. The hand that could use the hammer, could seize the firebrand; the tongue that could sing praises to God, might become voluble in blasphemy and sedition. The man with a strong head and heart, but uninformed, might gather his fellow-workmen around him in hundreds and thousands—he might speak to them of the separation between man and man, with an eloquence that rung in every man's heart, because they felt it to be true; he might speak of those who were in comfort, but who did not care for those in misery, he might speak of those who were educated, but who cared not for those in ignorance, and that mass might become like a mighty avalanche set loose from its cold solitude, and descending into their valleys, crush the commercial prosperity and institutions of the country; and all the while they would feel it to be a righteous punishment, on the part of a righteous God, for their selfishness and apathy."

From his JOURNAL:—

"I call individualism the embodiment of all those theories which would throw man back upon himself, make himself the centre, and referring all things to that centre, measure all things from it. It sees no law, no rule, no end, no will beyond self. The grand text of Emerson, 'I am a man,' is

* "The Home School."
† "A Plea for Temperance."

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(in his sense of the phrase) its expression. What is society to me? What is Luther? What is the Church, or the Bible, or Christ, or God? 'I am a man.' This is *Selbstständigkeit* with a vengeance! A man refuses to recognise or worship the personal God, and ends by worshipping himself.

"Self-destruction is the opposite of this, and expresses the essence of those systems by which the individual is annihilated. Popery is its ecclesiastical ideal, and despotism its civil. The Jesuit maxim, 'be in all things a dead man,' is the opposite pole from Emerson. If the one system deifies man, the other annihilates him, though it must in justice be added, as a professed means of ultimately deifying him. Socialism seems to me to be the Devil's *tertium quid*. It would seek to fill up the longings in man after union in something higher or something beyond himself, and at the same time afford him the fullest out-going for his individualism. It is society sacrificed to the individual. Romanism would have the individual sacrificed to the society called the Church. These two poles are always producing each other. It is no wonder that the ecclesiastical and civil systems which would destroy the individual should produce the re-action of pantheism and republicanism, which would embody man's individualism religiously and civilly.

"What is the Christian *tertium quid*?

"1. Unity with a personal God revealed in a personal Saviour. This destroys individualism in so far as it establishes personal responsibility, and places the man as a part of a system, in which not he, but a personal God, is the centre, a God whom we ought to love and serve. Individualism cannot co-exist with the ideas of *ought* to love and serve. These destroy *Selbstständigkeit*. To recognize the existence of light, is at once to give up the notion that the eye exists for itself, and by itself, as a self-sustaining and self-satisfying organ.

"2. Union with man through God. I say through God, because we can only find our true relationship to any point within the circle by seeing our mutual relationship to the centre, God our Creator, as the bond which unites us to man. God our Father is the bond which unites us to all His true children. The family, the neighbourhood, the citizenship, the state, are the outlets of our social tendencies to men, in God our Creator.

"The Church is specially the outlet of our social tendencies to God our Redeemer. There is here a healthy union of our individualism with socialism. The individual is preserved. His personality is not destroyed—it is developed. Free-will, responsibility, the necessity of seeing and knowing for himself are recognized. In Heaven he can say, 'I am a man.' His union with God is essential to the development of his individuality, just as light is essential to the health of the eye. The social life is also preserved. The attraction of God renders the attraction of man necessary. The family relation appointed by God, is the school in which men are trained for the family of man. The child, in spite of himself, finds himself a brother, or son, and enters life a part of a system, to whose well-being he must contribute his portion by the sacrifice of self, and in this very sacrifice find himself enriched. The necessity of labour is another bond, and so is the necessity of living. The man must remain poor in head unless he receives knowledge, and poor in pocket unless he receives work, and poor in heart unless he receives love. And all this receiving implies giving, whether it be faith, or work, or love, in return; and thus bond after bond draws man out of himself to man.

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"No wonder Pantheists and Socialists hate the personal God, the family, the Word, the Church."

To Mr. James M'Pherson (an Elder in Loudoun):—

"Dalkeith, *February* 17, 1849.

"I need hardly tell you that I very sincerely sympathize with you, and with all my dear old friends who are now in the midst of such sore and solemn trials. I fancy myself among you, going from house to house. I see your faces, and know how you will all think and feel. I wish you would let me know who have been carried off. From my parish visitation book, I can recall the face and character of every one I knew in the parish, as well as I could the day I left it, and I feel anxious to know who have been removed.

"How soothing to feel that we are not lost in the big crowd, that our case is not overlooked by Him who is guiding the stars—but that His eye of love rests upon us, and that He is attending to each of us as really and truly as He did to Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, whom He loved!"

To John Mackintosh (in Rome):—

"Dalkeith, *December* 25, 1849.

"Your letter inflamed my blood and fired my brain, and unless I knew from experience that 'we may not hope from outward forms to live the (what?) passion and the joy (life?) whose fountains are within,' I should certainly have been unhappy. Dear John, all our happiness flows from our blessed Redeemer. He divideth to each, gifts, talents, place, work, circumstances, as seemeth good to himself. Blessed is the man who can trust Him, and take what He gives, using it for the end for which it is given. So, dear John, I will not envy thee! Thine is Rome, mine is home. Thine the glories of the past, mine labour for the glories of the future without the past. Thine the eternal city with all—all—art, music, ruins, visions, ideal day dreams, choking unutterable reminiscences; a spiritual present, impalpable, fascinating;—all—all that would make me laugh, weep, scream, sing—all, and more are thine. So be it. Mine is a different lot, but both are given us by Him, to be used for His kingdom and glory;—and darling, thou wilt so use them, I am sure! The spirit of the greatest man Rome ever held within her walls, even that old tent-maker, he who after his wintry cruise came weary and careworn up the Appian way—his humble and heroic spirit will be thine! and His, too, by whom he lived! For this day ('tis past 12 A.M.!) reminds me Christ is born, and the world of Cicero and Cæsar is not ours, but a world unseen by the eye, unheard by the ear; a world whose glories are in dim wynd and dusky tenement as much as in Rome. So, dear John, I will do His will here, and thou there, and if we be faithful, we shall have a glorious life of it together somewhere else and for ever! Yet, would I were with thee! It is my weakness; I can guide it only, change it I cannot.

"Everything in our land is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Don't believe me. I presume it is the best land on earth; but I have not moved for months from home.

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"What of the Jews in Rome? Let us labour for them, but confess that their day is not yet come, nor, I think, dawned. This is my latest conclusion. Keep thy heart, dearest. Were I in your place, I believe I should be ruined; thus I see Christ's love in keeping me at home. Popery! 'The Bible without the spirit is *a sundial by moonlight.*' Well done, old Coleridge! I have long believed that Popery will be the pantheistic re-action of the latter days. Presbyterianism in our country is a poor affair. If there is to be a Church for man to embrace taste, intellect, genius, and inspire love, veneration, awe, and if that Church is to be a visible one, our Free and Bond won't be among the number. We are sermonising snobs. But I rave and run on. Don't believe me. Short of heaven there is no ideal Church. I am sure of this, that I am right in loving Christ, and in loving Christians, and the souls of men for His sake. Beyond this twilight, farther on darkness! What are you doing now? Gazing on the moon, feasting on Christmas rites, seeing, hearing. Ah, me!"

From his FATHER:—

"MOFFAT, 1849.

"It would truly give me real delight if you could go to London and act as my substitute, and in such a good cause. The poor Highlands and Isles are as worthy of your efforts as Germans or Jews or Indians, and they require it just as much. The only legacy I can leave you is an interest, a heartfelt interest in that poor people whose blood flows in your veins. Do, my dear fellow, think of it."

From his NOTE-BOOK:—

"*A Work for* 1850.—*January* 18. It is now being impressed upon minds, slow to learn from anything but facts, that the Church of Scotland is daily going down hill. We are weak, weak politically, weak in the hearty attachment of any class—upper, middle, or lower, learned, earnest, or pious—to us, as a Church;—there is no State party who care one farthing for us on great, national, and righteous principles. Yet all this would not necessarily be evil if we were strong Godward. Nay, it might prove a blessing, the blessing which often springs from a sore chastisement. But I cannot conceal from myself that we have reached the depth immediately below which is destruction, of being weak towards God in faith, love, hope, devotedness, and in simple-mindedness for His glory. I cannot say what amount of good may exist in the Church. God knoweth how many hidden ones it may contain! and He may see many tears shed in secret, and may hear many groans for the sins of Jerusalem, and many prayers may enter His ears for her peace and prosperity. But sin can be seen. The evil is manifest, and what is bad is visible. There is sloth and an easy indifference as to the state of the Church. No searching, as far as man knows, to find out our sins. No plans, no strivings to meet difficulties and evils, to do our work as we should do. Everywhere disunion, separation, men flying from social questions which affect the body, and even the good men seeking relief in the spiritual selfishness of personal and parish work, as if terrified to look at things within and around.

"In these circumstances the work I would propose would be a convocation of a number (however small) to inquire into the state of Zion; to seek out

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and apply a remedy; above all, to do the work of works, of lying prostrate before God, and asking in earnest prayer, 'Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?'"

To Mrs. Dennistoun:—

"Dalkeith, *Sept. 4th*, 1850.

"I am here all alone—Skye* my only companion—if I except my constant friends on the book-shelves, who chat with me day and night. I am very *jolly*, because very busy; not that I by any means advocate this bachelor life, for unless I looked forward to my sister's return, I would instantly advertise, my parochial visitations preventing me for some time from personally attending to this duty; I often think Falstaff's resolution was not a bad one, 'I'll turn a weaver and sing psalms! Before I lead this life longer, I'll sew nether socks, and foot them too!'

"The only defect in Skye is, that I never can get him to laugh. He is painfully grave. He seems sometimes to make an effort, but it passes off like electricity by his tail, which becomes tremulous with emotion."

The following bit of nonsense was sent as a quiz on some members of the home household, who were fascinated by the description of primitive life and domestic happiness in the Landes of France as communicated by a French friend.

"*August*, 1850.

"It requires no small effort in me to write to you. It disturbs my deep repose; it ruffles my 'calm,' 'so very calm from day to day.' It causes movement of my hand and thought in my brain which are habitual to neither; but as you kindly wish me to write to you, and flatter me with the assurance that my beloved parents will not consider an epistle from me an irreverent intrusion upon their time, I shall forthwith give you a simple account of my daily habits. I go to bed about ten or half past; it depends on circumstances. I awake about eight, and lie thinking till about nine or ten. This morning I fancied that I became a poor man, and sold my books and took a little cottage somewhere, with small rooms and nice roses, and one cow and some hens; and then I just thought how sweet it would be to have mamma and papa, and all my brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces, and uncles and aunts, all to live together for a long, long time, and to lie on the grass and to feed the pigs and the little hens, and dig the garden, and make our own clothes and shoes. My uncle would make the shoes and the clothes, and all my sisters and aunts would spin, and darling George and Donald would write poetry and work in the garden and sing, and dear papa and mamma would sit in large arm chairs and give us their blessing every morning and evening, and tell us nice stories about the Highlands, and I would keep accounts and everything in order! Everything would be *within ourselves*. And then we should see all our friends and relations, quietly, comfortably, and there would be no bustle, no dirty railroads or towns—all grass and vegetables and plenty. My blessing upon such peaceful domestic happiness! I know my venerated father will rejoice at my picture. I never meddle with politics or church affairs. It does no one good I

*A favourite terrier.

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think. 'Bless me,' says I to Elizabeth Story, 'what is life worth if we cannot have peace? What is the good of all this rant and bustle?' 'It rises my nerves,' says she. 'And mine, too,' says I. 'It's no wonder,' says she. 'Deed it is not,' says I. 'It would be a wonder if it didn't,' says she. 'Wouldn't it?' says I. 'In course it would,' says she. 'I would think so,' says I. 'And no one would differ from you, sir,' says she. 'I believe not,' says I. 'I would at least think so,' says she. 'I am certain of it,' says I. 'I make no doubt myself at all of it,' says she. 'Nor anybody else,' says I, and thus we spent a quiet, peaceful, calm half-hour."

The beginning of this year, 1851, was marked by two events which had an important influence on his future life. On the 23rd of January he heard, with great pain, of the death of his valued friend, Dr. Black, minister of the Barony, Glasgow, and in a few weeks afterwards he learned that the congregation were anxious that he should be presented to the vacant parish. Dr. Black had on his death-bed expressed the desire that Norman Macleod should succeed him, and the people were now unanimous in petitioning Government to that effect.

To his FATHER:—

"*January* 31*st*, 1851.

"I mean strictly to avoid all movement on my own part in regard to the Barony; nor do I wish you to move in it. The session and people know me. They are acquainted with my preaching and public character. If the parish is offered to me in such an unanimous way as will satisfy my mind that I am the choice of the parties most interested in obtaining a minister, I shall feel it my duty to accept it. If there is a canvass dividing the congregation, I shall forbid my name to be mentioned. I am willing to go or stay, as God shall see it best for my own good, and the good of souls."

To his MOTHER:—

"1851.

'Believe me I am disciplined to be a far more peaceful man than I was. My ambition has been sobered by experience. I know what I am not and what I am. I am not a man of genius, or of power, or of learning, and can do nothing great in the world's sense; but by the grace of God I can be kind and good, and earnest and useful; and can bring the souls of dying men to their Saviour for rest and peace. If God gives me the ten talents of the Barony, I shall not receive them with fear as if He were a hard master, but with solemn thankfulness and humble praise, hoping by His grace to make them ten talents more. So, dear, your prayers have been heard."

In the following month, and while the question of the Barony was still in suspense, the unexpected tidings reached him that John Mackintosh was dying at Tübingen. There was no man on earth whom Norman loved more tenderly, and the news overwhelmed him. All other engagements were at once thrown aside, and on the 11th of February he started for the Continent. It had been deemed advisable to remove Mackintosh from Tübingen to the picturesque little town of Cannstadt, in the neighbourhood of Stuttgart, and Norman remained

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there until the 7th of March, when he went for a brief visit to Dr. Barth, the famous missionary, at Calw. On the 10th he returned to Cannstadt, and bade farewell to Mackintosh on the morning of the 11th. That very evening, with a swiftness that was quite unexpected the end came, and while Norman, in ignorance of the event, was prosecuting his journey homewards, his dearest brother had entered into rest.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*February* 7.—This has been a day of heavy affliction, for I heard of the death-sickness of my darling John Mackintosh—my more than friend—a part of my own soul.

"This day also brought intelligence of what I was led to expect; that there is such perfect unanimity among the Barony people as will insure me the parish. But to enter it over the body of my dear friend Dr. Black, and John dying! Oh, my Father! teach me!

"My dear friend! Never, never have I known his equal, never! So pure, so true and genuine, so heavenly-minded and serene, so young and joyous, yet so old and sober; so loving and utterly unselfish, a beautiful, beautiful character; the modesty and tenderness of a gentle girl, with the manly courage of a matured Christian; knowing the world, yet not of it; mingling in it with a great broad-heartedness, yet unstained by a single spot; warm and refreshing and life-giving as the sun, yet uncontaminated by all it shone on. But I cannot utter my reverential and loving feelings towards my dearest and best; and can it be that *he*, *he* is dying! I feel the whole earth slipping away from me and only Jesus remaining.

"*Tuesday*, *February* 11.—This day I intend going to Tübingen to see my dear John. I am not conscious of any selfish motive, unless the craving desire to see, help, and comfort, and, it may be, bid farewell to my dearest friend be selfishness.

"What shall be the end thereof?"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cannstadt (written after leaving him on the Friday, March 7th, to return on the Monday morning to spend his last day with him):—

"CALW, *half-past five* P.M., *Friday*, *March 7th*, 1851.

"Well, darling John! More for my own comfort than yours, yet also to cheer you up a bit, I embrace the first moment given me to tell you my news. Like the woman who shows Roslin Chapel, I must begin at the beginning—*i.e.*, from Stuttgart.

"I found myself at half-past nine in an *Eilwagen* with two horses, and no passenger but myself. Opposite me was an old conductor who had grown grey in the service of that mysterious Prince of *Thurn und Taxis*, whose dominions seem to be *Eilwagens* and extra posts, and his subjects *Schwagers* and conductors. My companion was most agreeable; blessed me when I sneezed, offered me *Schnapps* from his flask, and gladly took the half of my dinner from me, by way of showing his love to me. He was a thorough Swabian, and therefore I did not always understand him, but I managed by a series of nods, intimating, 'I wouldn't wonder,' 'I suppose so,' to impress him profoundly with my intelligence.

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"The road was uphill, the day cold, and very snowy. The scenery consisted of bare white fields, with cloaks and hats of fir plantations, here and there a steeple. I passed through sundry villages, but I hardly know yet where I am. Calw is in some valley beside some river, having streets, *Gasthäuser*, and magistrates; and, it is said, four thousand inhabitants. The whole city is for the present concentrated in dear Dr. Barth. He received me with open arms, hugged me, kissed me, and did my heart a power of good in five minutes. He had an excellent dinner waiting and two friends to meet me.

"For the last hour I have been enjoying the dear man's society and examining his house, and I assure you it is worth a visit. He has a suite of five rooms, entering one into the other. The first is a bedroom; the second a sitting-room; the third his study; the fourth a nice bedroom; the fifth a missionary museum. A more jolly ideal *housey* you never were in! Everything about it enlarges the mind, and drives one's thoughts to every part of the globe. The pictures of missionaries and mission scenes that cover the walls of the rooms, the maps, plans, books, all are enlarging to the spirit. The very clock which is now ticking beside me is itself a poem. It has in its dial one large watch surrounded by four small ones. The middle one counts German time. The others the time at Pekin, Otaheite, New York, and Jerusalem! At this moment it is a quarter to six here; five minutes to one A.M. in Pekin (the emperor snores!); half-past seven P.M. in Jerusalem (the sun is shining softly on Olivet); a quarter-past six in Otaheite; ten minutes past mid-day in money-making New York. (Wall Street is full of business!)

"The missionary museum is exceedingly interesting. It would take days to examine it fully. The fruits, dresses, minerals, idols, &c., are from mission stations. One little trifle struck me. It was a bit of pure white marble from the basement stone of Solomon's temple. It shows, I think, that the whole temple must have been of white marble (which I never knew before); and if so, how pure, how glorious in the sun's rays—what a beautiful type of Christ's Church!

"Dr. Barth received a letter at dinner-time from the Bishop of Jerusalem. He keeps up a correspondence with missionaries in all parts of the world, and knows more of the men and their missions than any other man living.

"*Nine* P.M.—We have had much delightful conversation regarding missions and missionaries. Our very supper tasted of the work, for it consisted of reindeer tongue sent by the Labrador missionaries!

"And now, darling, I must stop. You know how much my thoughts, my prayers, my heart and spirit, all are with you. Every hour the parting becomes more real, more solemn. Nothing keeps up my heart but that which keeps up your own—'It is God's will—His sweet will!'

"How glorious, how intensely blessed, to feel that we are in Christ, all of us! Oh, those blessed days I have passed with you!—Heaven, in spite of all darkness. Is it memory already? It is not. I am with you, beside you, among you all. Oh, my dearest of brothers, may Jesus shine on you day and night, and may you shine through His indwelling. God bless you, dearest. Farewell."

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To the SAME:—

"CARLSRUHE, *Saturday Evening, half-past six, March 8th*, 1851.

"DEAREST AND BEST OF EARTHLY BROTHERS!

"I left dear old Barth this morning at ten. I do think that he and his house are the most perfect ideals of what missionary *archbishops* should be and should have. Only picture the old fellow resting his feet on a stuffed tiger from Abyssinia, giving me at breakfast honey from Jerusalem, and a parting glass of wine from Lebanon! Is it not perfect? And then his apostolic look and conversation! What a busy man he is! Besides superintending the books published by the *Calwer Verein* (most of which he has written himself), he edits five journals monthly—one for the young, of eighty pages; and four missionary journals making fifty six pages, in all, one hundred and thirty-six pages every month! His books have been translated into seventeen different languages. It is really most ennobling and elevating to one's spirit to see that old man, so plain and simple, yet, there in his humble house, corresponding with every part of the globe, watching day by day the spread of Christ's kingdom, visiting with his spirit and heart every scene of missionary labour, and thoroughly acquainted with them all. This is being a king indeed. Surely 'we can make our lives sublime' by doing *the* work Christ has given us. I think Barth is more of a prince, a governor, a general, than any of the reigning monarchs of Europe. He has made me feel more how grand and glorious a position in the universe a true-hearted minister may occupy. May God make me such, and 'I shall pity Cæsar.'

"Well, dear, after embracing and re-embracing, I parted very thankful. He loves you very much, and it was such a comfort to have one with me who did so, and who, with me, would thank our most gracious Lord in your behalf.

"I got into a half-open cab at ten. It was snowing and very cold, and we contemplated taking a sledge. But the *Schwager* promised he would convey me safely. The road was execrable. Nothing out of the backwoods worse. We took three and a half hours to drive twelve miles. It lay at first along a valley which must be exquisite in summer, and then passed up and over a high hill, thick with trees, which showered the snow upon us as their branches swept over the cab. Once or twice I made up my mind for a jolly good upset, but the *Schwager*, by hanging on occasionally on the up-side, preserved the equilibrium."

To ——:—

"OFF MAINTZ, *ten o'clock, Wednesday, March 12th*, 1851.

"How my spirit lingers in that lonely room where I was last with him before five yesterday morning? It was very solemn and very memorable. The candle was in the other room, and I asked him in the dark how he was. He had passed another night of weary tossings to and fro. Yet to hear him say in the darkness, 'I wish I could sing! I should give glory to God!' I feel that we have taken in but very partially the heaven-sent lesson taught us in that beautiful character. But such a lesson can only be truly learned by a patient and cheerful following of Christ, seeing what He would have us outwardly do and inwardly be. To *see*, to *do*, to *be*, requires

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that right state of spirit which is maintained by a daily waiting on Christ and a strengthening of our faith in Him, as our only sure and our best guide in all things, as giving us in everything the best things for us, and in His own way. It is not necessary for us to impose burdens on ourselves, to whip ourselves with cords, or to cast ourselves on a funeral pile. God is rich in mercy, and He may sanctify us by what He gives as well as by what He takes away; nor is it necessary for us to pain our hearts by determining what we shall do in such and such circumstances. The Lord shuts us up to one thing: 'Do what is right; if you wish it, I will teach thee.' Each day has its own duties, and trials, and difficulties. God does not tell us to take care of the week, month, or year, but of the day or hour; not of the next possible mile of the journey, but of the certain step which must be taken for the present. We require grace to receive His mercies as much as to receive His chastisements; in neither case to doubt His love, never to think He gives the former grudgingly, or the other severely.

"I had a superb sleep last night; but, what was very odd, I started up and lit my candle the very minute (twenty minutes to five) at which John's bell had rung on Tuesday morning."

To the SAME:—

"*Passing the Sieben-Gebirge.*

"I have really had a happy day toddling down this glorious stream. The sun was bright, and things looked tolerable. I cannot say that any poetic feeling was stirred up. The castles in spite of me suggested vulgar impressions of immense barons, all boots and beards, rioting and drinking, and thinking only how Baron A. could be swindled or Baron D. murdered; what *Tochter* la Baronne E. had, and whether she could be purchased for the hopeful, turnip-faced, blustering young Baron Swillingbeer. Then those vineyards are indissolubly interwoven in the fancy with tables-d'hôte. The imagination pictures myriads of drinkers in all lands longing to suck their juices. The whole land seems to be robbed from poetry and the Middle Ages, and consigned for ever to barrels and wine-bibbers. There was not an Englishman on board, and that relieved the prose a little.

"I met two girls who were emigrating to America. How happy they were, poor things, when I told them that I had been in the town to which they were going, and that it was so handsome, and that they would go across the ocean as easy as to Stuttgart, for thence they came, and my heart was stirred for them; and then (good creatures) they asked me if I had met their *Schwager*. I told them, *possibly*. They at once treated me as a brother, and showed me their letters. I really made them very happy by my pictures of the calm ocean and glorious America.

"I had a long talk with an old sailor on board, quite a character. I opened his heart with cigars, and he was very communicative. He spoke in broken sentences, each delivered in an under voice very confidentially to me, while he always turned up his eyes to heaven, kept his elbows by his side, and wriggled his wrists as if a thousand mysteries lay far beyond his brief communications. 'An old cloister that—hate the priests—ceremonies (*many wriggles*)—the best cloister is the heart (*great confidence*). Stop her! (*to the engineer*). Democrats! (*fearful wriggles*)—the Jesuits did the whole. In old times they forgave the sins of thieves and murderers,' and he ran

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off, looking over his shoulders, winking hard, and his two hands in perpetual motion. Soon I felt a tap on my back—'The Protestant ministers not much better—too learned—don't care for the people—they give words—words—but what do they? (*wrists, eyes, all going, and immense confidence.*) 'The people are best. Ach, Herr, we must make the heart our church—minister—all—and love God and man.' He darted off to take soundings. I left him, but we are yet to smoke together. Oh, this great heart of humanity! How grand it ever is when it is real! What a magnificent study is man, and how elevating at all times to realise one's brotherhood, to rise like a hill above the earth's surface, and to converse with other hills, and to feel that both are rooted in the common earth, and are beneath the same sun, and are refreshed with the same dew!

"While I thus write, partly to relieve my own heart and partly to take your thoughts for five minutes from your present sorrows, I am dragged back to the dear group at Cannstadt.

"Perhaps this may find you in the midst of more than ordinary sorrow, when amusing words will sicken you. But it may be quite otherwise. Oh! trust, trust. Dearer, infinitely dearer, is he to his own Lord and brother than he can be to us."

"Surely 'tis all a dream! Is this the Rhine?
Is this majestic pile of ruin old St. Goar?
That far-off rush of water Lurlei's roar?
Oh, what a joyous life of lives was mine,
When those dear castled hills of clustering vine
First flashed upon me in the days of yore!
Such glorious visions I can see no more!
For though within a holier light doth shine,
Yet this deep sorrow veils it as a cloud,
Casting from shore to shore a sombre shroud,
That scarce a trace of the old life is found.
Into one wish my thoughts and feelings blend,
To be with those dear mourners who surround
The dying-bed of my best earthly friend."

From his JOURNAL:—

"DALKEITH, *April* 11.

"My memory can never require to be refreshed by a record of those memorable days of intense life, when days were years, and hours months. For ever shall I vividly remember the rushing journey, the burning fever of morbid anxiety as I hurried on and on from this to the Rhine—along that river darkened by mist—from the Rhine to Stuttgart, and then by moonlight, which seemed to light me to my grave, to Tübingen, until after midnight I stood outside *his* door and had some rest, when I felt he was there. Shall I ever forget the meeting? the horror of darkness followed by prayer, by hopes, by heavenly gleams from unexpected sources, by fears and sore strugglings. And then his room, and our daily on-goings, the screen, the big chair, the table with its books, watch, thermometer, the stove, himself seated on the bed, the brown plaid, the shut eyes, the head inclined to one side, the peaceful smile, the resigned and meek look, the 'dearie' kiss,

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the whispered holy things, the drawing-room too, and the piano, the life in death, the sunshine 'that never was on sea or land.' Then came Tuesday, the 11th, and at early dawn the last farewell, while at evening thou wast with thy Father!"

To——:—

"DALKEITH, *Sunday.*

"All hail! The Lord is risen. The world is redeemed, and that coffin shall be broken, and that darling body be glorified, and we shall be with him and all in Christ forever. And, oh, the calm joy of assurance, deep as in the existence of God, that on this lovely spring Sabbath, when flowers are bursting forth, and birds are singing, and the sun is shining, in this world of sin and death, he, our beloved darling, is really in life and strength and intelligence and unutterable joy, remembering us all, and waiting for us! Will he not feel so at home? Is he not breathing his own delicious air? I see him now with a sunny look of joy, gazing on his Lord, praising Him, meeting every moment some new acquaintance—new, yet old. Oh! this is not death; it is life! 'life abundantly.'"

To the SAME:—

"*Tuesday, 17th March.*—What can man say or do? Leaving Cannstadt, leaving it in such silent company! My spirit is with you all day, often, often in the watches of the night. At four this morning I was praying for you."

To the SAME:—

"*Wednesday Afternoon.*—I have been thinking much of that luggage and those things of his. It is strange, inexpressibly strange to see dead things only, and not to see the living one. Yet was it not so when Christ rose? The linen clothes and the napkin, left in order behind, and He gone! But our dear one lives! and I can so well fancy him smiling at those poor remembrances of sin and sorrow, which are nevertheless to us signs of faith triumphant in death. I am sure when our day of death comes, if we have time to think, the room at Cannstadt will be strength to us."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April 11th.*—We buried him on Wednesday last, the 9th. The day was calm and beautiful. The sky was blue, with a few fleecy clouds. The birds were singing: everything seemed so holy and peaceful. His coffin was accompanied by those who loved him. As I paced beside him to his last resting place, I felt a holy joy as if marching beside a noble warrior receiving his final honours. Oh, how harmonious seemed his life and death! I felt as if he was still alive, as if he still whispered in my ear, and all he said—for he seemed only to repeat his favourite sayings—was in beautiful keeping with this last stage of his journey:—'It is His own sweet will;' 'Dearie, we must be as little children;' 'We must follow Christ,' and so he seemed to resign himself meekly to be borne to his grave, to smile upon us all in love as he was lowered down, and as the earth covered him from our sight, it was as if he said, 'Father! Thou hast appointed

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all men once to die. Thy sweet will be done! I yield to Thine appointment! My Saviour has gone before me; as a little child I follow!' And there we laid him and rolled the sod over him. Yet the birds continued to sing, and the sun to shine, and the hills to look down on us. But long after earth's melodies have ceased, and the mountains departed, and the sun vanished, that body shall live in glory, and that beautiful spirit be—

"'A Memnon singing in the great God light.'

"'O, sir, the good die first;
And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket!'

"O God of infinite grace, help me—help us, weak, trembling, infirm, ignorant, to cleave fast to Thee in all Thy ways—to be led by Thy Spirit in whatever way He teaches us, and to glorify Thee in body and soul, by life or by death. Amen."

"*July.*—This is my last Sabbath in Dalkeith, and this Sabbath ends another great era in my life.

"The last six months have been to me concentrated life. I have lived intensely. I have lived ages—all ending with my bidding farewell this day to a devoted and loving people! When I glance over the last twenty years I think I have some idea of life in its most striking, wild, and out-of-the-way phases. I fancy I have seen it in its strangest hues, and into its depths more than most people; often too much so for my own happiness."

Letters to —— :—

"It is often as difficult for me to think of making happiness without 'conditions' as it is for you, perhaps much more so; but we know that if we really yield ourselves to God's teaching within and without—in our hearts and in our circumstances—and know that it is His will, and not ours merely, *i.e.*, that it must be, or ought to be, (for with Christians must and ought are one) then we shall have peace, for we shall have fellowship with the will of God. You cannot feel yourself more an infant than I do.

". . . What is devotedness? It is not a giving up, but a full and complete receiving in the best possible way (*i.e.*, in God's way) of the riches of His bounty. It is being first in sympathy with God, judging and choosing, rejoicing with Him; and then consequently resting satisfied with all He wills us to be, to do, to receive, give up, suffer or enjoy"

To the Same:—

"*Sunday Night*

"Duties are the education for eternity, which is endless duty.

"Our pleasures are in exact proportion to our duties.

"All religion is summed up in one little word, Love. God asks this, we cannot give more, He cannot take less.

"I have been reading Luther's '*Haus-Postille*,' and have been much amused by his hits against false monkish humility.

"It is not humility to ignore whatever good God gives us or makes of us; but to receive all from Him, thank Him for all, and use all according to His permission or command.

"So let that keep us up, and guide us."

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To the SAME:—

"*May* 29.

" . . Oh for the clear eye to discern those eras in life, those turning points, and to hear the voice of love and wisdom and holiness, (by hints unmistakable by the pure mind), saying, 'this is the way, walk in it!' Oh for the humble heart to fall into God's plan, whatever it be, be it life or death!

" . It will soon be all over with me—at most twenty or thirty years. Let me bravely do my duty, and then, Hurrah!

"After leaving you I went to the Assembly, and then went in search of my poor invalid. Got the house with some trouble; and then where next? To his grave. And there, with many tears and many prayers, I did get much peace. The sunlight from that holy spot comes over me. I heard him speak to me—'Be as a little child! Follow—do not lead. Live in the Spirit!' Yes,' I said, 'yes, darling, thou wouldst say the same things now, and maybe thou art near me.' And I blessed God for his words—earnestly prayed that they might be realized; and they shall be. We shall follow his faith. If we liked to please him on earth—much more now. But we have a better Brother—our own Lord—with us. To please Him in all things is Heaven, to displease Him, Hell!"

To the SAME, after preaching his "trial" sermon in the Barony:—

"GLASGOW, *May* 18, 1851. *Sunday Evening.*

"Another milestone in this awful journey is over—another bend in the great stream has swept me nearer the unfathomable gulf.

"I had such a crowd—passages, stairs, up to the roof! That is but a means, not an end. Yes! I had one of those high days which sometimes are granted to me; when I feel the grandeur of my calling and forget man, except as an immortal and accountable being; when the heart is subdued, awed, blessed! I believe souls were stirred up to seek God. I was dreadfully wearied—done up—but I cared not. I felt, 'the night cometh—work!' Is it not strange—and yet it is not—that, as usual, the moment I entered the pulpit and saw that breathless crowd, Cannstadt arose before me, and remained there all the day! He was a vision haunting me, yet sobering me, elevating me; pointing always upward, so purifying, so solemnising and sanctifying; and I felt dear friends with me, bidding me be good and holy; and when the great song of praise arose, my heart rose with it, and I felt all that is good will live, and shall have a great, an endless, and blessed day in Heaven. On earth I know not what may be. God's will be done!

* * * * *

"As to distraction in prayer, how *I* know this, and have to struggle against it! but it is not good, and dare not be allowed, but must be conquered.

"To do this, (1) Have a fixed time for prayer; (2) Pray earnestly at commencement against it, (3) Divide the prayer, so as to have confession for a few minutes, then thanksgiving, &c. This gives relief to the strain on the mind. I speak as a man who looks back with horror at my carelessness in secret prayer. Backsliding begins in the closet, and ends—where!"

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To the SAME :—

"DALKEITH, *Saturday Morning.*

"I think that Baxter's seventh chapter in the 'Saints' Rest' is something far, far beyond even himself. One should get it by heart; it is such a chapter as that—so earnest, so searching, so awfully solemn and true—which humbles, and stirs up, and makes one feel intensely 'I have not yet attained,' and resolve more firmly to do this 'one thing,'—press on, and on! Why, what do we expect? To be glorified with Christ! equal with St. John and St. Paul—this or devils! To press on is to realise more blessedness and glory, more joy and perfect peace! Oh, how weak I am—a very, very babe! But it required Omnipotence to make me a babe."

To the same :—

"DALKEITH, *Sunday Evening.*

"What a day of hail and snow! I was so struck at one time to-day. The heavens were dark; the hail came booming down, and rushed along the ground like foam snatched by the storm-blast from a wintry ocean; but the moment it ceased, there was such a sweet blink of sunshine, and instantly the woods were full of melody from a whole choir of blackbirds! We, too, should sing when the storm is over!—but why do we not beat the birds, and sing while it lasts? 'Are we not better than the fowls?—yet God careth for them!'

"I have preached in England and Ireland, America and the Continent, in all sorts of places on sea and land, in huts and palaces, to paupers and to nobles—I sometimes feel a curiosity to know the results! and I shall know them! It is a noble, a glorious work! I praise God for giving me such a 'talent,' and only pray that while I preach to others I may not be a castaway! But, no! I know I shall not—praise to his omnipotent Grace!

"I have for years been a very busy man, but I never for an hour sought for work—it was always given to me. I know your active spirit is one of the features of your character, but be patient, and only by God's grace keep your mind in that most necessary state—which will discern the Lord's voice when He calls. I have great faith in what I call signs—indescribable hints, palpable hints, that 'this is the way, walk ye in it.' One cannot, before they come, tell what they shall be; but when the 'fulness of the time' comes when the Lord has appointed us to do anything, something or other occurs that comes home instantaneously to us with the conviction, 'the Lord's time has come! I have to do this!'"

To the SAME :—

10½ P.M. *Sunday.*

"Shall I tell you all I have been doing to-day?

"I went to bed at one (A.M.), for my time had been broken up all day, and in the evening I did the honours to ——. By the way, in all our judgments and criticisms of people, we should ever see them in their true relationships to us. The world has one set of rules, the Church another. Distinguish between gifts and endowments, and the use which is made of them. See things in their spiritual rather than their earthly relationships. I do not say that one can entirely forget the latter, or that when combined with the former (I mean the gift with the grace) they do not make God's creature much more beautiful; but accustoming ourselves to these thoughts,

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our judgments and mode of thinking and speaking about people will every day be modified and brought by degrees into greater harmony with God's judgments. I have had sore struggles with this; but intercourse with the good, especially among the working classes, has gradually moulded my feelings into a quieter state. And how has all this been so rapidly suggested? I cannot help smiling, yea laughing, at poor —— having been the cause! But I often feel sore if I have seemed to speak unfeelingly or unkindly, or in a worldly way of any one or for any cause, who I feel is a believer.

"I am only at one in the morning yet! I rose at half-past seven, read, &c., till half-past eight. Went to my Sabbath school at nine. Preached twice. Went in the evening with Jane to read part of my sermon to dear Elizabeth Patterson, and had worship there, after paying a visit to an old woman, who I believe was really brought, as she says herself, to the knowledge of Christ by me when she was sixty-three, and whom I admitted for the first time as a communicant!"

To the SAME :—

"*Tuesday Evening, June 26.*

"By fellowship is meant one-mindedness, sympathy, agreement. It is not the submission of a servant to a command because it is a command. It is more, much more than this. It is the sympathy of the friend with the friend, seeing and appreciating his character and plans, and entering into them with real heart satisfaction. It is the 'amen,' the 'so let it be,' of the spirit. 'I have not called you servants, but friends.' To have this fellowship two things are needed: first, knowing our master's will, and secondly, having that mind and spirit in us which necessarily sympathises with it.

"It is delightful to stand in spirit *beside* Christ, and look outwards from that central point, and see things as He sees them. This is having His 'light' and 'life,' and therefore so living and seeing as He does; and while we do so, He has fellowship with us! There is something very grand I think in this high calling, to be partakers of Christ's mind and joy! It is such godlike treatment of creatures! It shows the immense benevolence of Christ, to create us so as to lift us up to this sublime position, to make us joint heirs with Himself in all this intellectual and moral greatness and blessedness."

To the SAME :—

"Have just come in to breathe a little after visiting sick. How beautifully Christ's example meets us and suits us in everything. In visiting the sick poor one endures innumerable petty sufferings from the close den, bad air, and fifty things which are sometimes almost insufferable to our senses and tastes. But when one is disposed to fly, or get disgusted, the thought comes of His washing His disciples' feet, and living among wretched men. 'He who was rich'—from whom all taste and the perception of the beautiful has come! He who was heir of all things. Yet, with His human nature, what must He have 'put up with' in love!

"It is difficult to separate the real from the accidental. But when I see a poor, ugly, unlearned Christian, I sometimes think that if the heart and spirit remained as they were—yet if that face by some magic power was made beautiful, that tongue made to speak nicely, that form made elegant,

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the manners refined, the cottage changed to a palace, in short, if the real person was put in a better *case*, how altered would all seem. So in the reverse, if George IV. had a squint eye, hump back, ragged clothes, vulgar pronunciation, manner, &c., what a revolution! Yet will there not be a revolution in the good and the bad like this? Thus you see I try and idealize poor Lizzie S., and some of my poor Christian bodies, and if possible see kings and queens shining through their poor raiment.

"You never beheld a more peaceful, lovely evening. Oh! it is heavenly. The large pear-tree is bursting into blossom, the willows are rich yellow in the woods, and the birds are busy with their nests.

"'Singing of summer with full-throated ease.

Everything is so calm, so peaceful; why is not man's throbbing heart equally calm? Why do we not always sing with the birds, and shine with the sun, and laugh with the streams, and play with the breeze? It is, I suppose, because much sorrow must belong to man ere he can receive much joy. Yet when the true life is in us, there is always a sweet undersong of joy in the heart; but it is sometimes unheard amidst the strong hurricane.

"The calls I am from time to time receiving from those to whom I have done good are most delightful. I begin to think that the seed has taken better root than I had thought. Praise God for it!"

To the SAME:—

"*Friday Night*, 12½.

"Free salvation. Justification by faith alone. John did not see this for a time. When he saw it the burthen was removed for ever! Unbelief is dishonouring to God. You glorify Him by reposing on Him, and heartily trusting Him: trusting His teaching in the Word, conscience and providence. Remember you have a living Saviour, and a loving one, always the same.

"Confess Christ, and commend the gospel by calm peace as well as by words. Aim at passing Christian judgments upon things, and beware of worldly judgments. Aim at seeing persons in their relation to Christ, and to nothing lower.

"I have had two days' visitation since you went away. You have no idea of the overwhelming interest of such days among our brothers and sisters. What a volume of intense romance each day contains! How good, how contented it makes you; how it corrects selfishness; how deeply it makes you feel your responsibility; what treasure you lay up! Let me see; can I convey to you, in a few lines, specimens of my cases?

"1. A husband sick, has hardly spoken for months to his wife and family—selfish, jealous; I got them reconciled; promises to have family worship."

"2. A woman in low spirits, all alone, cried bitterly; told me in agony she frequently planned suicide. Made her promise to go through a course of medicine, and always to come to me when ill.

"3. A bedridden pauper—horrid house.

"4. An infidel tailor—very intelligent. Had read Alton Locke, &c. An hour with him. I shook him heartily by the hand—is to come to church.

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"5. An idiot pauper—a half-idiot sister—a daughter-in-law of latter, who is very wicked, says 'she will take her chance' for eternity, was impressed by all I said yesterday, but came here to-day tipsy, but knowing, however, what she was saying.

"6. A mother very anxious—had a long talk with her, she received good and comfort. And so on, and so on. Oh, for unselfish, Christian hearts to live and die for the world! How far, far are we from Him who left the heavens and became poor and lived among such—to lift us up! Alas! alas! how unlike the world is to Him! It has no tears—no labours, no care for lost man. We are selfish and shut-up. Christians hardly know their Master's work in the world!"

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CHAPTER XIII.

1851—1856.

NORMAN MACLEOD was inducted minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, in July, 1851; and on the 11th of August in the same year was married to Catharine Ann Mackintosh, daughter of the late William Mackintosh, Esq., of Geddes, and sister of his dearest friend, John Mackintosh.

He first lived in Woodlands Terrace, then at the western extremity of the city. The house stood high, and commanded a wide prospect from its upper windows. The valley of the Clyde lay in front, and over the intervening roofs and chimney-stacks his eye rested with delight on the taper masts of ships crowded along the quays. Farther away, and beyond the smoke of the city, rose the range of the Cathkin Hills, and Hurlet Neb, and the "Braes of Gleniffer," their slopes flecked by sun and shadow. From the back windows there was a glorious view of the familiar steeps of Campsie Fell. The glow of sunrise or of sunset on these steeps was such a delight to him that often, when he had guests, he made them follow him up-stairs, to share his own enjoyment of the scene.

The stir and bustle of the commercial capital of Scotland were thoroughly congenial to him. He loved Glasgow, and rejoiced in the practical sense, the enterprise, and generosity which characterised its kindly citizens. The very noise of its busy streets was pleasant to his ears. His friends remember how he used to describe himself sitting in his study, in the quiet of the winter morning, and knowing that six o'clock had struck by hearing, far down below him in the valley of the Clyde, the *thud* of a great steam-hammer, to which a thousand hammers, ringing on a thousand anvils, at once replied, telling that the city had awakened to another day of labour.

It was his habit to rise very early, and, after giving the first hours to devotion, he wrote or studied till breakfast time. The forenoon was chiefly employed receiving persons calling on business of every conceivable description, and the afternoon was occupied with parochial visitation, and other public duties. When it was possible, he reserved an hour during the evening for the enjoyment of music or for reading aloud. Every Saturday he took the only walk for the week which had no object but enjoyment. The first part of this walk usually brought

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him to John Macleod Campbell's house, which was two miles out of town, and, with him as his companion, it was continued into the country. But in whatever direction he went, the day seldom ended without his visiting the Broomielaw, where, for a while, he would wander with delight among the ships and sailors, criticising hulls and rigging, and looking with boyish wonder at the strange cargoes that were being discharged from the foreign traders.

Few contrasts can be greater than that presented to the stranger, who, after gazing at the hoary magnificence of Glasgow Cathedral—the very embodiment of the spirit of reverence and worship—looks across the street at the plain square pile of the Barony Church. Yet, any one who knows the work with the recollection of which that unpretending edifice is associated, will be disposed to pardon its ugliness in consideration of a certain sacred interest clinging to its walls. When he was inducted to the Barony, Norman Macleod at once recognized his position as minister, not only of the congregation which worshipped there, but of the enormous parish (embracing at that time 87,000 souls, and rapidly increasing) of which this was the Parish Church. There were of course many other churches in the parish; it contained the usual proportion of dissenting congregations, in addition to some chapels connected with the Church of Scotland. These, nevertheless, were not only inadequate to the requirements of the population, but were unequally distributed, so that many densely inhabited districts were left unprovided with either Church or School. There were also, at a depth reached by no agency then existing, those "lapsed classes" which form in all large cities the mighty problem of Christian philanthropy.

Every Sunday he preached to crowds that filled every seat and passage; yet by far the greater proportion of those actually connected with his church were not rich. They gave him, however, from the first, such hearty support in the furtherance of all his measures for the good of the parish at large, that, in spite of its comparative poverty, few, if any, of the congregations in the Church accomplished so much.

The Barony afforded a noble field for the development of his convictions as to the duties of the Christian congregation in reference to the manifold wants of society. When he entered on his new charge his mind was full of the subject, and he gave emphatic utterance, both in speeches and in magazine articles, to the views he was about to carry into practical effect:—

"A Christian congregation is a body of Christians who are associated not merely to receive instruction from a minister, or to unite in public worship, but also 'to consider one another, and to provoke to love and good works,' and as a society to do 'good unto all as they have opportunity.'

". . . It is a body. Its member are parts of an organized whole. The Lord's supper is the grand symbol of this unity. Other ends are unquestionably intended to be accomplished by this ordinance, but it is certainly designed to express this idea of unity. . . .

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"We are profoundly convinced that,—apart from, or in addition to, the immense power of the Christian life operating in and through individuals, and innumerable separate and isolated channels,—the society of the Christian Church acting through its distinct organizations or congregations, like an army acting through its different regiments, is the grand social system which Christ has ordained, not only for the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints, but also for advancing all that pertains to the well-being of humanity. We hold that the Christian congregation, if constructed and worked according to the intention of its designer, contains, in itself individually, or in conjunction with other congregations, material, moral, intellectual, active, and social forces which, when wisely applied to God's work on earth, are the best and most efficient means for doing it.

". . . But is this possible in a condition of society constituted as ours now is? Is the conception not a fond imagination, or, if attempted to be carried out, would it not lead to such extravagances and fanatical disorders, as from time to time have characterised minor sects which, in seeking to be perfect Churches, have sunk down to be perfect nuisances? It may be said, only look at the elements you have to work upon! Look at that farmer, or this shopkeeper. Study that servant, or this master. Enter the houses of those parishioners, from the labourer to the laird. Is there the intelligence, the principle, the common sense—any one element which would combine those members into a body for any high or holy end? They love one another! They help to convert the world! Would it were so—but it is impracticable!"

To these difficulties he replied by indicating what, at all events, must be recognised as the will of Christ, in reference to Christian duty; and then showed how much latent power there is in every congregation which only requires sufficient occasion for its display:—

"Grace Darling, had she been known only as a sitter or a pewholder in a congregation, might have been deemed unfit for any work requiring courage or self-sacrifice. But these noble qualities were all the while *there*. In like manner we have seen among our working classes, a man excited by some religious enthusiast or fanatical Mormonite, who all at once seemed inspired by new powers, braved the sneers of companions, consented to be dipped in the next river, turned his small stock of knowledge into immediate use, exhorted, warned, proselytised among his neighbours—giving, in short, token of a force lying hid in one who once seemed unfit for anything but to work on week-days and to sleep on Sabbath-days. Does not the Hindu Fakir, who swings from a hook fixed in the muscles of his back, and every popish devotee who braves the opinion of society by going with bare feet and in a comical dress, demonstrate what a man can and will do if you can only touch the mainspring of his being? It is thus that there are in many congregations men and women who have in them great powers of some kind, which have been given them by God, and which, though lying dormant, are capable of being brought out by fitting causes. Nay, every man is enriched with some talent or gift, *if we could only discover it*, which, if educated and properly directed, is capable of enriching others."

The Church demanded the discovery of these gifts, the personal in-

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fluence of living Christians being the only agency sufficient to meet the evils of society.

"We want living men! Not their books or their money only, but themselves. The poor and needy ones who, in this great turmoil of life, have found no helper among their fellows—the wicked and outcast, whose hand is against every man's, because they have found, by dire experience of the world's intense selfishness, that every man's hand is against them—the prodigal and broken-hearted children of the human family, who have the bitterest thoughts of God and man, if they have any thoughts at all beyond their busy contrivances how to live and indulge their craving passions—all these by the mesmerism of the heart, and by the light of that great witness, conscience, which God in mercy leaves as a light from heaven in the most abject dwelling of earth, can to some extent read the living epistle of a renewed soul, written in the divine characters of the Holy Spirit! They can see and feel, as they never did anything else in this world, the love which calmly shines in that eye, telling of inward light, and peace possessed, and of a place of rest found and enjoyed by the weary heart! They can understand and appreciate the utter unselfishness—to them a thing hitherto hardly dreamt of—which prompted this visit from a home of comfort and refinement to an unknown abode of squalor or disease, and which expresses itself in those kind words and tender greetings that accompany their ministrations."

But even where there are the desire and ability to engage in such a work, a wise organization is required to make them effective.

". . . There is not found in general that wise and authoritative congregational or church direction and government, which could at least suggest, if not assign, fitting work to each member, and a fitting member for each work. Hence little comparatively is accomplished. The most willing church member gazes over a great city, and asks in despair, 'What am *I* to do here?' And what would the bravest soldiers accomplish in the day of battle, if they asked the same question in vain? What would a thousand of our best workmen do in a large factory, if they entered it with willing hands, yet having no place or work assigned to them?*

". . . The common idea at present is that the whole function of the Church is to teach and preach the gospel; while it is left to other organizations, infidel ones they may be, to meet all the other varied wants of our suffering people. And what is this but virtually to say to them, the Church of Christ has nothing to do as a society with your bodies, only with your souls, and that, too, but in the way of teaching? Let infidels, then, give you better houses or better clothing, and seek to gratify your tastes and improve your social state;—with all this, and a thousand other things needful for you as men, we have nothing to do. What is this, too, but to give these men the impression that Christ gives them truth merely on Sabbath through ministers, but that He has nothing to do with what is given them every day of the week through other channels? Whereas the Christian congregation or society ought not to consider as foreign to itself any one

* Extracted from articles on "What is a Christian Congregation?" in *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for 1852.

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thing which its loving Head Jesus Christ gives to bless and dignify man, and desires man to use and enjoy. We must not separate ourselves from any important interest of our brethren of mankind, calling the one class of blessings spiritual, and accepting these as the special trust of the Christian Church, and calling another class temporal, and recognizing them as a trust for society given to the unbelievers. In so doing we give Satan the advantage over us. Let congregations take cognizance of the whole man and his various earthly relationships, let them seek to enrich him with all Christ gave him, let them endeavour to meet all his wants as an active, social, intellectual, sentient, as well as spiritual being, so that man shall know through the ministrations of the body, the Church, how its living Head gives them all things richly to enjoy! Every year seems to me to demand this more and more from the Christian Church. I see no way of meeting Socialism but this. I see no efficient way of meeting Popery but this. Organization is one stronghold of Romanism, and self-sacrifice for the sake of the Church is another. Protestantism cannot meet either by dogma merely, it must meet both by organization and government with Christian liberty, and above all by life." *

These views form the key to the general plan of his work in the Barony.

After having personally visited the different families under his immediate charge, he commenced to organize his agencies, with the determination to make the congregation the centre from which he was to work the parish. He first formed a large kirk-session of elders and deacons,† and at once gave the Court, over which he presided officially, direct control over all the agencies he intended to employ. However numerous might be the various "workers," male and female, who took an active part in missionary labour, all of them were under the direction and superintendence of the kirk-session. Even the names of those whose children were to be baptised, were regularly submitted to this body. In this manner he not only called forth the talents and energy of individuals, but so organized their work, under the constitutional government of the Church, that it went on smoothly and efficiently, even when he was himself obliged to be absent for a considerable period. He believed that the Presbyterian system, if duly administered, was admirably fitted for maintaining the union of individual energy with efficiency of government, and his experience amply confirmed his convictions.

* Speech delivered at public meeting for Church Endowment in the City Hall, Glasgow, January, 1852.

† In the Presbyterian Church the congregation is governed by a court consisting of the clergyman and a certain number of the laity, who are ordained as 'elders.' Norman Macleod was one of the first in the Church of Scotland to revive the office of deacon, whose duties chiefly refer to charitable, financial, and other business arrangements. Elders and deacons act together in all matters except those purely spiritual, worship and discipline. With these the elders and minister are alone legally competent to deal. The Kirk-Sessions of the Established Church are recognized 'Courts,' with a legal jurisdiction, and are amenable only to the Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly.

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One leading feature in his plan of operation was the establishment of district meetings with his people. For this end, the congregation was divided into twelve districts, according to their place of residence, to each of which one or more elders, with a proportionate number of deacons, were appointed. He held a meeting once a year in each of these districts, which all the families connected with his congregation, residing within it, were expected to attend. The minister, accompanied by the elders and deacons of the district had thus an opportunity of meeting old and young in an informal and friendly manner. Kindly greetings were exchanged, explanations made as to congregational work, and pastoral advice given on practical matters. The communicants in this way not only enjoyed personal intercourse with the office-bearers of the church, but became better acquainted with one another, and felt that the bonds of Christian fellowship were proportionately strengthened. This method of working became peculiarly useful when his increasing public duties made it impossible for him to visit separate households regularly.

The work of the congregation, as it was superintended by the kirk-session, was—(1) parochial; and (2) non-parochial.

1. The parochial objects included not only missionary operations dealing directly with the spiritual interests of the people, but also efforts for their educational and social improvement.

(i.) *The educational requirements* of his large parish gave him much labour and anxiety. For, although there were several day-schools supported by his kirk-session, and managed by a committee of their number, who visited them monthly and reported on their condition, yet there were districts where school accommodation had to be provided, and it fell to him to "beg" from his wealthier fellow citizens the greater portion of the funds required for this purpose. The toil which this imposed was great, and the task irksome. Nevertheless, during the first ten years of his incumbency, school accommodation was in this manner provided for two thousand scholars. He attempted, besides, on fixed days of each month, to visit the day and evening schools, and examine, encourage, and advise the pupils.

As he came more in contact with the working classes, he saw the need of still another educational agency. Evening classes were opened for adults, at which the interesting spectacle was presented of grown-up men and women (many of them married) patiently toiling at different standards, from the alphabet upwards. Schools of a similar nature had been attempted before, but had failed from insufficient care being taken in the appointment of teachers. He attributed the success of his schools to the fact that they were under certificated Government teachers. At one of these schools, there were sometimes two hundred and twenty grown-up men and women.

From seven to twelve Sabbath-schools, with sometimes as many as fourteen hundred scholars, were organized into a single society under the care of the session. With these schools the minister kept himself

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always well acquainted, and as frequently as possible gave expository lectures to the teachers, on the lessons. He also taught on Sunday, for several winters, a class numbering about one hundred, consisting of the children of members of his congregation.

(ii.) *For the social improvement of the parish* he founded the first Congregational Penny Savings Bank in Glasgow, and established in one of the busiest centres of labour a Refreshment-room, where working-men could get cheap and well-cooked food, and enjoy a comfortable reading-room at their meal-hours, instead of being obliged to have recourse to the public-house. The success which attended these endeavours led to the establishment of similar institutions on a larger scale throughout the city. In the later years of his ministry, he also organized various methods of affording amusement and social recreation to the people connected with his missions.

(iii.) *The direct missionary and Church extension work of the parish* was continually enlarging, and at the same time changing ground. When he first came to the parish four chapels were without ministers or congregations. These chapels had been retained by the Free Church for several years, and it now fell to him and to his session to assist in procuring ministers for them, and to foster the congregations that were being formed. In other places, where a new population was rising, churches had to be built. In this way, as a sequel to the work of re-organizing chapels, six new churches were erected in his parish during his ministry, and in respect to most of these he had to bear a large share of the burden of collecting funds. While this work of church extension was going forward, his mission staff for overtaking destitute localities increased in ten years from one lay missionary, employed in 1852, to five missionaries (lay and clerical), with three Bible-women and a colporteur, all of whom were superintended by him and his session.

There were other parochial agencies, such as the Young Men's Association, Clothing Society, &c., which need not be particularly noticed.

2. His *extra-parochial plans* had reference chiefly to the raising of money for the missionary work of the Church of Scotland Here also organization, and the intelligent interest in mission work at home and abroad, created by his continually affording information to his people on that subject, bore remarkable fruit. For although, as has been stated, his congregation was not rich, yet there was scarcely another in the Church which contributed as much for missions as the Barony did, and he was accustomed to refer with gratification to the fact that the amount, large as it was, was made up chiefly of very small sums.

In order to maintain congregational life, and to promote a sense of brotherly unity, the kirk-session issued at short intervals Reports of their proceedings, and a social festival of the congregation was occasionally held, at which these reports were read, and kindly and instructive addresses delivered.

In this summer he carried out his ideas of the Christian congrega-

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tion as a society united for work. And it was only by such careful organization, and by the development of the latent force of the membership of the Church, that he could have overtaken the labour which was crowded into the twenty years of his incumbency in the Barony.

The work here described, together with the study requisite for the pulpit—he had always two, frequently three services to conduct every Sunday—might well have taxed the energies of any man. Yet, during the years comprised in this chapter, he was able, in addition, to edit *The Christian Magazine*, and to contribute many articles to its pages; to write, under the title of "The Early Student," a Memoir of his brother-in-law, John Mackintosh; to publish the "Home School" and "Deborah," and to take active part in the public and missionary business of the Church. It was no wonder that the pressure of such labour tried his strength to the utmost, or that in spite of his marvellous *physique*, he continually suffered from ailments which the world, seeing only his unfailing geniality, could not have suspected. His irrepressible humour and self-forgetfulness concealed from the eyes of strangers the burthen he was often bearing, alike of mental anxiety and of bodily pain.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June* 3, 1852.—What a year of mercies and of loving providences has this last one of my life been! I have come to a new parish—having the best living in Scotland (for which I feel deeply grateful!); a glorious field of labour. I have married, and have had a dear child born to me.

"I have as yet done little—I have done nothing that the great world can ever hear of, or if they did, care for. As far as fame is concerned, I am but one of many millions equally eminent on earth, and equally unknown. But I am thinking of what I have done God-ward—of what He knows—of what will last in eternity; and when I consider what I might have done, (therefore ought to have done, and therefore am very guilty in not having done), had I been daily earnest in prayer; had I been daily diligent and laborious in mastering those details in the Christian character which can alone insure success in the end; had I been watchful of my heart, careful in forming habits, conscientious in using my influence, saving of my time for reading, and improving my mind, and becoming a better scholar and a more learned man; had I laboured to make every sermon the best possible—what could I have done by the blessing of God on all? But I have been *frittering* my time. There has been a want of concentrated effort; a thousand little things connected with everything have scattered my strength. I have been deplorably slothful, and above all procrastinating. This has been a frightful incubus upon my life—not doing in the hour the work which should have been done. There is no habit the want of which I have felt more than that of proposing a worthy end, whether of study or some plan of Christian benevolence, and working wisely and *doggedly* up to it for years. I am too impatient and eager to grasp the end which I vividly realise in my mind, but cannot bear to attain by a long, fagging attention to the dry, prosaic details which, by the wise decree of God, are the essential steps of ascent to the summit. But by the grace of God I shall fight against this evil, and put it down in time to come."

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From his JOURNAL :—

"*Sunday, Sept.* 5, 1852.—What I propose for this winter is the following programme :—

"1. Rise as near six as possible. After devotion, give the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, to John's Memoir ; of Thursday, to the Magazine ; and Friday, Saturday, wholly to sermons.

"2. Keep the house till 1 P.M. ; at 9 A.M. prayers ; 9½, breakfast ; 10 to 11, letters ; 11 to 1, when not interrupted, the business of the morning continued, or public business, as may be necessary ; from 2 till 5, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, visiting sick, parish visitation, and calls ; 4, Friday and Saturday, to be given entirely to writing sermons ; 5, attend the evening adult class ; 6, as much as possible devote the time after dinner to my family and reading.

"May God in mercy help me ! I will begin to morrow.

"*Sept.* 6.—Rose at 6. This day I begin the Memoir of my beloved John. Oh my God and his, guide my pen ! In mercy keep me from writing anything false in fact or sentiment. May strict Truth pervade every sentence ! May I be enabled to show in him the education of the grace of God, so that other scholars in thy school may be quickened and encouraged to be followers of him as he was of Christ ! I feel utterly unworthy to undertake this Memoir, or of any of even the least of Thy saints. But Thou who hast given me this work in Thy providence, and called me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, wilt enable me, I doubt not, to show the riches of Christ as displayed in a poor sinner, and so to write that Thy Church on earth will approve, because it is such as is approved of by Jesus. Hear me, Lord !

"*Oct.* 8*th*, 6 A.M.—Subjects for prayer—

"A deeper spiritual insight into the Divine character,—to be able to say, with increasing intelligence, 'Thine eye seeth me.'

"To be devoted and be ready to give up ALL at a moment's notice to Jesus ; yea, in heart to resign all.

"I acknowledge that it is morally impossible for me without an omnipotent Saviour to do these things in any degree. Lord, I believe in Thee ! I desire to have Christ's love to His people and the world. Alas ! alas ! what a microscopic shadow of it have I !

"Oh my God, make me indeed a father to my people ! Help me to crucify this selfish, slothful, self-indulgent heart ! Help me constantly to forget self, and to seek, even to death, to do Thy will ; for then only shall I find my truer self ! Oh my God, pity me !

"*Oct.* 11*th*, 4¾ A.M.—Have been reading a little of 'Brainerd.' Next to the Bible, Christian biography is the most profitable. In as far as it is true, it is a revelation of the living God, through His living Church. The experience of the Church is one of the few accumulating privileges of the latter days. It is when I read some of the aspirations of Brainerd, that I feel how far away I am from that pure and lofty spirituality of mind, which is the very atmosphere of Heaven. 'Though my body was wearied with preaching and much private conversation, yet I wanted to sit up all night and do something for God.' It is this real love to God,—this forgetfulness of self, this disregard to flesh-indulgence when compared with spirit-indulgence—it is this I so much need. Yet blessed be God, there is nothing we should be but we shall be by His grace. 'But, Lord, how long ?' When ? Ah ! let

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me cover my face with shame (let me be ashamed because I am not ashamed more!), that I have not laboured, agonised thirty years ago. What might I have been now! An humble, earnest-minded servant, devoted to Jesus, converting thousands! May God Almighty enable me to redeem the short time, and to be His wholly and for ever!

"*Sunday morning, Oct. 12th, six o'clock.*—A lovely, peaceful morning, the atmosphere transparent, the landscape clear and pure, with its white houses, and fields and trees.

"Glorious day! the only day on earth the least like heaven. It is the day of peace which follows the day of battle and victory. 'And all this mighty heart is lying still,' the forge silent, the cotton-mill asleep, the steamers moored, the carts and waggons gone to the warehouse, the shops closed, man and beast enjoying rest, and all men invited to seek rest in God! How solemn the thought of the millions who will this day think of God, and pray to God, and gaze upon eternal things; on sea and land, in church and chapel, on sick bed and in crowded congregations! How many thousands in Great Britain and Ireland will do this! Clergy praying and preaching to millions. This never was the device of either man or devil. If it was the 'device of the Church,' she is indeed of God.

"May the Lord anoint me this day with His Spirit!

"*Saturday, 18th.*—Some things I see I must correct. (1) I must be careful of pence, as I find I am hideously extravagant with pounds. Lord help me in this thing! He who gathered up fragments, and who in nature lets nothing be lost, but turns all to some account, will help me. (2) To have a fixed time for devotion at night. 'Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under law, but under grace.'

"The God of peace sanctify you *wholly*, and may your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. 'Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do this!'

"*Sunday, Oct. 19th, 7 A.M.*—(First day that I am late.) The closer we live with God, and the more our spiritual life in Him is manifested to the world in its results only, the better, I think, for ourselves. When the inner life is revealed in words, it is apt to end in words, and to become cant. Spiritual pride is thereby nourished, and this is great destruction. Oh my God, enable me to thwart and utterly mortify my cursed vanity and pride, by giving me strength to hide all my good in this sense, not to speak to my nearest of good deeds done, but to do them cheerfully before Thee only, and to have the delight in making others happier and better, pleasing Thee, my Father, for I know Thou art so loving and good as to be pleased with Thy children who by Thy grace are in any degree imbued with Thy goodness!

"The less self-reflective good is, and the more outward and unconscious it is, the better.

"*Sat.*, 6 A.M.—People talk of early morning in the country with bleating sheep, singing larks, and purling brooks. I prefer that roar which greets my ear when a thousand hammers, thundering on boilers of steam vessels which are to bridge the Atlantic or Pacific, usher in a new day—the type of a new era. I feel men are awake with me, doing their work, and that the world is rushing on to fulfil its mighty destinies, and that I must do my work, and fulfil my grand and glorious end.

"Oh! to see the Church and the world with Christ's eyes and heart!

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"I must cultivate the habit of much personal communion with God during the day; speaking in the spirit to Him as well as (or rather in order to) living in the Spirit.

"*Nov.* 16*th*.—Yesterday morning, as usual, rose at 5.50 A.M.

"Had a horrid nightmare—indeed, a series of them. What a sense of the horrible and awful we get in our dreams! What a sense of desperation—of sore, irresistible, mysterious, soul-subduing suffering! Immense despair! Dreams have taught me, more than my waking moments, the capacity of the soul to imagine and endure agony. Oh, what if our worst dreams of solitude, bereavement, desertion, and grapplings with resistless and hellish foes were realities! What if we were in a fatherless world!

"*Monday*, 18*th*.—How my morning readings in Jonathan Edwards make me long for a revival. It would be worth a hundred dead general assemblies, if we had any meeting of believing ministers or people—to cry to God for a revival. This, and this alone, is what we want. Death reigns! God has His witnesses everywhere no doubt—but as a whole we are skin and bone. When I picture to myself a living people, with love in their looks and words, calm, zealous, self-sacrificing, seeking God's glory, and having in Glasgow their citizenship in Heaven! it might make me labour and die for such a consummation.

"Strong west wind, grey clouds, and heavy lurid atmosphere; on the whole a cold and cheerless day. They are at this moment laying Wellington beside Nelson, and finishing an era in British history. All eyes are attracted at this moment in London to one common centre—that centre a person, that person the saviour of his country. It is he who gives unity to the whole of that immense mass of human beings who now crowd the streets through which the body passes; and unity to that marvellous representation of all our nationalities in St. Paul's. Significant symbol of the future, when every eye shall see Him, and when a risen Saviour shall alone occupy the thoughts of an assembled universe!

"*Tuesday, Nov.* 19*th*.—5.45 A.M. Last night I went to Camlachie to receive communicants in connection with that chapel.

"Material preparations of stipend, beadles, committees, seem at the time mere dead things, but such details are inseparably connected with the great result. Even as the boat which conveyed Christ to the country of the Gadarenes was connected with the cure of the Demoniac."

his SISTER JANE:—

"*October*, 1852.

"One chief reason of my writing to-day is immense *cockiness* at being able to report unswerving doggedness in early rising. I preached yesterday thrice, one of the services six miles out of town, and was up at quarter past five—fresh, joyous, and thankful! Room dark, curtains drawn, gas lighted, coffee-pot small and neat (mark all this!), fixed by cunning mechanism over the gas, cup with sugar and cream, all so 'jolly.' Then begins the waking up of the great city, the thundering of hammers from the boilers of great Pacific and Atlantic steamers—a music of humanity, of the giant march of civilisation; far grander to hear at morn than even the singing of larks, which did very well in Izaak Walton's days, or the bleat of sheep, which can yet meet my mother's rustic tendencies."

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From his JOURNAL :—

"*Dec.* 11*th*.—I have spent a weary, weary month. Seldom have I done more, and done less. Oh! what a den of lions for the soul is the life of an active and ever busy minister! My difficulty is not to work, but to do so in the right spirit. I do not mean that I have been consciously living under the influence of a bad spirit, such as vanity, or pride, but rather that I have been without that calm and happy frame of mind which springs from a sense of God's presence, love, and blessing. My mind has been wandering without any ballast or guiding power, like a feather before the wind, almost every day since this fearful winter campaign has set in.

"(1) How insignificant I am as a mere workman; an insect in the coral island of the world which has been building for 6,000 years. Who was he who helped to build the palace of Nimrod? or the temple of Baalbec? or planned Karnac? Fussy, important, of immense consequence, no doubt! As he is, so shall I be—be at peace!

"(2) Jesus is governor! It is His work, and awful is it from age to age, from clime to clime? It shall go on without me—be at peace!

"(3) Why does God give me work at all? For no end whatever irrespective of my own good. He would thus make me better, and thereby happier, and educate me for my great work in Heaven. He would have me be a fellow worker, having fellowship with Him not only in activity, but also in peace and joy. But when I forget Him, or labour apart from Him, or with separate interests, I lose all! The work becomes outward, senseless, unmeaning. Lord, give me quiet and peace! Let me work only true work in Thy Name, and by Thy Spirit, and for Thy glory!

". . . The thunder and lightning of Sinai had a very different meaning to an Arabian shepherd, who might be gazing on the spectacle from some distant peak, from what they had to Moses and the children of Israel. Material things may have a meaning to angels which they have not to us, and be sacraments of great truths. Who knows but the starry heavens are one great algebra?

"I believe thanksgiving a greater mark of holiness than any other part of prayer. I mean special thanksgiving for mercies asked and received. It is a testimony to prayers being remembered, and therefore earnest prayer. It is unselfish, and more loving.

"What should we think if an angel from Heaven appeared to us some morning, and said: 'This day Satan, with all his power, subtlety, and wiles, may try to destroy thee; and Jesus bids me say He will shut His eyes and ears to thee, and send thee no help? This day thou hast duties to perform in a right spirit; Jesus bids me say He will not give thee His Spirit. This day the heaviest trials ever experienced by thee may be thine; Jesus bids me say He will not afford thee any support. This day thou mayest die; Jesus bids me say He will not be with thee. Jesus bids thee adieu for this day, and leaves thee alone with thy evil heart, blind mind, powerful enemies; hell beneath thee, death before thee, judgment above thee, and eternity before thee!' Oh, horrible despair!

"But why art thou not afraid of this when a day is begun without prayer? Art thou not practically saying to all this, 'Amen! so let it be!'

"Does God love a cheerful giver? and is He not one Himself?

"A godly parent is a god-like parent, *i.e.* a parent who is God's image in the family—as God to them in life, teaching, love, character.

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"A godly home-education is one which trains up the child by the earthly to the heavenly Father.

"That a parent may be as God to his child, he must first be as a child to his God. To teach, he must be taught; and receive, that he may give.

"What the father on earth wishes his child to be towards himself, that God wishes the parent himself to be towards his Father in heaven. Hence children are witnesses for God in the parent's heart, as well as the parents are for Him in the hearts of their children.

"What a compound of vanity, greed and the selfishness which is hate that would end in murder, is that villain Haman!—mean, sneaking, stuffed with vanity and ambition! a thorough contemptible scoundrel, whose hanging was well deserved! His very terror when condemned is so like the dog—quite like the cowardly rascal that would hang others, and smoke his pipe, or half-drunk, babble over it with his Jezebel wife."

From DIARY BOOK of 1853:—

"RESOLVE, as a solemn duty owing to my parish, to refuse, after this date, public meetings in town and country, and all dinners when possible, and to confine myself exclusively to my great parish till at least April, *i.e.* four months, and not to be moved from this by any arguments, however plausible, but to submit to any amount of displeasure rather than give up a clear duty.

"*Jan.* 1*st.*—God has been very merciful to me during the past year. I never had so unbroken a year of prosperity, in the usual sense of that word.

"I have preached about one hundred and forty times, seven of them for public collections, many for chapels. I have addressed about thirteen meetings for missions and other useful objects. Held seven mission meetings in my own church. Published a sermon and edited a magazine. Organized (1) Schemes, (2) Industrial aid, (3) Female aid, (4) Endowment, (5) Education committees in congregation. Opened refreshment-rooms for working classes. Opened three chapels with three missionaries. Suggested and helped to carry out a proposal for two new churches, for which £10,000 is now collected. About to build three new schools. Have commenced work in Barnhill Poor House. Visited in twenty-two days about two hundred and twenty-two families. Have organized a congregational class of one hundred and ten from eight to fourteen years of age. Wrote report on Pauper Education.* I need to reform the schemes. Have had two large classes of young men and women for three months.

"The past year has been marked to me specially by the gift of my child; and what a gift! believing as I do that, in answer to prayer, the Lord will in His own way keep her with us in the bundle of life eternal.

"*April 7th.*—Fast-day. The kind of frittered life I am compelled (I

* Among his many duties as minister of a parish, he had to give his attention to the administration of the Poor-law, and shortly after his induction, being shocked at the number of pauper children who were kept in the workhouse at Barnhill, he proposed the complete adoption of the 'boarding out' system, whereby the young would be brought up in the houses of decent people in the country. This was accordingly done. The following year he wrote a long and elaborate paper on the advisability of forming an industrial farm. This paper was printed by order of the Board, but its suggestions were never fully adopted.

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may say) to lead, dipping like a sea-gull for my food ever and anon, as it is turned up by some wave on the surface, never diving deep, never soaring high, never at rest, injures terribly my moral being. My brain becomes like a bee-hive, so that when I begin to read and pray, my thoughts slide off to chapels or texts, or some scheme or sermon, while I utterly despise myself. I desire this day to be a day of self-examination, of thankfulness and quickening.

"It requires omnipotence to make me what I wish to be—simple, unselfish, and zealous, with nothing to keep the fire always burning, and the heart joyous, and the limbs strong, save the love of Jesus Christ."

To Mrs. Macleod :—

"London, *May*, 1853.

"What a pious and Christian congregation I must have had with so many of the aristocracy! I did not preach any one of the more elaborate sermons I had with me, but one I had never written. But I was convinced it was best suited for the audience. I had great comfort in preaching it, because I felt a sincere desire to do good, which is always strength and peace."

From his Journal :—

"Cove, *August 27th*, 1853, *Sabbath*.—I have taken this Sabbath to myself, the only one for two years, except one in Paris. I need rest, and I am enjoying it.

"After my delightful congregational meeting in May, I went to London, preached missionary sermons for Wesleyans, spoke at the meeting of the Tract Society, and for our own missions, and then went with my brother George to Paris.

"It is awful to feel what a holy man with the ordinary measure of practical talent which I possess may do. We seek to be Goliaths, and are killed by pebbles. Could we begin in faith and be as little children, we should slay Goliaths! O, my God, make me a good man! O, my Father, come what may, make me a simple-minded, honest, humble and brave Christian! Let me seek no favour but Thine, and give my heart to no labour but in Thee and for Thee! With God my Saviour as my help and guide, I may, ere I die, be a blessing to Glasgow, especially to the poor and miserable in it, for whom my heart bleeds.

"A lovely Sabbath-day, with calm seas, purple hills, murmuring waves, devout repose! When shall my brothers and sisters in the lanes and closes find such a Sabbath of peace and beauty in God?

"*Sept. 18th*.—Have had spiritually a good week, but physically one too much oppressed by labour. I have steadfastly kept my hours. My reading has been Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor' (very touching), and Mill's 'Political Economy.'"

The following letter was written to a lady whose son had been boarded with him in Dalkeith, and who was at this time a midshipman in the navy. The allusion to his method of training boys refers to the principle he acted on of frankly telling them of the temptations they

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would be exposed to in life—"better," he used to say, "they should hear all about it from me than from the devil;"—and he was overjoyed by now receiving a letter which showed he had acted wisely.

"I send without hesitation his letter to myself. I cannot express to you how gratified and thankful it has made me. In so teaching him, I followed my own convictions, and carried out a theory of education which I had long held, founded chiefly upon God's teaching in the Bible—in the Pentateuch specially, which in all its details of crime, and awful warnings, was to be read each year to the young as well as to the old. The evidence afforded by his letter of the success in his case of such a mode of instruction is most encouraging."

To Mrs. Dennistoun :—

"Did no shadows, or shades, or shades of shadows, such as seldom dim your fair spirit, pass over it, cast from the actual substance of my carelessness in not writing to you? My dog Skye, often and long the sole companion of my study, alone knows the sorrowing and repentings I have had anent unanswered letters! He has heard my groans, witnessed my tossings, and listened with dread to the stampings of my foot! until, with his quiet eye and loving wag from that eloquent and soothing tail, he had quieted me into better humour with myself. At present having no Skye, but only my wife and child, I am out of humour and ashamed of myself, and have lost self-respect.

"*Oct. 3rd.*—How shall I express my gratitude to God? This afternoon my boy was born. I have felt crushed by the weight of God's mercy. To live in another being, and in the highest form of the human creation, is a great filling-up of the soul's cravings. What an object of love! The moment I heard of his birth I solemnly dedicated him to the Lord, and so did we both in prayer when we first met. We cannot wish him to be anything grander in the universe of God than a Christian. This we seek first, and for this we shall labour and pray. Whatever else may befall him, this we seek as the one thing needful for him, whether that is to be attained by sickness or health, by poverty or wealth. I pray that whatever else happens, should God so will that the whole family are to reach the shore on floating pieces of the wreck of a broken house, yet let us all meet there, and be for ever with the Lord!

"Into Thy hands, our God, we resign our children, and dedicate them to God the Father, through Jesus the Son, and in the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier, one God, our God, and our fathers' God. Amen!"

The Education question was at this time exciting keen discussion in Scotland, and when the proposed measure of Lord Moncrieff was before Parliament, its merits were debated by the Presbytery of Glasgow. Norman Macleod was one of the speakers; and, while he defended the parish schools, and could see no practical benefit likely to accrue to the nation by the severance of the link which united them to the Church, he argued strongly in favour of the Church herself

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attempting to find a basis on which the three great Presbyterian bodies in the country might co-operate for the furtherance of education. He wished the privileges of an Establishment to be recognised—

". . . . as a holy trust to be used for the good of the country at large, and of value solely as employed for this the true end of her existence in the State. So far from grudging to share with other bodies our peculiar advantages, I would hold it as a first truth, and entering into the essential idea of Christianity, that our personal and social blessings are given us not for selfish enjoyment, but to be shared as far as possible with others."

Under whatever form of management the public schools might be placed, he earnestly desired a higher and more practical system of instruction.

"We want, for instance, a higher class of industrial schools, in our large towns especially, for our females, where, in addition to the ordinary branches of learning, they must also receive instruction in shaping and making clothes, in washing and dressing them, and in cooking too, so as to fit them to become cleanly, thoroughly intelligent wives, and in every respect helpsmeet for an artisan, who could make his home more attractive to him than the whiskey-shop, and be themselves more companionable than its frequenters. We require a wider education for our artisans themselves, so as to train them up to such fixed ideas and habits as may fit them to meet the actual temptations to which they are exposed, to perform their duties as workmen, parents, citizens; and so as to enlarge, also, the field of their enjoyment as human beings possessed of various tastes which are capable of being cultivated, and made the sources of refined pleasure. To accomplish all this, I think we require a higher style of teacher, imbued with lofty ideas of his high calling, as the man who contributes so much to mould the character of the nation and to give a complexion to coming generations—a man, in short, with somewhat of the spirit of Arnold. I do think that a careful training of our people—to enable them to discharge their individual duties, such as steady labour, preservation of health, sobriety, kindness, prudence, chastity; their domestic duties as parents; their duties as members of society, in courteous and truthful dealings, fulfilment of engagements, obedience combined with independence as workmen; their duties towards the State, whether with reference to their rulers or the administrators of law, along with information on the history and government of their country, and such like—that upon such points as these their training has been greatly neglected, and requires to be extensively improved, and based upon and saturated with Christian principle. I think we owe something to the Secularists in directing our attention to details in the education required for common life; while they ought to be grateful to us for imbuing the mind with the only power which will enable men to apply their knowledge to practice."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April, 23rd,* 1854.—I have been very busy with the memoir. The want of incident is my difficulty. I must always remember those reading

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it who never heard of his name. I have always felt an assurance that Jesus loved John too well to permit me to misinterpret that character, which had been proved by His own Spirit, and which was given me in providence to show to the world.

"*May 7th.*—I go to-morrow to London, to preach for the London Missionary Society, thankful in being honoured thus to help on the world's work of advancing Christ's kingdom. Whatever comes, I feel assured all will be well."*

He attended the General Assembly of 1854, and took a prominent part in nearly all the debates. In this Assembly—and this may be said of all those of which he was in after years a member—his addresses on the Missionary Reports gave a character of their own to the whole proceedings. The House was filled to overflowing when he was expected to speak; and his appeals, burning with courage, and zeal, and hopefulness, not only imparted new life to the Assembly, but increased the influence of the Church in the country.

In the Assembly of 1854 he first took a decided stand against the party which had ruled the policy of the Church for several years, and which had served in no small measure to alienate from her the sympathy of the nation by the persistency with which it opposed every public measure, however reasonable, that seemed to threaten any of her ancient prerogatives. The recent repeal of the Tests which had hitherto been imposed on the professors of the Scotch Universities—who, on admission to office, were required to sign the Confession of Faith, and subscribe the formula of the Church of Scotland—was now hotly discussed in the Assembly. The wiser leaders, while regretting the sweeping nature of the change, were prepared "to accept the inevitable," and made a stand against the section of extreme Conservatives, who not only wished to protest anew, but even proposed to form a new University in connection with the Church. Norman Macleod had too much common sense not to perceive the folly of resisting changes which the altered condition of the country rendered necessary and gave expression to his views in a manner which startled both sides of the House, and which rang through the country as the token of an unexpectedly liberal spirit rising in the Church.

"A great deal had been said about expediency, about the tremendous danger of vacillation, and the immense importance of what was called standing by their principles. It appeared to him that one of the greatest mistakes made by the Church of Scotland was constantly elevating things which were out-and-out matters of expediency, and maintaining that they were eternal principles. There were certain things that could never change. The eternal truth revealed by the living God was, from generation to generation, without change. But there were things that were flexible, and ought

* His sermon on this occasion made a profound impression, and the Directors not only expressed their thanks, but repeatedly urged him to publish it. This, however, he declined to do.

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to be so; and the great error of the Church of Scotland had ever been the assuming of an attitude which was said to be one of principle, and injury after injury had been done to the Church, not because she would not sacrifice her principles, but because she would not modify her institutions to suit the times. Instead of doing this, she had resisted every change, and this had been the source of almost all the misfortunes which had ever befallen her. For one evil that could be pointed out arising from a wise and judicious yielding to the times, he would point out scores of instances, down to 1843, from which she had suffered from stubbornly standing on pin-points called principles.

". . . . It was proposed to go to the country for money to build a new College. He objected to that out-and-out. He objected to the national Church throwing herself loose from the national Universities, and sinking down to the position of a mere sect, and handing over the Universities to other parties. He warned them that if there issued from this House opinions which obtained no sympathy in the country, instead of gaining a hold on the affections of the people, they would come to have no more influence on the nation than the weather-cock on the top of the steeple affected the people passing in the street. Let them try to educate the country up to their principles before they proposed to them things in which the country had no sympathy.

" . . . He thought it only fair to say that he did not know of a single measure that had been passed by the Legislature which he would wish to see reversed—neither the Emancipation Bill, nor the Reform Bill, nor the Corn-law Bill, nor the University Tests Bill, nor any other Bill.

" He was one of those, moreover, who believed that the Legislature had a perfect right so modify such institutions as the Universities to meet the wants of the age. He was one of those who believed it was a fair and a right thing that men who did not belong to the Church of Scotland, but who, like her, held Protestant principles, should be permitted to teach in these lay chairs. He therefore wanted a Test, certainly, and so far he differed from the late Act; but he did not want such a Test as was desired by his fathers and brethren who formed the majority of the Church; nay, perhaps he ought to confess that he was so very heterodox, that he should not have started, or thought the world was coming to an end, even if it had been proposed to place a Jesuit in a Medical Chair, and on this simple ground, that if his limb were to be operated on, he should prefer a skilful Jesuit to an unskilful Protestant. He would rather have a man to do it well who sympathised with the Council of Trent, than a man to do it ill who believed in the Westminster Confession; and he rather thought the great majority of the House would, in such a situation, act on the same principles. He saw no reason why such men should not teach others to do well what they did so well themselves. But at the same time, he did desire that there should be a Test of some kind, and was very far from speaking lightly of the differences which separated them from Rome."

To the Rev. THOMAS GORDON, Newbattle :—

" WOODLANDS TERRACE.

". . . . Act of security! It might as well secure horse-power *versus* steam to all generations, as secure anything which cannot be secured on its

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own footing—*i.e.*, because it is worth securing. The only acts which have any security for resisting modern changes are the Acts of the Apostles—and they will defy either Strauss or Wiseman."

To Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D. :—

"*June*, 1854.

"The General Assembly was a Dead Sea of Common-places—flat, stale, and unprofitable. Not one flash of any idea or sentiment to rouse a noble passion in the soul. The Tests were of course carried by a large majority. I think the Church is a poor affair at present, but has got a calling for the good of this land and of Christendom, which she alone can execute if she would"!

To his Mother, on his birthday :—

"*June*, 1854.

"Well, dear, it was a noble Assembly, and God enabled me to do what I have every reason to believe was a needful and good work in it. I sought His aid, and He gave it to me. I was greatly solemnized, I assure you. The reports give you a poor idea of what I said. Each speech was about forty minutes, and nothing could exceed the cordial manner in which it was received.

"Forty-three years since, I lay on your knee, the object of a love that, as I have often said, is liker the love of God than any other, and which, in your case, dearest, has been as deep, constant, and unwearied as ever existed in any human bosom. I am not one of those who sigh for the past and fear the future. My motto is not 'backwards,' but 'forwards,'—on and on, for ever! I wish no year recalled, unless I had more grace with it to make it better and to improve it more for God's glory.

"'One generation cometh, and another goeth.' But I cannot wish more for my boy on earth than that he should at forty-three have parents spared to him to be such a source of happiness to him as mine are to me. God bless you both for all you have been and are."

From his Journal :—

"*June 3rd.*—I this day enter my forty-third year. I feel how much of my life is passed, and slowly but surely the force that is in me to do Christ's work will begin to decline.

"Oh, my God, I have not hid my daily shortcomings from Thee. Thou hast forgiven me in Christ. My Father, never let me be without the indwelling of Thy Spirit for an hour, for it would be an hour of dreadful horror. Let my life be every day more unconscious of my own presence and more conscious of Thine. Make me an instrument in Thy hands for advancing Thy kingdom, reviving the Church of Scotland, and for uniting all Christians in this land.

"One man, O Lord, lifts up his voice and praises Thee that he has been born, because he knows Thee and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent, and knows that, while no man on earth deserves it, this is eternal life!

"*July* 23, 1854.—With the exception of the preface, the Life is finished and printed. Glory to God!

"When I went to see John, I put the question, 'What shall be the end thereof?' How much has been seen of the end already!

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"It was a strange feeling, to end a work which had given me his companionship for so long a time. It seemed like a second death!

"Thank God I have been enabled to write a biography without one word of untruth or exaggeration in it, as far as I know. It may not say enough, or go far enough, but all it says is true; as far as it goes, it is true.

"Does my dear friend know this is done? I believe he does, and that as far as it is true, and tends to glorify his Master in whose presence he is, and who is his all in all, so far he rejoices in it, so I add to his joy. What a delightful thought! For surely if he knows that his life has not been so unfinished as it seemed to have been, that he is by these memorials enabled to advance that kingdom much more than he could have done had he been spared to labour as a minister, surely this will fill him with deeper love to Jesus, and a profounder admiration of His love and wisdom, and so increase his own joy.

"What an infant in spiritual growth am I to him! But let his bright and beautiful example not cast me down, but lift me up and stimulate me to labour more for Christ, and not to be slothful, but through faith and patience to follow him, even as he followed his Lord.

". . . . How strange that as yet my child knows not God! I have resolved that she shall not hear His name till she has language to apprehend what I mean, and that no one shall speak of God to her till I do so. This is a moment in her life which I claim as my own. I shall have the blessedness of first telling her of Him who I trust (Oh, my Father, for Christ's sake let it be—oh, let it!) shall be her all in all for ever after. For a time I must be to her as God: His shadow, His representative and her father on earth shall lead her to Thee, her Father and mine.

"Another system than this I know is generally pursued, and much is thought to be gained by cramming a child with holy words before it can hardly lisp them. I heard last week of ——'s boy saying to some one, 'I don't like God, for He sends rain.' This was quite natural, but what is gained by such instruction?"

To the late Mrs. MACREDIE, Adamton:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—

"I make it a rule never to pen a letter except upon great occasions, or to remarkable persons. The last I wrote was on the great occasion of a Free Church minister bowing to an Erastian; and one also to my wife, when she did implicitly what I commanded her.

"I take up my pen once more. I need not say the dignity of the person to whom I write is a sufficient proof that I do not break through my rule. But the occasion is still more remarkable. What is it? What has happened in the political, literary, or religious world? Is Sebastopol taken? or is the Irish Society defunct? Has the Pope asked Miss —— in marriage? Is the Czar to be the Commissioner of next Assembly? Is Omer Pasha to be member for Ayrshire? Any or all of those suppositions would be nothing to the news I have to tell you. I assure you, nothing! Now, I would tell you at once, but I don't want to give you a shock; for I was told to be cautious, and not to alarm you, but to break the intelligence quietly to you, and to take you, as it were, round the neck and breathe the thing in your

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ear. Besides, when one is happy—Oh! you see it, do you? 'Another son?' My dear lady, you shock me! What I wish to say to you is this—for I am sorry that I am in a hurry, and cannot possibly write so fully as I would wish, and therefore must be much more abrupt than is proper for one in your delicate health (though I find that such persons always live to an immense age) and so I must just tell you at once that—hush now, quietly, and don't get agitated. Believe me, you will survive it—softly, and slowly

"Your daughter, Mrs. Dennistoun, remains with us from Friday till Monday, and I promised to write to you. That's all."

To THOMAS CONSTABLE, ESQ.:—

"*July 18th*, 1854.

"I have always addressed you more as the friend of John Mackintosh than as the publisher of the memorials of his life. As such you will be glad to receive the conclusion of the last chapter, which I send by this post.

"I have been writing these latter pages since early dawn; and deeply affecting though they be, I cannot think they will cost my readers as many tears as they have cost me while penning them. I feel concluding this book as a positive loss to myself. It is like a second death and burial. It was never a weariness, but a delight to me. I fear that I have failed to convey but a very feeble impression of those days at Cannstadt. I wish it had been possible for me to have said less, and to have permitted him to say more; yet I cannot think any one will fail to discover in all I have written the details of a true story of one of the truest men that ever blessed the earth by his presence. For myself, I return my most hearty thanks to Almighty God for having honoured me so far as to have permitted these hands of mine to erect this memorial of my beloved friend for the good of the Church and of the world. Many will think the work a small one in this world of many works and great teachers, but had I done nothing more than accomplish this one alone, I should feel that I had not been born in vain, and that it was worth living for. It has been begun, carried on, and ended in prayer; and with the sincere desire, above all others, that in him his Lord may be glorified.

"You know that I refuse all fee and reward for this book, in the shape of money. Love is its own reward, but I hope to receive an immense return for my little labour in hearing from time to time that the character of my dear friend is being better known and loved, and his example followed by many to the glory of God."

From his JOURNAL:

"*September*.—I visited Geddes last month, and I feel that I have got *a whiff* of the same kind of air John breathed there. How strange! Kate and I both opened the first copy of the Memoir there! and that on the day after the anniversary of our marriage. We saw, too, old Saunders Rose, still alive and well and holy; and I held a prayer-meeting in the old place where John used to hold his, at Burnside.

"It was altogether delightful. And then Loch Shiel, John Shairp and his wife, and the Communion at Kilmallie together! The Lord be praised!"

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When he undertook the congenial task of writing the life of his dear friend, he determined that it should be wholly a labour of love, and with the hearty consent of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mackintosh, he resolved to devote whatever profit might accrue from the sale of the Memoir to the Foreign Mission of the Free Church. Mackintosh had been a Free Church student, and the book was virtually his, and thus not only under a sense of the propriety of the act, but delighted at the opportunity of giving expression to those feelings of good-will which he entertained for the missionary labour of all Churches, and especially of that Church which, in spite of recent controversies and separations, was yet nearest his own in doctrine and government, he forwarded with sincere pleasure £200 to her Indian Missions. The Free Church Assembly took the earliest opportunity of recording its thanks, which were embodied in the following minute:—

"In acknowledging receipt from the biographer and representatives of the late John Mackintosh of £200—the entire profit derived from the sale of his Memoir—the Assembly desires to record its deep and grateful sense of the faithful and graceful manner in which the Memoir has been written, of the loss which this Church has sustained in his premature removal, and of the considerate regard to his memory which has prompted this generous donation, and they instruct their Convener to communicate the same to Mrs. Mackintosh and the Rev. Norman Macleod."*

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Kirkaldy, *Oct.* 2, 1854.

"Kiss my boy for me on his birth-day, and pray with me for him, that whatever else he is he may be a child of God.

"Please—for there is a domestic propriety which is a gentile court to religion—have my father, or George, or both, to dinner, and drink my boy's health in a good bottle of champagne, with all the honours.

"Glorious news this of Sebastopol! A great opening for the gospel."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Crathie, *Oct.*, 1854.

"This has been a heavenly day of beauty—the sky almost cloudless; the stones on the hill side so distinct that they might be counted; the Dee swinging past with its deep-toned murmur.

"I preached without a notice the same sermon I preached at Morven;†

* In forwarding this extract of minutes, the Convener, the late Dr. Tweedie, kindly expressed his own sense of the catholicity of spirit which had dictated the act:—"It supplies in some measure a presage of what will take place when external barriers shall be removed, and when all who love the Lord Jesus shall be verily one in spirit and in truth."

† It is interesting to compare with this the touching notice of the service recorded by Her Majesty:—

"*October* 29, 1854.

"We went to kirk as usual at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable, so simple, and yet so

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and I never looked once at the royal seat, but solely at the congregation. I tried to forget the great ones I saw, and to remember the great Ones I saw not, and so I preached from my heart, and with as much freedom, really, as at a mission station.

"And so the day has ended, for the present. The Lord brought me here. He has heard my prayer, and sustained my heart, and enabled me to do His will. And now I pray that this talent, given me in love, may be for His glory.

"Kiss the bairns, thank God for me, and in after years teach your boy this lesson—not to seek his work, but to receive it when given him, and to do it to God without fear."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Retrospect.*—I had received an invitation to preach at Crathie when I was at Kirkaldy. I refused to go. I had announced the opening of my church, after it had been closed for two months to be repaired, and it seemed to me that my duty to open it was greater than to accept of Mr. Anderson's invitation to preach before the Queen. The going there, therefore, was not sought for by me. I returned home at eight Thursday night, and found a letter from Mr. A., stating that he asked me at the Queen's own request. My duty being clear, I accepted it. The weather was superb, and I was much struck with the style of the scenery. I have never seen Ross-shire, but I see a marked difference between the Highlands of Morayshire and Aberdeenshire and the West Highlands, especially in the glens, and the large, full-flowing rivers, such as the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Dee, which sweep so majestically through them, with abundance of elbow room, and not cramped by slate and granite into raging, roaring streams. And then the decided marks of culture in the valleys—the broad plantations, the green fields, and the stately homes of a wealthy aristocracy, and—that I do not forget it,—the colouring of the floors of the woods! No long, damp grass, but the glorious mosses, rich and golden, illumined by the fiery heather bell.

"The Sunday at Balmoral was perfect in its peace and beauty. I confess that I was much puzzled what to preach. I had with me some of my best sermons (as people would call them); but the struggle which had begun on Friday morning was renewed—as to what was best in the truest, most spiritual sense for such an occasion; until, by prayer, I resolved to preach without any notes a sermon I never wrote fully out, but had preached very often, perhaps fifteen times, solely because I found that it had found human spirits, and had done good. It was from Matt. xi. 28-30, Mark x. 17-31. I tried to show what true life is—life in the spirit—a finding rest through the yoke of God's service, instead of the service of self, and by the

eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders—*all*—were equally delighted."

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cross of self-denial, instead of self-gratification, illustrated by the young man who, with all that was so promising, would not peril his happiness by seeking it with Christ in God.

"I preached with intense comfort, and by God's help felt how sublime a thing it was to be His ambassador. I felt very acutely how for our sakes the Queen and the Prince were placed in so trying a position, and was profoundly grateful for the way in which they had governed us; and so it was that I was able to look back from the future, and to speak as I shall wish I had done. It would be most ungrateful in me not to record this singular mercy of God to me; for I do know, and rejoice to record for the strengthening of my faith in prayer, that He did it. Thus I enjoyed great peace.

"In the evening, after daundering in a green field with a path through it which led to the high road, and while sitting on a block of granite, full of quiet thoughts, mentally reposing in the midst of the beautiful scenery, I was roused from my reverie by some one asking me if I was the clergyman who had preached that day. I was soon in the presence of the Queen and Prince; when her Majesty came forward and said with a sweet, kind, and smiling face, 'We wish to thank you for your sermon.' She then asked me how my father* was—what was the name of my parish, &c.; and so, after bowing and smiling, they both continued their quiet evening walk alone. And thus God blessed me, and I thanked His name. I posted home by Glenshee—not well—and was in bed all the week. So ends my story. I read its commencement and ending to remind me how God is always faithful. 'O ye of little faith, wherefore did you doubt?'"

To the Rev. Mr. WATSON, Chaplain in the Crimea:—

"God bless and prosper you in your work. I almost envy you, dangerous though it be. I have such immense admiration of those glorious fellows that I would rejoice to be with them. It is right and becoming, too, that those who are soldiers only of Christ should share their danger, so as to help them to share with us the life which is eternal. We should not shrink at such a time, if God calls us to this work. No doubt you have made up your mind to die, and this is the true way of being brave and of finding perfect peace."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*January* 1, 1855, 7 A.M.—In the name of God the Father, Son, and Spirit, my God, I begin the year! I am Thine by creation and redemption, and by choice on my part; I am Thine for ever, and I desire to consecrate every power and faculty of body and soul to Thy service—knowing Thee, the ever-blessed One, whose service is unutterable joy. To know Thee truly in any degree is joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Amen!

"The year '55 promises to be a very solemn one. What battles and victories, defeats and sufferings! What brave and illustrious men, afterwards to be the Nelsons and Wellingtons of Britain, or the Napoleons of France—are now in embryo! That civilisation, liberty, religion, peace will triumph, is of course as certain as that Jesus Christ reigns! He does reign—what a source of joy!

* His father had preached before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort at Blair Athol on the occasion of their visit to Scotland.

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"I have established a mission to the hospital at Scutari, and am acting as secretary to it.

"*Jan.* 12*th.*—Nothing can exceed the present complexity of the politics of the world. This war is drawing all nations slowly into it like a huge maelstrom; and on what side, or with what damage, they are to be hurled out of the maelstrom, the Lord knoweth! America sympathises with Russia, solely because Russia opens up prospects of trade directly and indirectly, and is the enemy of her British rival—for the Yankees have concentrated all greatness in the dollar. Rome is against Russia on Church grounds, and Britain is now fighting Rome's cause with France and Austria. Prussia holds back. Sardinia, becoming Protestant, comes forward. Turkey, tottering to her fall, from the inherent weakness of her false religious life, is in vain propped up by the allies, though this will make her fall only the more conspicuous, and show God's judgment on a lie.

"Peace! It seems to me as if the world was but mustering its forces for such a campaign as will revolutionise it and somehow usher in the glory of the latter days. I wish I could see the end. But I shall know it some day."

To Mrs. DENNISTOUN, on the death of her Aunt:— '*January* 29, 1855.

"How could that life have been, if her faith in Jesus was not faith in a real living Person? Could a mere delusion, a fancy, produce such a result of character, so true, so real, so deep, so long preserved, as she had? Impossible! and therefore one reads her life and death as a living Epistle, which speaks of the power of a living Saviour to keep the soul ever young, and ever fresh, in its tendernesses and sympathies; to enable one down to extreme old age to carry about with them the dying of the Lord Jesus in their mortal bodies, that so the life of Jesus might be manifested in them. How beautiful was her love, how enlarged, beaming from that bed like sunlight, on every one and every thing around. I would be an atheist if I could believe such a light could set for ever in darkness! It cannot be. It has never ceased, and never shall cease, to shine in God's own sky."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*March* 2*nd.*—This night heard of the death of the Czar yesterday in St. Petersburg. How the news will run from mouth to mouth, and for one true mourner, how many millions will rejoice!

"There he lies, the giant man—the 'every inch a king.' Silent and dead as the marble of his palace.

"What shall be the effect? Peace? or, as I believe, a European blaze, and the ultimate freedom of the world?

"The word of the Lord endureth forever!

"*April* 27*th.*—I leave this day for Edinburgh Communion, London Bible Society, Holland, and, D. V., home.

"I have had a healthy, happy and busy winter, and require some breathing time. May God in mercy sanctify it for my good, bring me home stronger in soul and body."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:— "LONDON, *May* 22, 1855.

"I had a jolly sleep beside C——, who evidently dreamt he was a High

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land terrier worrying another, from the barks which he gave in his sleep. The snores of M—— were quite orthodox. They were rather too barefaced a copy of those of his congregation. I never closed an eye, of course! Poor fellow! But I meditated so profitably that I counted only two towns on the way—Newcastle and York."

To the SAME :—

"LONDON.

"Dined at ——'s. There was a party of eight or nine. Most of them English parsons, with the usual amount of thoroughly correct manners, large hearts, middling heads, and knowing nothing of Scotland except as a place in the Islands from which grouse come. But really '*very* nice—you know.'"

To the SAME :—

"ANTWERP, *May* 4, 11 P. M.

"Enjoyed Bruges, and reached Ghent at 2. (O, those glorious chimes of the old cathedral!) Saw the fine Cathedral and Van Eyck's delightful picture. O, what truth! what a love of nature! what a taste for beauty had the Memlings and Van Eycks! Some of the peeps through windows by the former and his minute painting of flowers and trees so delicious! In Poussin's famous painting of 'Christ in the midst of the Doctors,' such a head of Charles V. is introduced, and of the Duke of Alva!"

To the SAME :—

"THE HAGUE, *Tuesday Morning.*

"I have seen great paintings, but no great men.

"I have received much, very much kindness from the Van Loons and others, and I hope to meet as much more at Leyden and Amsterdam.

"The royal family were all in church, hearing dear Boucher, on Sabbath. The King was heard saying to his sister, when he went out, 'How sublime! I never heard anything like it.' 'Nor I,' replied the sister, 'but I have no words to utter what I feel.' It was indeed a noble discourse."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June 3rd*, 1855.—I am forty-four. I preached on the birth of a child being a legitimate cause of joy.*

"Glory to God that I have been born! I praise Him and bless Him for the gift of existence in a world in which His own Son has been born a Saviour, a Brother, and in which He rules. I praise Him, I bless Him for such a gift, so worthy of Himself.

"Oh, may I realize His purpose more and more by being more and more His own child in simplicity, humility, faith, love, and undivided obedience! Intense life in Christ is intense joy.

"I begin this week to visit my congregation once more. I feel that personal acquaintance and private friendship must be the foundation of public good. My schools are all paid for. I desire to dedicate my powers with more intense devotion to God.

* Published in *Good Words* for 1873.

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"*June 8th.*—This day I heard my little girl mention, for the first time, the name of God. I had requested no one ever to speak to her of God until I first had this honour, but the new servant had done it; so I took the child on my knee (in Bothwell, where we are) and asked her several questions as to who made her and everything, and she replied, 'God.' O, how indescribably strange and blessed to my ears was the sound! It cannot cease forever! My prayer, my daily prayer, is that she and all my dear children may be holy from their infancy, and grow up Christians. This, indeed, can only be through the Spirit; but surely there is no necessity that they should grow up at any time hating God! Must they be as devils in their youth, and be afterwards converted? God forbid! My prayer and hope is that they shall grow up in the nurture of the Lord, and be His own dear children from their infancy. Why not love Him as well as me, their earthly father? Oh, beloved Saviour, take them as babes into thine own arms, and bless them and make them thine! May they never, never mention the name of God, but as that of a Father.

"Lord! my hope is in Thee. Let me not be put to shame."

To his AUNT, Mrs. MAXWELL, after the burial of her husband at Campsie:—

"BOTHWELL, *July* 20, 1855.

"We have just returned from that green spot where are gathering the earthly remains of so many who made the earth beautiful to us, and whose undying spirits make Heaven more homely to us. When standing there it was glorious to feel that we could not sorrow for one of our own there as 'without hope,' but in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto life for them in Christ. How peacefully did he, the last laid there, repose after his long and harassing journey! God alone, who knew his frame, and the mysterious influence which the frail body so mightily exercises over the mind, can tell what a life struggle he had! But he fought, and that was everything; and I heartily believe that he is now in His presence for evermore, with exceeding joy; and few there will cast their crowns down with more exceeding reverence, humility, and awe, and acknowledge more joyfully the exceeding riches of the grace of Christ bestowed upon him. I shall take good care that my children shall hear of those uncles and aunts whom we all so much loved and admired—of their refined and exquisite honour, their deep and touching benevolence, their tender and sympathizing hearts, their beautiful and transparent truthfulness, and admiration of all that was really good and true.

"In a few years that spot in Campsie will be full. I hope to lie there with my wife, and possibly my family. 'Then cometh the end.' With such an end we may well pray, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'"

From his JOURNAL:—

"*August 21st*, 1855.—I start this day, with Dr. Craik, for the Paris Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. I am very glad to do so, for I have had a busy summer.

"I pray that good may come to the Church of Christ out of this Conference; that God may give us all humility, *justice*, love, and *wisdom*. May

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I be kept with a pure heart and single eye, speaking the truth in love, fearing neither the world profane nor the world religious, but obeying God's Spirit.

"Lord! keep my beloved ones in my absence; and keep my soul, spirit, and body, for Thy glorious and eternal kingdom!"

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Paris, *August*, 1855.

"Dinner at Herschell's; Krummacher, Count St. George, and others there. Went to the Exposition; the finest collection of paintings I ever saw. The heat past endurance; I walk twelve miles daily. The Alliance of no use; private meetings to-day to try to make it so. Heard a Puseyite sermon; horrid trash. No one from Scotland has preached. Bad arrangements. The life spent by us most agreeable and most useful to ourselves, but utterly useless to others, except the cafés. The Queen left-to-day; the day glorious, the scene magnificent; felt my heart beat in hearing 'God save the Queen' as the grand cortége passed along the Boulevards—she looking so well—the Emperor and Prince Albert on one side, and the Queen and another lady on the other."

From his Journal:—

"*October* 1*st*, 1855.—Things to be aimed at and prayed for:—

"1. To perfect holiness. Is it possible that I shall habitually possess myself, and exercise holy watchfulness over my words and temper, so that in private and public I shall live as a man who truly realizes God's constant presence—who is one with Christ, and therefore lives among men and acts towards them with His mind and spirit? *I*, meek, humble, loving, ever by my life drawing men to Christ—self behind, Christ before! I believe this to be as impossible by my own resolving as that I become a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Milton; yet if God calls me to this, God can so enable me to realize it that he shall be pleased with me. But will I really strive after it? Oh, my Father! see, hear, and help Thy weak and perishing child! For Christ's sake, put strength in me; fulfil in me the good pleasure of Thy will. Lord, pity me and have mercy on me, that I may famish and thirst for Thee and perfect holiness!

"2. To know and improve every talent to the utmost, whether in preaching, writing, speaking, acting. I feel convinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is the single eye that will see what our work is, the humility to accept it, however lowly, the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.

"Wise and loving Father! Magnify Thy patience in my wilfulness and stupidity, Thy strength in my weakness. Thy mighty grace in my paltry vanity, Thy love in my selfishness. Let not the fragments of my poorly educated mind and broken time be lost, but glorify Thyself in me, that when I die some shall feel and acknowledge Thy goodness in having created me, and given me to my fellow men. What may I yet be and do in Thee! Oh let all worldly ambition be mortified, and a holy ambition take its place!

"Have been seeing ——; just dying; full of anxiety for his soul; deeply

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feel for him. Notice! how that one name of Jesus is all-in-all! Men may argue about the Atonement; but the fact of an Atonement alone finds and meets a sinner crying out for mercy. What can philosophy do for such, or an atonement of mere self-sacrifice? It would only deepen the sense of sin.

"*Oct.* 30, 5½ P.M.—I have this moment finished my little book on the Home School. I have made it a subject of constant prayer, and have sincerely tried to write what may do good to my fellow-men. I believe God will grant it such a measure of success that I shall not be put to shame. I do crave the reward of its helping human hearts to do God's will. If I am taken away, I feel it will be a pleasing little legacy to my beloved wife and children. The latter will learn what the former already knows, and what (thank God!) she sincerely sympathises with me in—for in this, as in all things, we are fellow-workers. The children will know what their father wished, prayed for, and resolved to labour for.

"There are stages in the love to God found, I think, in the experience of all advanced Christians. The first is love, or rather gratitude, for what God has done or is to us; the second, love for what He is in Himself; the third, a love which, not satisfied with personal enjoyment, desires that the universe may share it, and is grieved, amazed, horrified, that any should be blind to it—that we ourselves should have been so, and see it so dimly. Do I desire that God should thus be glorified?"

To his SISTER JANE:—

"I know you would like a *yarn* about all manner of particulars, but it is simply impossible. I believe the time is soon coming when visits and messages by the telegraph will be common, but letters as much out of date as folios. The Apostle John's letters are not very long, but the writing of them seems to have been uncongenial, for he frets against pen and ink. By the way, it was to a lady, who I have no doubt complained of his not writing as long letters to her as Paul did to some of his other friends."

To his Brother DONALD, then abroad:—

"I rejoice that you are getting into good French society. See as many persons as you possibly can—as various types of opinion as possible. Be not ashamed to confess ignorance, and be always asking, and you will learn much. Men, men—meet men!

"Beware with intense watchfulness against the sensualising tendency of excitement and living abroad. The society of the good is the best help against this—next to devotion."

To the SAME:—

"I am glad you are at art. Try and get a vivid impression of the different schools. Study chronologically. I remember there are at Munich fine specimens of sketches by Van Dyck, a number of wonderful Reubens, with excellent specimens of the Flemish school, Berghen, &c.

"We had a noble meeting of the British Association. All the leading men were in church. Had a glorious talk with Rawlinson—*sein eigener Standpunkt.*

"Do, my dear fellow, study hard at language. Study, you rascal, study!"

"*Jan.* 17, 1856.—Report this morning of the prospect of peace with

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Russia. Peace is joy as far as the present suffering is concerned. But as far as the interests of man are concerned, and the position of our country, I mourn the news. We have come out of this war lower in every respect in the world's opinion than when we entered it. I fear, if the war ends, that it will be merely to give time to Russia to prepare for another by becoming herself stronger, and biding her time till the Western powers are disunited. The salvation of the world now will be pushing missions in the East, and overturning all things from within, leave the without to come right in its own time."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Feb.* 29—I have had one of the severest fourteen days of mental and bodily fatigue—chiefly, if not wholly, the former—which I have had for years. Last week, after a previous week of toil, there was Monday and Tuesday writing and dictating, changing and reducing a letter in reply to a horrid one from ——. The struggle—and it was, I am ashamed to say, dreadful—was to write and feel as a Christian, when my flesh could have so written that it would have been to him as flaying alive."

To his SISTER JANE :—

"*Feb.* 9, 1856.

"I have (as Jean used to say) been 'painfully exercised' by this unjust attack from ——. My struggle, you understand, is between the temptation to yield to anger and my conviction that it is the will of Christ that I should so love him as to consider the evil in him, and seek to deliver him from it. How horrible to be obliged to fight all, to feel the desire strong, to be unable to say, 'I love,' to feel the congeniality of revenge! O pride! O vanity! How I pray not only to speak and write as a Christian, but oh, dearest, to feel truly as one!

"As to John Campbell's book on the 'Atonement,' it is like himself, dark, but deep, and very true. I think it has led me captive. I shall read it again; but it finds me, and fills up a huge void. I fear that no one has read it but myself."

"*Sep.* 27*th*.—In May I went to London and preached for Herschell and the Sailors' Friend Society, and then went to visit my dear friend Mrs. Dennistoun at Tours. We had most delightful drives, visiting Mettray, Plessy de Tours, and the old Bastille of Loches. I attended the Assembly for a day in May. They carried, by an immense majority, the India Education measure, for which Dr. Bryce and I contended almost alone."

This allusion to the India Education measure refers to a discussion, which had been agitating the Church for some time, as to the lawfulness of accepting for mission schools the Government Grants in Aid while these grants were given equally to heathen, or, at all events, non-Christian, schools. The extreme "Evangelical" party contended against the Church condoning a measure which they thought ought never to have been passed by a Christian State. On the other hand Norman Macleod and Dr. Bryce held that it was impossible for the Government to take any narrower ground in dealing with a country

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circumstanced like India. They insisted that it would be the height of folly in the Church to refuse assistance from Government in the matter of secular instruction, as long as she was left free to add religious teaching; and they were persuaded that to separate the mission schools from the educational system of India was simply to throw away an opportunity for exercising a wide and wholesome influence. The vote of the Assembly endorsed their views, and thus inaugurated a revolution in the policy of the India Mission of the Church.

From his JOURNAL.

"*Glasgow, August*, 1856.—The Evangelical Alliance met here. I made the first speech, bidding its ministers welcome. I had much happy communication with Sherman, William Monod, Krummacher and Kuntze from Berlin, and Herschell.

"I preached, on the 24th, to a great crowd, among others to Mr. Stanley who was introduced to me by John Shairp.* In the evening we had a prayer meeting for winding up the *Scutari Mission*, which I bless God to have begun, carried on, and ended.

"*October 3rd.*—I am just starting for Balmoral. I believe I could not have travelled a week sooner, since I received the invitation the beginning of September at Kirkaldy, when I could not turn in bed. I go in Christ's name. He who has given me this work will give me grace to do it. Blessed and most merciful Lord, hear me, and deliver me from all vanity, pride, and self-seeking, and all the nervous fear which they occasion! Give me only

* The following letter from Mr. Stanley (now Dean Stanley) to Principal Shairp, written after this visit, gives a graphic account of the impressions he then formed:—

". . . Campbell was a younger, thinner, sharper man than I had expected to see —a thorough gentleman—very interesting evidently, and refined in thought, experience, and expression. But I thought him almost too spiritual, too ghostly; the stars shone through him; he would vanish at the cock-crowing. A beautiful mind and spirit, but too much insphered in its own light to be of much use to me.

"And now for the other. If Campbell was too much of a ghost, Norman Macleod is undoubtedly a man of flesh and blood. I first heard the service and sermon. The sermon was on John xii. 'Except a corn of wheat,' &c. To a fastidious taste it might have been too oratorical in manner and matter; but considering the audience and the tremendous effort, I did not object to it. I thought it admirable, truly evangelical, not a word of untruth—very moving in parts, full of illustrations, critical difficulties glanced at and avoided in the most judicious and yet honest fashion. In short, I don't know the man in the Church of England who could have preached such a sermon; nor do I know such a man as I found him to be afterwards in converse, first in the vestry for a quarter of an hour, and afterwards for two hours here in the evening. Of course I have known men of greater abilities and character, but if he be what he seems, I know no one who unites such thorough good sense, honesty, manly independence, with such working, stirring, devout energy and power of appealing to the mass. How gladly, but that he is better where he is, would I have made him an English bishop. We went over many fields together, and I am sincerely grateful to you for having made him known to me.

"I asked him about the Free Kirk and the Covenanters, and he charmed the cockles of my heart by his answer. 'The Free Kirk was just an outburst of Presbyterian Puseyism.' 'Laud and the Covenanters were just the same men on different sides, except that what one called 'church' the other called 'kirk,' and I am heartily glad they eat each other up. The Free Kirk are descendants of the Covenanters; they pride themselves on being 'the Church of the past.' That is just what they are, and I make them a present of it with all my heart.'"

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faith in Thee, love to Thee, and all will be well, and bless Thy word for immortal souls, and for the good of those to whom Thou hast given such power in the world!

"*October 8th, Tuesday.*—I have just returned and all my confidence in Christ has been vindicated. I preached on Sabbath, my subject being faith in a living, present, divine Saviour, the solution of difficulties. Miss Nightingale was among my audience. I was asked in the evening to dine at the Castle. The Prince spoke much to me.

"May the Lord bless all this for good! It is my deepest and truest prayer, that all may tend to His glory."

Extract from a private NOTE-BOOK for 1856:—

"How to spend the morning hour from 6 to 7 A.M. A short prayer for the Spirit of God, that it may be wisely and profitably spent. Devotional reading—Baxter and Leighton. Short meditation and prayer on what is read, with reference to individual application. A psalm sung quietly. The Scriptures read in order, with thought and devotion. Prayer."

From his JOURNAL:—

"As I opened my shutters this morning, the crescent moon, clear and well defined, and with a bright attendant star, occupied the blue sky with hardly a cloud. Of what use has that moon been during the past night! Many a pilgrim has tracked his way by her beams, and many a mariner by them has seen his port! But the sun is rising, and the moon must depart like the Mosaic ritual, and many an old patriarchal form of truth, before the rising of that Sun of Righteousness whose glory was all their light."

"There are men who no more grasp the truth which they seem to hold, than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches."

"I received the following answers from two intending communicants, and they illustrate a fact which has often been impressed on me, respecting the possibility of persons being regular in church all their lives, and yet remaining ignorant of the simplest truths.

"Who led the children out of Egypt? *Eve.*

"Who was Eve? *The mother of God.*

"What death did Christ die? (After a long time) *Hanged on a tree.*

"What did they do with his body? *Laid it in a manger.*

"What did Christ do for sinners? *Gave his Son.*

"Any wonderful works Christ did? *Made the world in six days.*

"Any others? *Buried Martha, Mary, and Lazarus.*

"What became of them afterwards? *Angels took them to Abraham's bosom.*

"What had Christ to do with that? *He took Abraham.*

"Who was Christ? *The Holy Spirit.*

"Are you a sinner? *No.*

"Did you never sin, and do you love God perfectly? *Yes.*"

"*November 11th*, 1856.—Both sciatica and work, I fear, on the increase.

"I feel the pressure and the pain. What am I to do?

"1. Keep my temper and my peace in God, the calm of my inner shrine where He is, undisturbed by the noise of the thronging 'courts of the

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priests,' 'of the people,' 'of the women,' or 'of the gentiles' without. This is my first duty. There never can be a good reason for my losing inner peace with God. God help me.

"2. I must by His grace attend to details, and use right means to attain this end. 1. Early rising, and methodical division of time. 2. Acceptance of no more work than can be done in consistency with my health and strength. 3. Cultivating happy, cheerful thoughts of life, having a strong faith that God *is* and Christ *is*, and that the end shall be glorious to every 'soldier' who 'endures hardness,' in the grand campaign.

"God give me grace to rise as I used to do—at ½ to 6—for it is always hard to the flesh!

"My father, Thou knowest my frame! Thou rememberest I am dust. Thou carest for me. I can therefore cast my care on Thee, and so be careful for nothing. Keep me in Thy peace. Let me ever honour Thee as the best of masters by obedience to Thy will in all things, by honouring Thy laws whether relating to body or mind, and by doing all things and accepting all things with a calm spirit. Thou knowest Thy servant, and understandest his thoughts. Help me according to Thy word. Amen.

"I do not wish to fly to that blue sky, but by the help of God Almighty to act a true and brave part amidst the smoke and mud and sin of Glasgow.

"Lord forgive me, if I seem to think I am enduring hardness! God have mercy on me for ever thinking my lot has a cloud—a speck of hardness in it. My cup runs over with mercies. I am in the lap of every indulgence, and if I fret, it is as a spoiled child."

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CHAPTER XIV.

1857—1859.

IN 1857 he began to hold evening services for the poor, to which none were admitted except in their everyday working clothes. The success of a similar experiment, made many years before in Loudoun, encouraged him to make this attempt in Glasgow, in the hope of reaching some of those who, from poverty or other causes, had fallen away from all church attendance. For the first winter, these services were held in the Martyrs' church, which was filled every Sabbath evening by the very people he wished to get; the following year they were transferred to the Barony, where they were continued till a mission church was built. It may be safely asserted that this work gave him more interest than any other he ever undertook; and that he never addressed any audience with greater effect than that which he gathered from "the streets and lanes of the city." The pews were filled with men in their fustian jackets and with poor women, bareheaded, or with an old shawl drawn over the head, and dressed most of them in short-gown and petticoat. Unkempt heads, faces begrimed with labour, and mothers with infants in their arms, gave a strange character to the scene. The police sometimes reported that several well-known thieves were present. But, however large and various the audience might be, he seemed to hold the key to every heart and conscience; and so riveted was the attention he secured, that not unfrequently an involuntary exclamation of surprise or sympathy would pass from lip to lip over the crowd. The following description of one of these evenings in the Barony is taken from an English newspaper:—

"I found I would not be admitted except I was dressed as a working man. The uniform of a dragoon was offered and accepted, but on second thoughts I preferred the cast-off working-dress of a coach-builder—a dirty coat, a dirty white flannel vest, striped shirt, red cravat, and Glengarry bonnet. Thus attired, I stood waiting among the crowd of poor men and women that were shivering at the gate biding the time. Many of these women were very old and very frail. The night being excessively cold, the most of them had the skirts of their gowns tucked over their heads. Not a few of them had a deep asthmatic wheezel, most distressing to hear. Poor souls! they were earnestly talking about the Doctor and his sayings. I conversed with several working men who had attended all the series from

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the first, three or four years back. I asked one man if they were all Scotch who attended? He said, 'All nations go and hear the Doctor.' Another said, 'Highland Scotch and Lowland Scotch, and English and Irish,—in fact, a' kind o' folks come to the Doctor on Sabbath nichts.' 'A body likes the Doctor,' said another. One man, a labourer, I think, in a foundry, said, 'He kent great lots o' folk that's been blessed by the Doctor, baith Scotch and Irish. I ken an Irish Catholic that wrought wi' me, o' the name o' Boyd, and he came ae nicht out o' curiosity, and he was converted afore he raise from his seat, and he's a staunch Protestant to this day, every bit o' 'im, though his father and mother, and a' his folks, are sair against him for 't.'

"On the door being opened, a sudden rush took place in that direction. I found a *posse* of elders stationed as a board of inspection, closely examining old and young, male and female, and turning back all who had any signs of respectability. All hats and bonnets were excluded. My courage almost failed me, but as I had from boyhood been in the habit of doing what I could among the poor, and being so bent on ascertaining the 'way' of the Doctor with that class, I resolved to make the effort. My weakness arose from the fear of detection by any of the elders I spoke to in the forenoon. Pulling my hair down over my brow, and, in the most slovenly manner possible, wiping my nose with the sleeve of my coat, I pushed my way up to the board, and 'passed.' I found that none of the seat cushions, black, red, green, or blue, were removed; no, nor the pew Bibles or Psalm books, a plain proof that, by the test of several years, the poor of the closes and wynds could be trusted. The contrast between the forenoon and evening congregations in point of appearance was very great and striking; but in regard to order and decorum there was no difference whatever. When the time was up, a little boy was seen leading a blind man along the aisle towards the pulpit. On the boy placing the blind man in the precentor's desk, a poor man sitting next to me nudged me on the elbow, and asked, 'Is that the *man* that's to preech till 's?' 'Oh, no!' said I. 'You'll see the Doctor immediately.' 'But surely,' says he, '*that* canna be the regular precentor?' 'Oh, no!' said I. 'This man, I suspect, is the precentor for us poor folks.' Here the Doctor—stout, tall, and burly—was seen ascending the pulpit stairs. He began by prayer. He then gave out the 130th Psalm for praise. Before singing, he commented at great length on the character and spirit of the Psalm, dwelling very fully on the first line, 'Lord, from the depths to thee I cried!' Nothing could have been better adapted for his auditory than the Doctor's consolatory exposition of that Psalm. The precentor by this time had got very uneasy, and had several times struck his pitchfork, and was ready to start, but the Doctor, being so full, and having still this, that, and the other thing to say, he could not commence. At last, the Doctor looking kindly down upon him, said, 'You'll rise now, Peter, and begin.' He rose, and began. He, tracing the lines with his fingers on his ponderous Psalm book of raised letters, 'gave out the lines,' two at a time. It was a most gratifying spectacle, and said much for the advance of Christian civilization. The Doctor next read the first chapter of the first epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians. The commentary on the chapter was most strikingly effective in point of consolatory and practical application to the condition of his auditory. In referring to

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the mother and grandmother of Timothy, he made a grand stand for character, which made the poor man next to me strike the floor several times with his feet by way of testifying his approbation. Had the Doctor's remarks on the subject been delivered from a platform, they would have elicited thunders of applause. He said the most valuable thing Prince Albert left was character.* He knew perfectly well that very many very poor people thought that it was impossible for them to have a character. It was not true; he would not hear of it. There was not a man nor a woman before him, however poor they might be, but had it in their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children may rise up after them, and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man. The text selected was 1 Timothy vi. 12—14. The discourse was very plain, explicit, pointed, and amply illustrated, as by one who knew all the 'outs and ins,' difficulties and trials of the people before him, and they listened with breathless attention, and appeared to drink in all he said, as indeed, 'good words' for them. Some of the children-in-arms sometimes broke the silence by their prattle or their screams, but the doctor, though uncommonly sensitive, never appeared the least put about."

The results of these services were remarkable. Many hundreds were reclaimed from lawless habits, some of the more ignorant were educated, and a large number became communicants. There was a nobility of character displayed by several of these working-men which moved him to tears as he spoke of them, and gave him a deeper love than ever for the poor. Some of them took ways of showing their gratitude, the very oddity of which gave touching evidence of the depth of the feeling.†

His method of instruction was admirably adapted to the character of his audience. He was never abstract, but threw his teaching into objective or descriptive form, and not seldom *dramatized* the lesson he was enforcing. His counsel was not confined to things spiritual, but embraced such practical matters as the sanitary condition of the houses of the poor, healthy food, and the treatment of children, and was given so forcibly that the meanest intelligence could understand the *rationale* of his advice. The unaffected sympathy with the poor and ignorant in all their wants and difficulties was the secret of his power over them His frankness and large human-heartedness commanded their confidence and won their affection.

"*March* 15, 1857.—I began, four weeks ago, my sermon to working-men and women in their working clothes, on my old Loudoun plan, of excluding all who had clothes fit for church by day. And by God's great mercy I have

* This description was written in 1861.

† I remember on a Sunday evening returning with him, after one of these services, to our father's house. When the cab stopped, a rough hand was pushed in at the window. Norman understood what was meant, and on taking what was offered, received a warm grasp from some unknown working-man, who had come from the Barony church, a mile away, to express by this act more thankfulness than he could find words to utter.

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crammed the Martyrs' Church with such. I never experienced more joy than in this service. It is grand. I do not envy Wellington at Waterloo.

"I have just published 'Deborah,' a book for servants. What is written with a single eye, and seeking God's blessing, must, I think, do such good as will vindicate the publication. We shall see.

"*Sunday*, 29.—On the Monday after the former journal I was seized with dreadful neuralgia (as it was called). I spent the night in my study; on the floor, sofa, chair—anywhere for rest. It left me Tuesday, and, then till Sunday I suffered several hours each day, the only agony I ever experienced. I spent another terrible night. Sunday last I was in bed. Since then I have been confined to the house, but, thank God, feel able to preach this afternoon and evening, though I have been writing with much sense of weakness of body. Then scarlet fever attacked my beloved boy on Tuesday. But oh! the *awful* mercy of God to me, he has had it as yet most gently. Was I sincere when I gave him up, all up to God last week? I hope so. As far as I know, I desire Jesus to choose for me; and, as far as I know, there is nothing could make me alter that calm resolution; but, as far as I know, there is also no man whose flesh winces more under fear of affliction, or who would more require the mighty power of God to keep him from open rebellion. Amidst all confusion, darkness, doubts, fears, there is ever one light, one life, one all—Jesus, the living personal Saviour!"

With the desire of promoting increased life in the Church, he wrote a series of articles in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, in which he proposed the formation of a Church Union for the purpose of discussing questions connected with practical work, and for earnest prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit. He believed that there were many ministers and laymen who were mourning in secret over faults in the Church which were a continual burden to his own soul; and that the best results might be expected if such men were only brought together for conference and prayer. The state of the Church seemed to call for some such movement. "What most alarms me is that we are not alarmed. What most pains me is that we are not pained." "Whether we are the Church of the past, or the true representatives of the Second Reformation, or any other reformation, is to us a question of comparatively little importance; but it is of infinite importance that we be the Church of the present, and thereby become the Church of the future. Let the dead bury their dead, but let us follow Christ and be fellow-labourers with him in this world."

After several preliminary meetings, the Union was formed, but it existed only two years, and the only memorial of it now remaining is to be found ir the missionary breakfast, which is held during every General Assembly.

From his JOURNAL :—

"The second meeting of the Union is to-morrow. I have prayed often that out of that weakness God may ordain strength, to aid my dear but sore wounded and suffering Church; but, best of all, to help *His* Church, by saving souls and uniting saints.

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"*April* 11, 12 P.M.—Sunday last I finished my winter's course in the Martyrs' Church, and invited all who wished to partake of the Lord's Supper to intimate their wishes to me on Tuesday in the vestry. On Tuesday evening seventy-six came for communion! Of these forty-seven had never communicated before. Fifty-two were females; twenty-five males. I never saw such a sight, nor experienced such unmixed joy, for all had come because blessed through the Word, and a great majority seemed to me to have been truly converted. Bless the Lord! To-morrow, please God, I shall give them the Communion in their working clothes at five in the church.

"I am persuaded that to succeed in doing permanent good to such it is necessary (1) To preach regularly and systematically (with heart, soul, and strength, though!). (2) To exclude well-dressed people. (3) To keep out of newspapers and off platforms, and avoid *fuss*. (4) To develop self-reliance. (5) To give Communion on creditable profession, as the apostles admitted to the Church, and then to gather up results, and bring the converts into a society. (6) To follow up by visitation, stimulating themselves to collect for clothes.

"*Tuesday, 13th.*—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?

"Sabbath was a day of peace and joy, and my sermon on 'God forbid that I should glory, &c,' preached in great peace by me—and I believe found most profitable by my dear people. How could I convey to any other the profound and undying conviction I have of God being verily a hearer of prayer and a personal God? Whatever arguments were capable of shaking my faith in this, would shake my faith in God. I gave the Communion to sixty-seven working people in their working clothes. Having kept my intention secret, as I was terrified for *fuss* and a spectacle, none were present but the elders. I went through the regular service, occupying about seventy minutes. The whole scene was very solemn, very touching. I believe all were sincere.

"But now comes the great work of training them to habits of self-reliance and self-denial. I shall watch and labour, and before God shall tell the truth of my results. Failure may teach us as well as success. If I fail, then I will set a buoy on my wreck to warn others from the rock, but not from the harbour. My new elders were with me—God bless them!

"Last evening all was ended with a prayer-meeting of the Union, I in the chair. My good and valued friends, William Robertson and Smith of Lauder, with me, also dear James Campbell.

"Then prayer and thanksgiving alone with my beloved wife for the end of these five weeks since the night I sprang up in agony and spent a night of great pain in this room—my study!

"*May.*—I go to London this evening to speak for Tract Society. I preach twice for Herschell. On Monday, for the London Missionary Society; then home, dear home! And now, Father, I go forth again in Thy name, and desire to be kept true, humble, and unselfish: seeking Thy glory and Thy favour, which verily is life! Amen, and Amen.

"*May* 17.—I have returned, and give thanks to God! I spoke on Friday evening—very lamely indeed—for I was made so uncomfortable by a narrow and vulgar attack by —— on ——; and then by as narrow and more vulgar attack by —— on modern novels. I had to stick up for Jack the Giant Killer. I think I shall never enter Exeter Hall again on such occasions. The atmosphere is too muggy for my lungs."

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The year 1857 was notable in his own spiritual history. He was attacked by an illness which for a time gave his medical advisers considerable anxiety, and was attended with such pain, that he had frequently to pass the greater part of the night in his chair; yet, during the day, when the suffering had abated, he was generally at his post of labour in the parish. For a while he took the worst view of his own case, but anticipated its issue with calmness. An autumn tour, however, in Switzerland, in which he was accompanied by his wife, and by his valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, in a great measure restored him. But, shortly after his return, Mrs. Macleod was laid prostrate by typhoid fever, which rendered her delirious for several weeks, and reduced her to so critical a condition that on several occasions her life was despaired of. He recognized the solemn teaching which these days of terrible suspense contained, and his journals record the mental agony he passed through, as he tried to render willing obedience to his Father's will. It seemed a period when all the lessons of his past life—all his own sermons and teaching to others—all he had known of God and of the nature of Christian life as a life of Sonship—were gathered into one decisive question for his own soul. He literally wrestled in prayer, and fought inch by inch against self-will, until he was able to say, in peaceful submission, "Thy will be done." The effects of this time were immediate and enduring. He lived henceforth more entirely for God, and became much more tender, considerate, and patient towards others than he had ever been. There was no lessening of the old joyousness and genial humour; but he seemed to care less for the opinions of men, and looked more than ever to God alone.

It may now appear that the experience of this epoch in his life was as opportune as it was powerful. It came when he was about to enter a wider sphere of influence than he had hitherto occupied, and to encounter greater difficulties than those with which his past career had made him familiar. It was well, therefore, that his character should have been fortified, as it was at this period, to withstand the shock of conflicting opinions; and that, having been thrown so completely on God, he was able henceforth to be freer than ever of the influence of parties and their leaders.

"*June* 4.—For some days I have felt pain, and feared the return of my complaint. I have seen Dr. Laurie. I know it to be very serious, and I feel now how this may be the beginning of the end.

"Yet how awing is the thought of the gift of life being rendered up! The opportunities of receiving and doing good here gone for ever; pain to be encountered, and then the great secret revealed! But every question is stilled, every doubt answered, all good secured, in and through faith in the name of the Father, Son (Brother), and Comforter!

"Oh, God, enable me to be brave, unselfish, cheerful, patient, because trusting Thee!

"*Evening.*—I feel a crisis in my illness is passed. O my God, let not

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two such days of thought be lost to me, as those occasioned last month by my mistaken fears about myself."

To J. G. HAMILTON ESQ.:—

"CRAIGIE BURN, MOFFAT, *July 7th.*

"Here I am, like a blackbird reposing in my nest in a green wood, beside a burn, surrounded by pastoral hills, musical with bleating sheep and shadowy with clouds. My chicks all about me, some chirping, some singing, all gaping for food, with my lady blackbird perched beside me, her glossy plumage glittering in the sun, a perfect sermon on contentment.

"Blackbirds put me in mind of *bills*, and bills of money, and money of those who need it, and then of those who are willing to give it, and that brings me to you. It is not for schools, churches or schemes, but for charity, to help a needy gentlewoman. . . . .

"I am sorry to say that my complaint has not left me. I had a learned consultation in London with the great authority in such cases. He has put me on a regimen so strict that it would make a hermit's cell almost comfortable; and he commands rest. But this I cannot command for a month yet."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*December.*—I am alone, with nothing to occupy me but my own thoughts, and come what may, perhaps it may help on God's work in my soul if I try to express even in a very inadequate and crude way the solemn crisis through which I am now passing.

"Wednesday night my beloved one became so alarmingly ill that I lost all hope. The night was a memorable one to me. It was one of those awful soul struggles between life in God and the creature, which seem to compress the history of years into minutes. The only thing that gave me light was the one thought of doing God's will, and it did seem to me right, beautiful, good, that it should be done any way. I was able to look up to my Father and say, 'Thy will, not mine.' But oh! oh! the struggle now! To be willing in truth, to bury my life out of sight, how hard! To have my true life in God alone—impossible! I am supported, I think (dear God, pity me!) I can say, 'Thy will, not mine!' But to do this truly; to do it always; to do it in all things; to hang loose from life to all but Thee! O my Father, help me, teach me, for I desire faith and patience to have their perfect work. I desire to be made Thine wholly, and to learn obedience and meekness as a son; but O God, my Father uphold me under Thy loving, but sore and necessary dealing. If she is taken away! If she is spared! 'Lord, into Thy hand I commit my spirit,' as unto a faithful Creator. Glorify Thy name!

"My Father, I lie at Thy feet, and desire to be led as a child, and to follow Jesus—to die with Him. Yet lead me not into deeper trial lest I perish. Yet, Amen—Amen—I trust in Thee! In the depths, in darkness, I trust in Thee. God forgive my fears; Thou rememberest I am dust."

To his SISTER JANE:— "*22nd November.*

"The nervous, distracted outward man is one, and the inner rest in God

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belongs to another being. They both sadly cross. But my faith is not shaken in Him. May it be found to His glory at His appearing.

"This a quiet, peaceful day. Without—wind, rain, mist. Within—peace.

"All that man can do for her is done. She is watched every hour, and I am told there is hope, and that it is a mere question of time. Can the vessel weather the long storm?

"The mental history of this time to me is unparalleled. First the awful nervousness; then the soul battle, then the peace; the doubts, fears, agonies! and this day peace—perfect peace."

From his JOURNAL:—

"Beloved John Campbell and Dr. Macduff have been a great strength and stay.

"It is hard to describe my feelings. I now hope, yet fear least for one moment I should be kept off the one life, the living God! I have resigned her into His hands. I know he will prepare me, for I desire first (as far as I know) that His kingdom shall come in me and by me. Then, on the other hand, should she be given back! A solemn battle has then to be fought whether or not I shall attempt to rebuild my house or die daily. I feel that God's grace will be required just as much for me if the precious gift is restored as if taken away.

"Lord, undertake for us. Thou seest our strength is gone. We lean on Thee, mighty and merciful one."

To his SISTER JANE:—

"Saturday night and Sunday morning was my third burial of her. I gave her up again, and the third was more than the first. God alone knows what such a night is. Yet His grace has been more than sufficient, and I hope I have been taught what years have failed to do.

"You see, dear, what a trying time it is, and you cannot wonder if the tension of the brain should make mine very hot at times.

"Everything is confusion—night and day mingled."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Thursday.*—All going on well.

"I hardly know what I think. The apparent actual return to health does not at all affect me as its hopes did, for these quite convulsed me, while the reality only affects me by producing a sense of deep calm and thanksgiving.

"Certainly this has been without comparison the most solemn period of my life. Never have I so realised sorrow. I am anxious to gather up the fragments in any manner, however confused. I should like, if possible, to meet and sympathize with God in His teaching, lest it be lost—to understand what the will of the Lord is, and what is His loving kindness.

"God was teaching me (1) where my true life ought to be—in Him, and in Him only. (2) The sufficiency of His grace, to support and give peace in the most trying hour. (3) How beautiful His will is—how right it is that His glory should be the grand end of creation, and the sole ambition

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of the spirit of man. (4) How I deserved to be, not chastised, but punished for sin; and how hard it was for one who trusted in 'riches' to enter into the kingdom, or to sell all and follow Him!

"But my comforting thoughts were—

"(1) God's glory. What was right and beautiful in His sight was often very consoling. (2) That Jesus was in the house, and saw all, planned all, and would do all most tenderly, lovingly, and wisely. (3) That there was no depth to which He had not descended. If I made my bed in hell, He was there. I was much touched by the 22nd Psalm, in which, after uttering His own deep sorrow ('My God,' &c.) and recounting how our fathers had trusted God, he says, 'But I am a worm, and no man!' Think of that! As if His case was too desperate. (4) That patience must have her perfect work, and that faith must be tried and found precious. (5) That God wished me as a child to open my whole heart and tell Him everything. When David was told by Nathan that his child should die, he still prayed to God for its recovery. 'I doubt not,' says Hall so beautifully, 'God His Father took it kindly.' (6) That God was feeling keenly for me, even when afflicting me. As I heard of a father who used to suffer agony in dressing the wounds of his child; yet his love alone enabled him to do it, while putting her to so much pain.

"I have met extraordinary and wondrous sympathy; it utterly amazes me, and has given me a new and most touching view of my neighbour. Hundreds called to read the daily bulletin which I was obliged to put up. But everywhere it was the same. Free-Church people and people of all Churches called; men I never spoke to stopped me; cab-drivers, bus-drivers, working-men in the streets asked after her with such feeling. I have heard of ministers in Edinburgh praying in public for us. I pray God this may be a lesson for life to make me most tender, meek, kind, and charitable to all men. O God, keep my heart *soft* toward my brethren of mankind. I never could have believed in such unselfishness. And so I have felt its good, for my heart warms to all good men more than ever, and more deeply do I hate and loathe sectarianism.

"I have had inexpressibly solemn teaching from my own sermons. How solemnly have they preached to me! Such as the first, on 'Raising of Lazarus,'* and my article written, without thought of this sorrow, for the December number of the *Christian Magazine*. O my Father, I desire to learn to speak with deep awe and modesty, as one to whom Thou mayest address his own words.

"The difference between preaching and knowing by experience in affliction, is as great as between being a soldier in peace and fighting at reviews, and a soldier in war and actual battle.

"How awful the trial is of even the hope of returning 'prosperity.' It is not—Oh no!—as if my Father grudged to make me happy, or as if affliction was His rule, and not His strange work; but I know that in His love He has been designing good for me—life, and life more abundantly; that to produce this He has sent sorrow; that His purpose has not been hid from me, but that I have seen it and approved of its righteousness; and that in answer to prayers, many and fervent, from His people, who desired first that He should be glorified, He has been pleased to remove (in hope as yet)

*Afterwards published under the title, "The Mystery of Sorrow," in "Parish Papers."

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this great sorrow. I feel it will be a terrible loss, an abuse of God's grace, a receiving of it in affliction in vain, unless my life is rebaptized, our relationship far more inner and spiritual, and our walk more in the light of heaven. I have been called to a higher, purer, nobler life. I have had three burials of her, and on each occasion Jesus seemed to say, 'Lovest thou me more than her?' and thrice he has given her back, but with the awful reservation, 'Follow thou me,' 'Feed my sheep.' And now I feel God's grace is required for each day; for what should my future life be? not an occasional funeral, but a daily dying!

"O God omnipotent! let Thy strength be perfected in my weakness."

"*Friday.*—I am still full of anxiety, and feel the rod yet on me. Father, let patience have her perfect work, and prepare me to meet as a child all the changes of Thy providence. Remember I am dust, and help me according to the riches of Thy grace!

"The same. My hope is in Thee—in Thee only. God sustain. Undertake for me, my Father!

* * * * * *

"The Doctor has just left me, and he says, 'Well, I think all is safe.' This I have been hoping for during the last week. With what feeling do I receive the news?

"What means this? I have never shed a tear of joy. I who was wrung with grief, and could not, in prospect, bear the light of deliverance—who was crushed by the bare idea, 'maybe she will yet get better!' Yet I have never felt a throb, or the least of that excitement or tumult or leap of the heart which would seem so natural. Wherefore? I really know not. Is it the body, and collapse from over excitement? The Lord knoweth! But I shall not work myself up to an outward form of what might seem to be the right thing, but seek to be led by God into that state of spirit which is becoming in His sight. I feel as in a dream.

"*Monday, 21st.*—This day Sir George Grey informs me I am made a Chaplain to the Queen."

To Mr. WADDELL (a Member of the Session, on the death of his eldest child):—

"*Saturday, 12th Dec.*, 1857.

"I most deeply feel with you, my afflicted brother. God will enable you by-and-by, if not in the first darkness of the affliction, to know that it is *a Father* who sends the trial; and from your own tender love to your child you can in some degree realise the deep mystery of a Father's love to yourselves, and in your own hearts see a dim reflection of that love which passeth all understanding. You will remember, too, with new feelings, how His own well-beloved Son was a man of sorrows, how, (see the 22nd Psalm) there was no depth but He Himself was in a lower; how He is thus able to carry our burdens, understand us, feel for us and with us as a brother. You will be taught also how God is seeking our whole hearts, and will put us to pain even at the moment of our greatest earthly happiness, just because it is then we are most apt to forsake Him as our eternal life, and to seek life in the creature! Nay, He will teach you to see how deep and true that love is which will give pain to those dearly loved in order that they shall not lose a full blessing, but see life more abundantly.

"I feel assured that God is dealing towards you in great love, though it

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is hard to see it at first, and most trying to flesh and blood to say Amen to this discipline by the cross. But do not go away sorrowful from Him! Hold fast your confidence. His purpose is mercy, and good. Seek first of all, that His will should be done in you, His purpose of good be realised by you. Your child is certainly with One who is more gentle, tender, and loving than a mother—One who was a child, who knows a child's heart, who was in a mother's arms. Your babe will be trained up in a glorious school; when you meet she will be a fit companion for you, and rejoice with you for ever.

"I have myself during these four weeks endured the greatest sorrow I ever experienced in life. I twice gave up my beloved wife to the Lord. I can witness to you of the power of God's grace to give peace in the darkest hour, and of how affliction is indeed sent for our 'profit,' that we might be partakers of His holiness."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*March* 15, 1858.—It is this day twenty years ago that I was ordained minister of Loudoun! I bless God for calling me to the ministry as He did my father and grandfather before me, and for giving me a place in my nation's Church. Donald is to be ordained on Thursday, and I introduce him on Sunday."

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON (on his recovery from fever) :—

"*March 24th*, 1858.

"I do not know from experience what a man's feelings are when coming out of such a death in life as you have passed through, but from what I personally know of sorrow, or escapes from danger, there is little of that joy or excitement of any kind which most people picture to themselves. I have always felt my nervous system exhausted, my feelings listless, my intellect dull, and my moral being shut up to a quiet thankfulness, a simple leaning on Christ, with little more in my mind than that I was nothing and He was all, and no stronger desire than henceforth to be kept by Him and in Him. Everything about our *Ich-heit* is so base, earthy, mean. He must be all in all. Yet how difficult and perplexing a thing to the vain, proud, self-willed man is the simplicity which is in Christ!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*April* 5.—On Sunday night I finished my second winter's course of sermons to the working classes. The church was full. I preached about an hour and a-half to them. Yet though I had preached twice during the day, I felt as if I could have gone on till midnight. There is something overpoweringly interesting in seeing fourteen hundred people in their poor clothes drinking in the word! I never preach as I do to them. I feel what it is to be an evangelist.

"Last night I had a meeting of my old communicants, and a very delightful one it was.

"I admitted a year ago sixty-nine to the communion for the first time. These sat down at a separate service, in their working clothes. At the next communion upwards of twenty had got clothes, and joined other churches,

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as I had no sittings for them. A large number, about twenty, I think, sat down in their working clothes. At my ordinary communion others had got good clothes. Now I find that, with the exception of nine, all are attending church, fit to join at the ordinary communion. These nine are too much in difficulty from want of work to get good clothes yet. They will sit down in their working clothes. I have steadfastly kept aloof from giving clothes, lest it should be looked on as a bribe and injure themselves and others. See the result!

"I am now collecting for my Mission Church at Kelvinhaugh, and God is greatly blessing me in it."

He was made deeply thankful by receiving from the working-men themselves, on more than one occasion, such testimonies as the following to the benefit they had derived from his teaching:—

". . . . We thank God for having led you in the midst of your multifarious and onerous duties to think of us, and we thank you for having been the willing instrument in His hand of first rousing us from our indifference, and leading us to take a manly and straightforward view of our condition. Though the novelty which at first attached to these meetings has passed away, some of us know that their influence for good has been most enduring. . Not content with bringing us, as it were, to the entrance of the Saviour's Church and leaving us to go in or return as we pleased, you have led us into the great congregation of His saints on earth, and have invited us to take our places among our fellow-believers at the Lord's table, so that we might enjoy similar privileges with them. Those of us who have accepted this invitation have nothing of this world's goods to offer you in return, but we shall retain a life-long gratitude for your kindness—a gratitude which shall be continued when we shall meet in that eternal world which lies beyond the grave. . . . We beg you will accept of these expressions of gratitude in place of 'the silver and gold' of which 'we have none,' and we subscribe ourselves, with much regard,

"THE WORKING-MEN."

A working-man, who signs his own name "on behalf of a number of others," writes—

"We are not aware whether you know of any case in which your labours have been successful in arousing the careless, and in effecting reformation in character and disposition; if not, we can assure you that such instances are not rare, as even in our own neighbourhood many have been brought, through your instrumentality under God, to bethink themselves and mend their ways."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April* 30.—The University of Glasgow has this day conferred the honour on me of the degree of D.D. How sad it makes me! I feel as if they had stamped me with old age, and that it was a great cataract in the stream leading more rapidly to 'the unfathomable gulf where all is still.' And it is so. I have at best but a short time for work. O my God, brace

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every nerve of my soul by Thy mighty Spirit that I may glorify Thee on earth, and as a faithful servant redeem the time and finish the work which Thou hast given me to do!"

To the Rev. J. E. CUMMING:—

"*2nd June*, 1858.

"I have not myself found travelling congenial to much inner work. The outer world of persons and things I always relished so intensely that I required an extra effort to keep to quiet reading and prayer. One possesses such an 'abundance of things,' that they are apt to become 'the life' for the time. But I doubt not that the sobriety of weak health may act as a counterpoise, keeping the soul in hourly remembrance of its true and abiding life. I have no doubt you will find a blessing in going thus to 'rest awhile.' It is good to be made to feel how God's work can go on without us, and to be able to review from without our past work, and to be more cast on God Himself, and thus be more emptied of our own vain selves.

"When we are weak, then are we strong. The least are the greatest. I pray you may every day be drawn nearer Christ, and return to us stronger in body and soul."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 3, again!—I am now forty-six, and the future uncertain! And so this life of mine, which seems to me about to begin, is fast ending! I declare it makes the perspiration break out on my brow. Oh, cursed idleness, desultory study, want of hard reading and accurate scholarship when young,—this has been a grievous evil, a heavy burthen to me all my life! I have wanted *tools* for my mental powers. Had my resources been trained by art, so that they could have been wisely directed during my past life, I feel that I could have done something to have made me look back with more satisfaction on these bygone years.

"Oh, my Father, if I but felt assured that I should be a little child, then would I never mourn the loss of my first childhood, nor fear the coming on of my old age!

"Glory to Thee now and for ever that I have been born twice in Thy kingdom!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD (during her absence with his family in the country):—

"THE STUDY, *July 26th*, 1858.

"Why do you leave me here to be devoured with rats and grief? The house is horrible. I am afraid of ghosts. The doors creak in a way that indicates a clear connection with the unseen world. There are noises too. How slow must Hades be if spirits find Woodlands Terrace at this season more exciting! How idle they must be if to frighten a parson is their most urgent work! And yet on my honour I believe there is one going at this moment up the stairs."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*September* 6.—I have been too busy to be at rest with my family at Elie. I start to-day with Leitch* for a dash into Switzerland. May God

* The late Principal Leitch.

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guide me and keep me holy and wise, that I may return home fit in mind and body for my winter work!"

To MRS. MACLEOD:— "PARIS.

"Drove to Bois de Boulogne, paid considerably, and saw nothing but the driver's back. My money goes as usual—like snow. Mammon was no doubt a devil; he enters into the coin, and it rushes down steep places for ever into the abyss, and never returns. Best love to my mother, who, were she here, would go on the stage, or think she was dead, or if not, that the Champs Elysées were theologically so."

"ZURICH, *Friday, 10th September*, 1858.

"At Basle I called for Auberlen. We spent the rest of our time in the Institution for training Missionaries, and had all my principles confirmed and illustrated.

"Had a most exquisite drive by railway to this place. As we were crossing a valley, the range of Bernese Alps burst suddenly on our sight, every mountain-side and peak gleaming on their western sides with the intense furbished gold we saw at Mont Blanc. I gave a cry of wonder and joy that started the whole carriage—all but a Cockney, who kept reading all the time a Swiss guide-book. I shall never forget that second introduction to the Alps. When we arrived at Zurich we drove to the old hotel; but we did not look fine enough, and only a double-bedded room was offered, and refused. Angry at this, I would not go to the Baur, but came out at the first hotel the 'bus stopped at. This *Gasthof*, you must know, presents to the *Gasse* but one enormous gable with seven stories, covered by a projecting roof. Within, it contains a combination of short stairs, passages, kitchens, bed-rooms and eating-rooms, utterly indescribable as to their relative positions.

"There is a daily paper with the names of all the hotels and their guests. I see in ours '8 *Militär*.' These are common soldiers; the town is full of them, and a dozen are billeted in our lobby. I hear the drummer practising in the Speise Saal. At first I was disposed to be sulky, but Boss so thoroughly enjoys it, and is so thankful for having come to this sort of hotel, that he has brought me to his own mind. My window commands a glorious view of the lake, and the roofs of half the houses. Well, I find I am nowhere so happy as at home. Very truly I say that, even here. My own fireside and my home parish work are the circles within which is my earthly Paradise."

"RAGATZ, *12th September*.

"The baths of Pfeffers are, I think, in their way, the most wonderful scene I ever beheld. Conceive a huge fissure about five hundred feet deep; the edges at the top uniting like two saws—now in contact, and then an open hole through which you see the blue sky and the intense green trees waving in light some hundreds of feet above you—fifty feet below, the raging stream. It is a wondrous gorge that! We ascended by a zig-zag path about a mile higher, and came up to the pastures. Oh! what a sight of green uplands, villages, church steeples, ranges of precipices, snowy peaks, mountains lighted up with the setting sun, and what tinkling of hundreds of

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goat-bells! I could have sat down and wept. As it was, I lifted up my heart in prayer, and blessed God for this one glorious sight, and I felt I could return home with thankfulness."

"CANNSTADT, *20th September*, 1858.

"I preached yesterday forenoon in Stuttgart, and in the afternoon here. The English clergyman read the liturgy in the morning. The congregation excellent; afternoon crammed. I know not when I felt a Sabbath more truly peaceful, happy, and profitable to myself, and I hope and believe also to others. Walked by moonlight along the old street, stood before the house, went to my old *post** beyond Hermann's Hotel; recalled all the past year we were there with its dark sorrows and great joys, the past eight years with its constant sunlight; prayed, and looked up to the old stars which shone on me, and brought me then such true light in the same spot.

"I had great delight in preaching, and had such a vivid realisation of our dear one's life in heaven and his hearty realisation of that 'kingdom and glory,' which I feebly attempted to express."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*September 27th*, 1858.—I have this day returned, refreshed and invigorated in mind, spirit, and body.

"My route was London, Paris, Basle, Zurich, Wallenstadt, Ragatz, Pfeffers, Bellinzona, Isola Bella, back by St. Gothard, Lucerne, Zurich, Cannstadt, Heidelberg, Mannheim, the Rhine, Rotterdam, Leith. Time, three weeks. Cost, £23 10*s*. Gain, undying memories, health, and happiness."

"*November* 2.—On my return I found the command of the Queen awaiting me to preach again at Balmoral. Preached in peace and without notes. After dinner the Queen sent for me. She always strikes me as possessed of singular penetration, firmness, and independence, and very real. She was personally singularly kind, and I never spoke my mind more frankly to any one who was a stranger and not on an equal footing.

"..... The agitation renewed anent non-intrusion. No reform requiring an Act of Parliament will interest me unless it unites Presbyterianism in Scotland. That is the thing to be sought."

"*January* 16.— ————'s birthday. God bless my child! Make her simple, earnest, true, and above all other things in the universe, Father, give her love to Thee, that in all her difficulties she may consult Thee and yield to what her conscience tells her to be right, that in all her trials she may trust Thee and honour Thee by grace, and that she may ever seek to please her Saviour in soul, spirit, and body, which are His! Hear *us*, our God, who daily pray for our beloved children whom Thou hast given us in Thy great love. Amen!"

The centenary celebration of the birth of Robert Burns created immense excitement in almost every region of the earth where Scotchmen could congregate, and in the poet's native land was the signal for the

* The point to which he and John Mackintosh walked every day.

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outbreak of a bitter war between the pulpit and the press. There were fanatics on both sides. Admirers of the poet would not brook exception being taken to their hero-worship; this provoked, on the opposite side, unmeasured abuse of his character and influence. The sacred name of religion was so constantly invoked in the quarrel, that no clergyman could take part in the festival without risk to his reputation. Norman Macleod, however, felt it would be unmanly not to speak what he believed, and, accordingly, accepted the invitation which had been sent him to appear at the Glasgow Celebration. As he was the only clergyman on the platform, his presence was greeted with unusual cheering. Every word he uttered in praise of the poet was, as might have been expected, loudly applauded; but as he had come to utter his convictions, he was quite prepared for the storm of hissing, mingled with cheers, which arose as he adverted, delicately but firmly, to those features of the poet's productions which every religious mind must deplore. His speech was a vindication of his own position as a Scotchman and a clergyman, and before he concluded the audience showed how heartily they appreciated his independence and honesty.

"There are two things," he said, "which to me make Burns sufficiently memorable. One is, his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity, as expressed, for example, in that heroic song, 'A man's a man for a' that.' Another is, his intense nationality—a noble sentiment, springing, like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil, and bearing fruit which nourishes the manliest virtues of a people. Few men have done for any country in this respect what Burns has done for Scotland. He has made our Doric for ever poetical. Everything in our land, touched with the wand of his genius, will for ever retain the new interest and beauty which he has imparted to it. Never will the 'banks and braes of bonnie Doon' cease to be 'fresh and fair,' nor the 'birks of Aberfeldy' to hang their tresses in the bright atmosphere of his song. He has even persuaded Scotchmen 'o' a' the airts the wind can blaw' most dearly to 'lo'e the west,' though it comes loaded to us, who live in the west, only with the soft favours of a 'Scotch mist.' So possessed are even railway directors and rough mechanics by his presence and his power, that they send 'Tam o' Shanter' and 'Souter Johnnie' as locomotives, roaring and whistling through the land that is called by his name, and immortalised by his genius. How marvellously has he welded the hearts of Scotchmen throughout the world. Without him they would, no doubt, be united by the ordinary bonds of a common country that cannot anywhere be forgotten—a common tongue that cannot anywhere be easily mistaken—and by mercantile pursuits in which they cannot anywhere be wanted. But still these ties would be like the cold hard cable that connects the Old and New World beneath the Atlantic. The songs of Burns are the electric sparks which flash along it and give it life; and 'though seas between us may be cast,' these unite heart and heart, so that as long as they exist, Scotchmen can never forget 'auld acquaintance,' nor the 'days o' lang syne.' And yet, how can a clergyman, of all men, forget or fail to express his deep sorrow on such an occasion as the present for some things that Burns has written, and which deserve the uncompromising

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condemnation of those who love him best? I am not called upon to pass any judgment on him as a man, but only as a writer; and with reference to some of his poems, from my heart I say it—for his own sake, for the sake of my country, for the sake of righteousness more than all—would God they were never written, never printed, and never read! And I should rejoice to see, as the result of these festivals in honour of Burns, a centenary edition of his poems, from which everything would be excluded which a Christian father could not read aloud in his family circle, or the Christian cottar on his 'Saturday night' to his sons and daughters. One thing I feel assured of, is, that righteously to condemn whatever is inconsistent with purity and piety, while it cannot lessen one ray of his genius, is at once the best proof we can give of our regard for his memory. If his spirit is cognizant of what is done upon earth, most certainly such a judgment must be in accordance with its most solemn conviction and most earnest wishes."*

Some influential members of the Presbytery of Glasgow at this time moved an "overture" (as a formal representation is called) to the General Assembly on the subject of Lay Patronage. At once perceiving the importance of the question thus raised, he supported the proposal in a long speech, and it is interesting, in the light of more recent Scottish ecclesiastical history, to notice the care with which he had already weighed the difficulties besetting the policy, in which he was afterwards to take a conspicuous lead.

". . . . I dare not conceal my own honest convictions of the extreme difficulty of getting a hearing in Parliament, a conviction strengthened when I think that, in 1843, we had far stronger claims to be heard than now, and when the evils calling for legislative enactment were far more pressing. I argue from the general temper in which Parliament legislates; the whole tendency of legislation in Parliament, as you will see from year to year, being not for sections of the community. But if Parliament is willing and ready to hear us, I for one would most assuredly be deeply thankful for a legislative measure that should enable us to cure the evil.

"There is another way of looking at this case, which seems perhaps to be

*He afterwards received the following characteristic letter of thanks from the late able and lamented Dr. Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Edinburgh.

"*29th January*, 1859.

"I have just read with delight the extract from your speech at the Burns Centenary Meeting. The works of Burns are a power whose influence is to be felt, and will continue to be so, in this country and beyond it; a very mixed one it is true. In all such things we are bid to choose the good (thankfully, as all good is of God) and refuse the evil. 'Abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good.' I can deeply sympathize with the moral tone of feeling which turns from the whole with the loathing which the smell of the dead fly causes—the miasma which it spreads. I cannot, however, think that the zeal of some 'abounds in all wisdom.' To abolish Burns is not possible, and it is pleasing to think that the 'non omnis moriar' may be applied to our great lyrical poet, not only with safety, but to so great advantage.

"I beseech you prosecute the idea of printing a purified centenary edition. The pearls must be rescued. Why should our children not have them clear of the impure dross or sand, and placed in as fine a casket as the hallowed genius of the nation can produce?"

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the more important, when regarded with reference to Scotland. Many people say, 'What have we to do with other Churches, and with the opinions of the Free Church, or of any other Church? We have to do with ourselves.' I say we sink down to be mere sectarians when we say we have only to do with ourselves and not with the country. I say, as a National Establishment, we have to do with the nation; as a National Scotch Establishment, we have to do with Scotchmen; and I should never like to hear any great question discussed merely with reference to its relationship to our Church, and not in its relationship to our country. When we look at this question in reference to the whole of Scotland, I think it is still more complicated. I believe that the welfare of Scotland, as a whole, is bound up with Presbyterianism. Scotland, as a country, will rise or fall with its Presbyterianism. It is warped into its whole historical past, into the hearts of our people, as not one other element in our national greatness or history is. The second point, I think, you will agree upon, is that the interests of Presbyterianism in Scotland are bound up with the Established Church. I do not say the Established Church exclusively, but I say the Established Church inclusively. The Presbyterianism of Scotland might be the better of a vigorous Presbyterianism always lying outside of the National Establishment, but I think it would be much worse if there was no National Establishment at all. Now what is the present state of our Church in reference to Scotland generally? Episcopacy has unfortunately alienated a very great number of the upper classes, not from the Church of Scotland merely, but from the Presbyterianism of Scotland. I would wish to talk gently and kindly on this subject. I am very unwilling to attribute motives. There are many Episcopalians whose families have been so from generation to generation. Many of these have never belonged to the Church of Scotland, and are yet most hearty friends of the Established Church; some of them are among her kindest and most generous friends. There are others, again, who have become Episcopalians from the fact of English education; and there are others who have become so from—I hardly know how to express my meaning, but perhaps a little *flunkeyism* would not be a bad term. While there is a great mass of educated gentlemen of this persuasion, many of whom are my personal friends, and for whom I entertain the greatest possible respect, there are, along with these clergy and laity, who are antagonistic for conscience sake, not only to the Church of Scotland, but to Presbyterianism. Looking, again, to Presbyterians, we see that there is a great number of the middle classes who do not belong to the Established Church, and who are even antagonistic to it. In these circumstances, I do not myself see how the Established Church can remain as she is, and continue to be the National Church. There is no use of entering on the question whether it will last your day or mine, but it is perfectly clear that, as a national Church, if she is to represent the Presbyterianism of the nation, this state of things cannot last. Should we not deplore, for the sake of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and for the sake of all Churches, that this noble old Presbyterian Establishment should be permanently weakened, or should fall? Presbyterianism is linked inseparably with the holy memories of the Reformation. Every Reformed Church in every part of Europe—let me say so to Episcopalians—took the Presbyterian form, either in fact or in theory; in France, in Spain, in Italy, in the

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National Church in Germany, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Sweden, and Norway, this was the case. Are we now to have no representative National Presbyterian Church speaking the English language—and this, too, in the present state of Episcopacy and Romanism? Well, if we are not to be permanently weakened as a National Establishment, we must gather the masses of Presbyterians now lying beyond our pale. In one word, I think it is the duty of our Church, as a National Church, to entertain not only privately in our hearts, but publicly, the question of union with the Free Church. I assume that such a union is as essential for their welfare as for ours. We should cease without it to be national in the strongest sense of the word, and they would cease to be national in their principles, and sink down to be Voluntaries, instead of retaining the convictions and principles on which they left the Establishment. I do not think we can exist worthily as a great National Church unless some such union takes place. But before that union is possible, there must, in the nature of things, be legislative enactment. It is not possible with the present state of our law with reference to the induction of ministers, not to speak of our laws affecting spiritual independence. The Free Church men have justified to the whole world the seriousness and strength of their convictions on these points; and if we are to be as one again, these convictions assuredly must be respected by us—at all events they themselves will respect them."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*February* 11.—A girl born to us. We give her to the Lord. Bless His name!

"*March* 12.—'We give her to the Lord,' and this night it would seem as if the Lord would take her to Himself. She has been seized with cholera and seems very weak.

"*March* 15.—The anniversary of my ordination twenty-one years ago! I have attained my majority as a minister. Praise the Lord for it!

"In proportion as I realise how the Lord has made me an instrument of good, and ever heard my prayer, and blessed my miserable labours; in that proportion do I feel how deep and real is my sin. Where has been the habitual yearning for souls, the cherishing them as a nurse her children; the constant prayer for them; the carrying their burden; the prompt action; the devotedness; the love to Christ always? I truly feel that the thief on the cross owes no more to God's grace than I as a minister do. My sins and defects as a minister would overwhelm me, unless I believed in that glorious atonement made for the worst: justification by faith alone. Father, in Christ, forgive thine unworthy servant! Enter not, enter not into judgment, for he cannot out of Christ be justified! I plead Thy free grace alone.

"My dear babe now seems fast approaching her end. I baptised her myself on Sabbath morning.

"How strange that she knows no one in the universe! Yet how known, how cared for, how beloved! How different will her education be from ours! Yet I do not envy it now. The old earth, where Christ himself learned obedience as a child, is the grandest school.

"*20th.*—Now, though not out of great danger, there is hope. It has been a most blessed time! We gave her to the Lord, I believe sincerely.

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We give her still, as far as we know our hearts. We prayed beside her; but, with the yearning implanted in our hearts by our Father, we cried to Him to spare her; and God knoweth how I feel it is His doing, and in answer to prayer, if she is spared.

"God bless my sermons to-day on Missions in St. Andrew's and Barony! Hear me, Lord, for my heart is in it!"

There were few important questions brought before the Assembly of 1859 on which he did not speak at length; most of them touched on matters in which he had special interest. The subject of the revival, which followed on the great American awakening of 1858, was then rousing attention in Ireland and in many parts of Scotland. He never doubted the possibility of a great outpouring of the Spirit, and, at the beginning of the movement, he wrote and preached much in its favour. Later phases of it compelled him, however, to modify his expectations as to its results; but the incredulity with which the very idea of a revival was regarded by many of the clergy, grieved him even more than the exaggerations of over-zealous supporters. When the question came before the Assembly of 1859, it did so in a shape which excited in him a feeling of positive indignation. A minister labouring in a poor parish in Aberdeen, had permitted several earnest laymen to address his people from the pulpit; and the Presbytery, avoiding any expression of opinion as to the character of their teaching or its results, had thought proper to rebuke their more zealous brother on the technical ground of having allowed laymen to speak in church. This unsympathetic method of putting down an earnest, and, at worst, a mistaken attempt to do good, touched Norman Macleod to the quick.

"A few Christian men," he said, "came to Aberdeen, and were brought within the sacred walls of one of the churches there. He did not know whether they preached a sermon or not; he did not know whether they stood in a pulpit fifteen feet, or on a platform seven feet high, but he knew that they addressed people upon the unsearchable riches of Christ, and that as Christian men they spoke from their hearts to thousands.

"The only fault found with these men seemed to be that they addressed immortal souls on the truth of Christianity within the walls of a church, but he had been brought up in the belief that the Church of Scotland attached no peculiar sacredness to stone and lime. It had been pleaded at the bar that these men might go to the street. But there were many laws that were tolerable only because they had liberty occasionally to break them; and surely all Church laws must subserve the one grand end for which all Churches exist. They might have decency, order, regularly appointed licentiates, and regularly ordained men, and death all the while. This was not a time, when there was so much necessity for increased spiritual life, for the General Assembly to occupy a whole night in finding fault because a minister permits a layman to preach the gospel from a pulpit."

He also spoke upon Home Missions, and in the course of his speech

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took occasion to repudiate some of the accounts that were commonly given by social and religious Reformers of the condition of Glasgow, and of the state of the working classes there. No one knew better than he the characteristic faults of those classes; but he emphatically denied the exaggerated statements as to their habits, with which sentimental proposals for their improvement were often supported. It must also be confessed that he was hurt by the manner in which his views had been misrepresented by that advanced section of abstainers who were ready to brand a man as an abettor of drunkenness if he did not inculcate their special opinions. His tract on Temperance had been more than once most unjustly handled by these people, and partly provoked by such criticisms, but still more as vindicating for working-men the liberty which was not denied to other classes, he spoke with a warmth and frankness which startled many.

"The city of Glasgow has somehow or other got such a very bad name for its weather and its morality, that one would suppose, from the statements made in some quarters, we sat soaking in water all the day, and soaking in whisky all the night; that we were engaged in cheating our neighbours on week days, and on Sabbath-day sat sulky and gloomy in the house. There has been a great tendency to exaggeration in describing the condition of the working classes. If people wish to advance teetotalism, they generally begin by showing what a dreadful set of blackguards the working classes are. When the question of the suffrage is brought above board, and if men do not wish to concede it, they say, 'Oh, you cannot grant it to the working classes.' These poor fellows are struck right and left, and the impression is given that in such a place as Glasgow there is nothing in the East-end but an enormous mass sunk in degradation, while, in the Terraces, and Streets, and Squares of the West-end there is a population almost entirely intelligent and pious.

"Do not let us fall into exaggeration. We have an enormous mass of ignorant people in Glasgow. We have a mass of Irish, neither under the care of priest or presbyter, and in a wretched, degraded condition; but I feel there is a vast number of steady, sober, God-fearing men amongst our working classes who are never heard of, and who, whilst these drunken fellows may be creating a disturbance in the streets, are sitting quietly by their firesides. Generally speaking, I must say the working classes are very like the upper classes. I find vulgar, dissipated, and indecent people in both classes. I must also state that the working classes have a respect for the clergy, and will always receive one with respect, provided he treats them with respect. But if one goes among the working classes he ought not to do so as if arranging for Popish controversies, or as a controversialist coming from one class to another. I am not going to argue the question, though I am ready to do so, but I hesitate not to say, as the result of my observation of Missions to Romanists as hitherto conducted in cities, that so far from their making Roman Catholics and the lower classes more accessible to the clergy, they have raised up barriers in their way which it is extremely difficult to overcome. So much do I believe this, that in my preaching to the working-men at night, I tell them I am not going to attack

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Romanism or Popery, because that doing so has driven men from the gospel. I am going to preach the gospel only. And I know that Roman Catholics do come, brought by those who attend regularly. I am very glad that it is proposed to combine the anti-popery agency with the home-mission agency, and I hope the Missionaries will go earnestly and lovingly amongst the people as brethren to brethren, not in the attitude of saying, 'You are wrong and we are right,' or 'We only want you to come from the Popish to the Protestant Church.' . . . .

"In regard to the means taken to educate the working classes we are too apt to forget that man is a compound being, a social being, and that it is important to help him to better house-accommodation, and a better knowledge of natural laws. Above all, do not assume too high a standard as to the little luxuries enjoyed by working-men. Some say the working-man, in order to be temperate, must not taste a single drop of fermented liquor; and people, who have themselves their wine, may be heard talking wisely about the horror of the working-man having his glass of beer or porter. I cannot talk in this way. I should feel it hypocritical. I would rather say to them: 'God has given it to you, don't take it as from the devil, but use it as from God. Don't take it in the publichouses. If you wish to use such things, do so frankly, and as in the presence of God, at your own fireside, or before family worship, and if the minister comes in offer him some, and don't be ashamed.' Do not let me be misunderstood as to what I say about temperance, because, remember, there is a tendency among a certain type of teetotalers to spread as facts all that can be brought against any clergyman who dares to lift up his voice against what threatens to be a terrific tyranny in Scotland. Now mark what I do say. Do not suppose that when visiting the houses of working men I am in the habit of taking anything from them; I never do so. Nor would I be understood to say that I would not seek to make teetotalers among the working classes. When I find that any of them drink to excess, I try to make them resolve to be teetotal; but I put it in this form: 'Christ desires temperance, and if you can't be temperate without being teetotal, then you must be teetotal.' In the same way some people, in order to save the working-man from extravagance, say, 'Oh, this is dreadful; you have only from sixteen to seventeen shillings a week and yet I have more than once found you with a pipe in your mouth.' Now why should he not smoke his pipe? Do you imagine we are to have the confidence of the working classes if we speak to them in that fashion? I would rather say to him, 'I'll give you tobacco to keep your pipe lighted, I like one myself.' In order also to have working-men keep the Sabbath, some are in the habit of speaking to them against walking on the Sabbath, as if they were terrified to give them that liberty. But why should they wish to be less liberal than God who has made us and knows our frame? Let us be fair and honest with the working-man, and you will find him display no tendency to pervert your teaching if you deal with him in a spirit of liberality and in accordance with the laws of God properly interpreted. But when you are less liberal than God and draw the bow too much in one direction, it will rebound all the more on the other."

He concluded a long speech by expressing his conviction that the grand instrument for elevating the working classes, and all classes, is

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the gospel. Along with the gospel, many plans of doing good might succeed; without the gospel they would certainly fail.

To Miss Scott Moncrieff :—

"I am sorry to say that my old sciatica has returned, which makes me quite a cripple in mind and body, and neither of these instruments can be well spared by the minister of the Barony. I had an American clergyman breakfasting with me yesterday, and he tells me that the Revival goes on like a great flood, ever deepening and widening without almost an eddy or a wave; churches full every morning at eight in all the great cities, and life universally diffused. If this is from man, he is not so corrupt—not a sinner, but a saint in his disposition. If it is from the Devil—he is not the Devil we have taken him for. But it is from God, and therefore to be desired and prayed for. My American friend will address a prayer meeting in my church on the subject. Surely Scotland will share the blessing."

To the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson :—

"*September 27th*, 1859.

"I have every intention of going to Ireland when the seed has reached the blade or full ear of corn. I think I shall then be able to have a truer understanding of the work. In the meantime I heartily recognise it as a work of God. Praise him for it! The one unquestioned fact of universal religious earnestness is itself a grand preparation of the soil for the seed. We must sow with all our might. Who need a revival more than some of us ministers?"

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CHAPTER XV.

1860—61.

AS the next twelve years were the last, so they were the most laborious and most important, of his life. In addition to his onerous pastoral duties, he now accepted the editorship of *Good Words*. The voluminous correspondence which that office entailed necessarily occupied much of his time; but, besides numerous minor articles, he contributed to its pages, between 1860 and 1870, "The Gold Thread," "The Old Lieutenant," "Parish Papers," "The Highland Parish," "Character Sketches," "The Starling," "Eastward," and "Peeps at the Far East." For the greater part of the same period he presided over the India Mission of the Church; and during its course he had more than once to engage in painful controversies on public questions, which, to a man of his temperament, were more exhausting than the hardest work.

He had removed during the previous year from Woodlands Terrace to his future home at 204, Bath Street; and here, as a refuge from interruption, he fitted up a little library over an outside laundry, which was, to the last, his favourite nook for study. His writing table was placed at a small window which he had opened at a corner of the room, where he could enjoy a glimpse of sky over the roofs of the surrounding houses. It was at the best only a spot of heaven that was visible, but such as it was, it afforded him some refreshment when, in the midst of his work, he caught a passing gleam of cloudland.

Those who were admitted to this "back study" will remember the quick look with which he used to turn from his desk to scan his visitor, and the unfailing heartiness with which, even in his busiest hours, the pen was cast aside, the small *meerschaum* lighted, and throwing himself on a couch covered with his old travelling buffalo robe, he entered upon the business in hand. But the continual interruptions to which he was exposed* and the pressure of literary engage-

*Every forenoon there was quite a levee at his house, consisting chiefly of the poor seeking his aid on all kinds of business, relevant and irrelevant. On these occasions his valued beadle, Mr. Lawson, acted as master of the ceremonies. One day when Norman was overwhelmed with other work, and the door-bell seemed never to cease ringing, some one said, "I believe that bell is possessed by an evil spirit." "Certainly," he answered, "Don't you know the Prince of evil spirits is called *Bell*zebub—from his thus torturing hard-worked ministers?"

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ments gradually drove him into the habit of working far into the night, and as he seldom failed to secure at least an hour for devotional reading before breakfast, his sleep was curtailed, to the great injury of his health.

Good Words was not projected by him but by the publishers, Mr. Strahan and his partner Mr. Isbister. When Mr. Strahan (to whose enterprise and genius as a publisher the magazine greatly owed its success) asked him to become its editor he for a time declined to accept a task involving so much labour and anxiety. But he had long cherished the conviction that a periodical was greatly required of the type sketched by Dr. Arnold, which should embrace as great a variety of articles as those which give deserved popularity to publications professedly secular, but having its spirit and aim distinctively Christian. The gulf which separated the so-called religious and the secular press was, in his opinion, caused by the narrowness and literary weakness of even the best religious magazines. He could see no good reason for leaving the wholesome power of fiction, the discussion of questions in physical and social science, together with all the humour and fun of life, to serials which excluded Christianity from their pages. His experience while conducting the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* served only to deepen his desire to have an ably written periodical which would take up a manly range of topics, and while embracing contributions of a directly religious character, should consist mainly of articles "on common subjects, written," as Arnold said, "with a decidedly Christian tone."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*January* 1, *half-past* 12.—Into Thy hands I commit my life, my spirit, my family, my all!

"I have had more pleasure in preaching this year than any year of my life. Sabbath after Sabbath I have had joy in the work, and have been wonderfully helped by God out of the pulpit and in it. I had my usual evening sermons with the working classes. But, strange to say, though it was a time of revival, and my heart longed for one, and a prayer-meeting was established for one, and I preached two months longer than usual, the results as to attendance and conversions were far poorer. I cannot yet account for this, except on the supposition that the good which flowed through this channel has gone through others into God's treasury. Amen.*

* The following anonymous letter which he received expresses graphically the impression these services had on the poor.

"I hope you will excuse me, Sir, a poor woman, to address you, one of the greatest men of the City, but I feel so grateful for your unwearied kindness in preaching to us working-people many winters, just out of pure good will for the real good of our souls; if the prayers of the poor are of any avail, I'm sure you have them heartily, you have no idea how proud we are to see yourself coming into the pulpit.

"I remember some of the lectures very well last winter on the Creation, on the fall of Man, the Flood, and Abraham offering up his son Isaac, and how delighted we were that night when you were on Lazarus, and Martha and Mary. I heard you on the mysteries of providence, and I understood it well, Sir, as I heard you mention how it was explained to yourself that night when you thought Mrs. Macleod was dying.

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"The editorship of 'Good Words' was given me. I did not suggest or ask the publication, and I refused the editorship for some time. On the principle, however, of trying to do what seems given me of God, I accepted it. May God use it for His glory!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD:— "HIGHFIELD, *May*, 1860.

"This is a magnificent country, and the house stands on a gentle eminence, and there is such a glorious prospect of massy and majestic forest from it, with low blue hills far away. Spring is here in its full-flooded glory. The woods are smothered with songs and nests. The nightingales disturb one's repose. The roses are out, and a thousand flowering shrubs. But yet I can think of little but you and the bairns, and would prefer the confusion of the house with you all, to this grandeur and all the happiness of seeing my dear old friends again, without you. I walked through a lane of Scotch firs to-day, with such peeps of woodland and English glories as were awful. Yet somehow I am sad. It may be indigestion, or anticipated work, or perhaps the devil, or sin, but so it is.

"We had a grand lunch yesterday at ———'s. Noble pictures, a nice fellow, and lots of people who never knew of my existence, or I of theirs. They came and went like a dream. They might have been ghosts but for the tremendous luncheon they ate."

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq.:— "*June* 1, 1860

"I saw in Paris all I wished to see, and more than I expected to have seen. I visited the jeweller's and file-makers, and had a great deal of full and free talk with the men, through a patient interpreter. These men have made a deep and singularly favourable impression upon me. They seem to me to be the most hopeful class (and more hopeful than any I supposed to exist among the people of Paris) out of which to rear a strong, truthful, manly, living Church of Christ. Would to God that earnest pastors met them face to face, heart to heart! Honest fellows, I seem still to feel the firm grasp of their hands! Their muscles are firmly strung to their hearts, and vibrate from them. I do not think their associations have had much success, but they prophecy a brighter future in better times.

"I have heard much of Highland revivals since I saw you. The fanaticism is dreadful, the evils monstrous, and the fruits small; yet life, life, is the one grand want of our Protestant churches, come how or when it may. All is dark to me save God.

"As to my taking offence, thank Heaven a pretty good schooling has developed, *à la* Darwin, a rather thin-skinned Celt into a tolerably fair specimen of a pachydermatous Saxon. I never take offence except when I believe a man tries to insult me, which I don't remember has happened. And then? Why enter on the discussion of such a nice bit of casuistry!"

"Oh, Sir, I hope you will forgive me for using so much freedom as this with you, but I thought I might never have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you personally, but I thought a word from even an old woman would help to encourage you. I have heard you say your own faith was sometimes like to fail.

"I count it a great privilege to get leave to hear from you, you speak so kindly to us. I never did this before to any one, but I never felt so much indebted to any minister before now. Sir, I hope you will forgive me if I have done wrong—it's for no selfish end, depend on it, or I would have given my name and address. I am just a widow."

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From his JOURNAL:—

"*July* 20.—*Wellbank, Campsie.*—We have taken this sweet place for two months, and just as I was beginning to enjoy the old nest, and to commune with the old hills, the dear nurses of my youth, I am suddenly called away to Russia!

". . . I have been asked to aid my Scotch countrymen. I never sought it. I prayed God to direct me—and I have perfect peace from feeling it to be His will, and so I go. What more can I do to discover God's will than a call to work—prayer for guidance, a good conscience, and no argument against the work?

"It is strange that I have never mentioned in my Journal what has been so near my heart, my call to minister to dear Lady Bute on her death-bed! In December I was summoned by telegram to visit her. I found her sister with her. Lady Bute was almost speechless. I knelt beside her, and spoke into her ear, repeating suitable texts of Scripture. She evidently understood me, for while I spoke she suppressed her breathing so as to listen, and then, as I ended, she breathed rapidly, turning her ear away. May that dear boy know God as his Father, even as his earthly father and mother knew Him, and this will be, as eternity is to time, above all earthly riches to him. I had prayers with him and his aunt. I offered to remain all night, and begged to be sent for in the morning. So ended a life full of deep interest. She had a singular and noble sense of duty—a refined sense of what was due to God and man—with a masculine intellect; a deep, tender heart to her friends, a marvellous, chivalrous devotion to her relations—father, mother, sisters, and son especially. I believe she is in glory—saved through Him whom she knew and loved sincerely. I was afterwards at her funeral. My dear Macnab was there, his beloved wife, and my own John Campbell. I accompanied Mr. Macnab afterwards to Carlisle. He died a month afterwards, and a more perfect Christian gentleman or finer man in all respects I never knew. He was *ausgebildet* within and without."

The following extracts are from letters written to Mrs. Macleod during his visit to Russia. An account of his tour and its impressions appeared in *Good Words* for 1861.

"ST. PETERSBURG, *August* 7, 1860.

"Met to-day old General Wilson, who came from Scotland when eight years old. He saw the Empress Catharine in 1784.

"Now, I must confess that St. Petersburg has as yet greatly disappointed me. The Neva is a noble river: St. Isaac's is, outside, a noble church. The bridge is fine, so are the granite quays; some of the statues fine—but the town as a whole is as dust to Paris. There is a mixture of big and mean buildings—a want of finish which reminds me of an American town.

"The heat is considerable: the gentry are absent. You see almost no military, no music, no *cafés*, no fine hotels; but a hot, white, glaring, dead slowness in the place. It is sad, not joyous—heavy, not gay. The service of the Greek Church is far less interesting than the Roman Catholic."

"*August* 10.

"We have met several Scotchmen. I saw a Highlander in full dress in

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church, and, to his astonishment, addressed him in Gaelic. Curiously enough, I met three men together at a work—one was from the Barony, the second from Campbeltown, the third from Dalkeith.

"I preached the night before last on the top of a gas meter to about forty. Most of the peop'e were from Glasgow. It was a queer sight. I sung the Psalms—no seats or books; lots of Russian workmen stood around to hear the Scota 'pope'—as the priests are called. 'My heart is full,' said a Scotch woman, taking my hand, 'I canna speak.'

"I spent three hours in St. Isaac's on Sunday; got my pocket picked. The service was beyond all measure tiresome. Crowds of priests with the Metropolitan at their head—most magnificent dresses. Chanting beautiful, voices exquisite, but vast sameness. It lasted three hours, and was followed by the kissing of the Cross and the Bible, &c. It would take pages to give you an idea of what is not worth knowing. It is externally worse than Rome. Russian life I cannot see. I know no more than you do of the country."

"SWEDEN, *August* 31.

"I am here in a station on the railway, by the margin of a wild Highland Loch, having come out to visit a few Scotchmen. I left St. Petersburg on Tuesday week, without any regret, never wishing again to visit that slow, big, ill-paved, drosky-thumped, expensive capital.

"Thank God, there are, however, signs of life everywhere. Thousands of the Scriptures are being circulated in Russia. Gospel preaching is heard in Finland, and in Sweden. The dry bones are everywhere stirring, though the breath has come to a few only.

"The system of the Church in Sweden is quite perfect of its kind. No dissent is permitted. Every child is educated. All must be confirmed, and thoroughly taught, and examined in the small and larger catechism. Every one before getting a situation, even a servant, must produce a certificate in which is marked the number of times and the last, in which he has communicated. There is probably not a person, the vilest, who has not such. What is the result? formality, deadness, and an immense amount of corruption. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the more perfect the government, the less it should interfere with religion. If men won't do right because it is right, what is the good of it? Give me freedom with all its risks."

On his return from Russia his attention was directed to a speech made by a distinguished and much respected professor in a Scotch University, a keen advocate of Total Abstinence, who had taken Dr. Macleod's tract, "Plea for Temperance," as his text at a meeting of the League, held in Glasgow.

To Professor ——:—

"GLASGOW, 1860.

". . . I am not in the habit of taking notice of all the 'hard speeches which had been uttered against me by violent and unscrupulous abstainers. There are, I rejoice to know, among teetotalers very many persons whom I highly respect for their own and for their work's sake, and many intimate

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and dear friends with all of whom I am glad to co-operate in my own way, according to my given light and conscientious convictions. But I protest that there is also among them, a rabble of intemperate men, revelling in the pride of power which enables them as members of a great league, and under cover of an exclusive profession of self-sacrifice for the public weal, to bully the timid and to exercise all the tyranny possible in a free country over every man, especially a Christian minister, who presumes to dissent from their views of duty and to resist their demands, or who dares to defy their threats and despise their insinuations. Such men I never notice.

"But it is otherwise when a learned and Christian gentleman like you attacks me.

". . . Yes, I think your remarks were unfair, uncalled for, and calculated, as far as your influence and words extend, to injure my character, and weaken my hands in labouring among the working classes whose well-being is dearer to me than life. I must ask you to prove your assertions, and to justify your remarks on me and my writings more fully than you have done in your speech, and upon other principles than those of the League. I do not ask you to explain or defend the 'principles' of total abstinence, to show their harmony with Scripture, or their expediency as rules of action in the present state of society. All this I am willing for argument's sake to take for granted. But what I demand in justice from your hands is to prove that the principles, the argument, the spirit, or any one thing else in my tract is inconsistent with any other things in the Word of God, which I recognise as 'the only rule of faith and morals.' Nay, you are bound, in order to justify yourself, to prove my teaching to be so inconsistent as to have warranted you in exposing it as you have done, and in holding me up as a foe of temperance, and my tract as calculated to confirm drunkards in their vicious habits; nay, to ruin souls temporally and eternally. Pray keep to this simple theme. Put my tract and Scripture side by side, and in clear language, and with truthful criticism, point out the contradictions between Bible and tract, in word, principle, or spirit. Wherein do they differ? Wherein am I not of Paul, or of Cephas, or of Christ? Is it in my exposition and denunciation of the crime of drunkenness? Is it in my urgent recommendation to all drunkards to adopt total abstinence as essential in their case? Is it my toleration of the temperate use of drinks by Christian men, which in excess would intoxicate? Is it in admitting that in certain cases total abstinence should be adopted by sober men? Do point out, I beg of you, anything I have written which Paul or our great Master would condemn, and which warranted you holding me up as a foe of temperance, and as a real, though unintentional helper of the devil in his work of ruining souls temporally and eternally."

To the SAME:—

"1860.

". . . I do not for one moment imagine that you intended to injure my character or usefulness; but I believe your speech tended to do both, upon grounds which seemed to me unfair. I account for this in my own mind by the one-sided influence, pardon me for saying so, which the frequent and hard riding of a hobby produces on an eager and earnest rider, more especially when several thousand persons at an annual meeting like that of

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the League, are galloping fast and furious in the same heat. You allude also to what you are pleased to call my remarkable speech in the General Assembly of '59, as calculated to increase the danger of my teaching as given in the tract. I remember the speech well. My remarks made on that occasion with reference to the reformation of the working classes, proposed by total abstainers from alcohol and tobacco, were a mere episode in a very long speech on a great subject, and were not premeditated. They were published also in newspapers in a separate shape, and unconnected with the speech of which they formed a very unimportant part. For some time they were a common and favourite target for the fiery darts of total abstainers. Your allusion to them affords me an opportunity of stating that after mature deliberation I see nothing in them to regret or retract. It is still my belief that we must apply (and in this you will agree with me) the same principles in seeking to Christianize the habits of rich and poor; for, to use a vulgar but expressive simile, 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Since I do not therefore feel myself justified, in the General Assembly or out of it, in condemning the rich man for drinking his glass of wine after dinner, or even for smoking his cigar (to the horror of the excellent Dean of Carlisle) after breakfast, neither can I, without hypocrisy or impertinence, condemn the working man, who has fewer sources of physical gratification, for taking his glass of beer, or smoking his pipe if so disposed, at his humble fireside. It is not my special province to recommend either; yet neither am I called upon as a Christian minister to condemn either. But I am not ashamed to confess that I would 'recommend' the working man who was disposed to take his beer, to do so at his own fireside, if I thereby helped to keep him from whiskey, above all from the terrible temptations of the publichouse. All this I expressed in the hearing of our friend Dr. Guthrie, upon oath to Her Majesty's Commissioners when giving evidence with reference to the working of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act. For I firmly believe that one way of hindering men from sinfully abusing God's gifts, is to help them to use them according to His will; and that all reforms which ignore the lawful gratification of those universal instincts, physical, mental, and moral, which God has implanted in humanity, are essentially false, and in the long run will fail to produce even the specific good which their promoters intended, or will develop other evils equally, if not more, destructive of the well-being and happiness of man. Hence my conviction is becoming every day more profound, that the gospel, as revealing God's will through His Son, is the only true and safe reform, for it does not ignore any item of man's complex nature, but equally and beautifully develops the whole. Believing this, I have humbly endeavoured honestly to keep my fellow men in accordance with what seems to me to be the will of God. Hence I have not contented myself with always protesting against a positive evil, but have also declared in favour of its opposite good, that so God's mercies may the more gladly be accepted and appreciated, and the devil's perversion of them be the more readily rejected and detested.

"What I have done may He within Himself make pure!

"One word more before bringing this correspondence to a close. It is a very painful thing for me to be ever and anon forced into the position of even appearing to be an enemy to total abstainers and their work. Because I have written a tract with heart, will, and strength against drunkenness,

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and striven earnestly with a solemn sense of my responsibility before God to accomplish its cure, on what I believe to be sound Scripture principles—an attempt which I rejoice to know has in many cases been successful—does it not seem strange and hard that I, of all men, should be so frequently held up as a foe, a *quasi* friend, or in some way or other an enemy, of those who with equal earnestness, and I hope with greater success, are labouring n the same cause? If I have spoken or written harshly against teetotalers, you know it is not against them as a body, or against their work, but only against the injustice and tyranny of the fanatical portion of them, who, not only in public but in private, are in the habit of attacking, sneering at, or imputing all sorts of 'sensual and empty' motives to those who may be quiet, sober, God-fearing, temperate men, guilty of no other fault than refusing to become total abstainers. Now all I demand is, that I and others who act on *temperate* principles—a class comprehending the vast majority of the Christian laity and clergy of this country—shall be treated as those who may be presumed, in the eye of charity, to have as much common sense, sound Christian principle, and self-denying philanthropy as total abstainers. Do let us have a free-trade in those Christian virtues of justice, mercy, and kindness, which will make us all healthier and happier than can even thin French wine. Protest with me against all monopolies of principle and wisdom by any sect or party. At the same time I am willing to acknowledge that it is a very serious fault if I have ever spoken or written, even in ignorance, any sentiment which could induce a Christian brother conscientiously to suspect or to condemn me, or to look upon me in any other light than as a sincere friend and coadjutor of every man who seeks to elevate our working classes, and to make them more sober and God-fearing."

From his JOURNAL :—

"LAUDER, *February* 22, 1861.

"I have enjoyed here ten days of extra luxurious rest! No bell, no calls, repose, air, exercise (when it did not pour)! I have read a ton of MSS.—all Balaam save about one pound. I have written eighty-five letters, and so I return with a load of work off me, and a load of gratitude on me.

"I have been reading McCheyne. How thankful I should be if I had a thousandth part of his devotedness. How simple, yet how difficult! Who can doubt human corruption and utter vileness, when we find it difficult to devote ourselves to God!"

"*June* 3.—This day enter my fiftieth year—half a century old!

"'Would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.'

"Verily, God's mercies are more than can be numbered!

"I desire Thee, God, to help me to live more usefully, more devotedly to Thee; and, above all other things to have fellowship with Christ in His mind towards all men, so as to be in everything a fellow-worker with Himself.

"Many good people don't understand the purpose of *Good Words*, and so it sometimes shocks or *scratches* them—so much so that the Tract Society of Edinburgh have, I hear, debated how far they can patronize it; and I know the 'Pure Literature' (pure water, and sometimes pure nonsense) So-

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ciety of London won't recommend it. They don't think 'Wee Davie'*—my dear wee mannie!—sufficiently up to the mark of piety, because it omits important truth—just as St. James's Epistle and various other books of the Bible do! From my heart I regret this, because I believe it is the *fushionless*, unreal, untruthful, pious' story-telling, which some of our tract societies alone patronize, that has produced the story-telling without piety, but with more truth and more trash, which is devoured by the working classes. Now, I have a purpose—a serious, solemn purpose—in *Good Words*. I wish in this peculiar department of my ministerial work to which I have been 'called,' and in which I think I have been blessed, 'to become all things to all men, that I might by all means gain some.' I cannot, therefore, write stories merely as a literary man, to give amusement, or as works of art only, but must always keep before me the one end of leading souls to know and love God. Most popular stories are based on the natural; the finest characters are assumed to have been the growth of the old man, at all events, to have been irrespective of any knowledge or recognition of Christ. Now, I believe, in my soul, that all which one discovers of out-and-out good among men, really and truly, is ever found, as a fact, to have arisen from the recognition of the supernatural,—a power coming to the soul through Jesus Christ. Therefore, I must make this the open and confessed source of strength in my characters, because I find it in society as well as in the Bible. But, again, in writing sketches of character, I must also give that mixture of clay which all of us have, and express the inner life in print, just as I see it expressed in actual life; and I am bold enough to assert that my life-sketches are truer far as tracts than those productions are, which make working-men, ay, young children, speak like Eastern patriarchs or old apostles. I may be wrong in my idea as to how *Good Words* should be conducted, and I cannot, of course, realize it as I wish to do, but I have a purpose which I believe to be right, and can therefore pray to Christ to bless it; and can also humbly, but firmly, go ahead, whatever the religious world may say. I know that I seek so to conduct it that I would not be ashamed to have it beside me on my death-bed. If it is not pleasing to Christ, from my soul I desire that He may bring it to nought."

To Miss MARGARET CAMPBELL:— "*February*, 1861.

"I am going to finish 'Ned Fleming.' † I always have your brother Dugald before me as my hero—Ahi Memoria! How are they gone, 'the old familiar faces!' Yet they are immortal in memory. Those Campbeltown times and these old companions have had an immense influence on my life. The code of honour which emanated from your father's roof I always recognized as one of the great powers which have helped to build me up to what I am. We never told a lie! Yes, once, when we broke Bell Fisher's *crocks!* Innocent souls!"

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq.:— "*March* 16, 1861.

"The articles upon the Deaconesses in *Good Words* seem to prepare the

* "Wee Davie" was written in his brother Donald's Manse at Lauder, during a snow-storm, and was finished after two sittings. When Norman tried, on its completion, to read it aloud, he was more than once so choked with tears that he had to lay it down.

† In the "Old Lieutenant."

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way for what you intended to write, or proposed to write, upon the useful sisterhoods in the Church of Rome. I shall be glad to have your views upon that most useful class of females; but do, my dear fellow, remember that you are writing for John Smith and his wife, up one 'pair' of stairs, after a tea-dinner at 6 o'clock; John indifferent to the movements of the starry heavens, and Mrs. Smith absorbed in the toes of John's stockings. Think of these (if you can) and you will write splendidly."

To Miss KEDDIE, on the loss of her Sister:—

"ADELAIDE PLACE, *March* 17, 1861.

"It must be very terrible! The Saviour's words in His sense of loneliness amidst the crowd and even amidst His own disciples, will be full of meaning to you, 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me!'—but for that, the universe would have been a wilderness to His heart. Our human hands are too coarse to meddle with the fine network of the spirit. We break and confuse oftener than we harmonize and heal. But He can do it! and with what wisdom, patience, tenderness and holy love! Oh, what a mockery it would be if our social life in Christ ended here! It hardly begins here. Very soon you and your sister will meet, and when you talk over old times, you may be able to praise and bless God for this time, now so dark and trying. Most certain it is that God by such trials, when we wait on Him, trust Him and seek His kingdom, will purify us, and make us instruments more fit to glorify Him."

"*June* 3, 1861.

"MY BELOVED PARENTS,—

"Few men are able to begin a note with such words when entering their fiftieth year! I owe it to God to acknowledge that one of the greatest mercies in a life which has been one continued mercy, has been to possess such parents, and that they have been spared to journey with me through the wilderness for nearly half a century, and that their presence has always been a constant light of love which never once flickered. Most deeply do I appreciate the inestimable blessing thus bestowed on me and on their children's children.

"It is not likely that if I am spared to see another decade of my life, I shall have both or either of you to address. But oh! the mercy of entering old age with one's parents still alive, and then to pass from old age to eternal youth in the good hope of meeting them again forever.

"If my birthdays now are more sobered than they were in early youth they are far more joyful. I every year bless God with a fuller heart that I exist and have lived in such an atmosphere of earthly love. Let me have your last, as I have had your early prayers, that I may fulfil my calling, and that, as a man with innumerable shortcomings, I may prove in the main true and loyal to the best of Masters.

"Full of awe and thanksgivings for my mercies and full of love to you both,

"I am your devoted and affectionate first-born."

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq.:— *August*, 1861.

"Comfort me by scolding me. Your genuine goodness, forbearance, and

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forgiving-heartedness, give me positive pain and make me hate myself, which is not comfortable. Out upon public life, magazines, and all articles! 'I would I were a weaver!'

"But I really had not another day in London to see you. I was worried to death by Dowagers and Dogmatics.

"You know why the town clerk of Dunfermline called the Provost *dogmatic*? Because the 'bodie got so cross in an argument about a Bible doctrine, that *he bited my thoomb!*'

"A thousand thanks for your kindness in not 'biting my thoomb,' but giving me your hand.

"As to the new Magazine, I have nothing whatever to say against any other craft trying to cross the wide ocean along with my own. There is room for all. I buy two or three penny papers now instead of one. So is it with cheap magazines, if good.

"My calling is the gospel, to give myself wholly to it, as I know it and believe it. For this I live, and for this I could die. Therefore so long as I have *Good Words* there shall be 'preaching' in it, direct or indirect, and no shame, or sham, about it. This, along with my secularity, will keep it, so far, distinct from other periodicals.

"The sin of my articles is in what they do *not* say. 'Wee Davie,' poor little fellow! leaves out several doctrines. They say that the expression, 'Rest her soul in peace!' is so Popish, being a prayer for the dead, that it is 'most dangerous.'

"I have published, with many corrections, my sermon (not story) of Wee Davie, and 12,000 sold in a week. It is intended for the working-men of Scotland chiefly."

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:—

"TIGH-NA-BRUACH, KYLES OF BUTE, *August* 14, 1861.

"I must try a volume of addresses to the working classes, or 'Barony Sermons.'* The spirit and teaching of the Magazine form a constant subject of anxiety. I want to intone all its services more with the direct Christian spirit, and shall do so, or give it up.

"As to Ned, the story is a serious affair with me. I wish to show the Christian life working in a boy placed in rather trying circumstances, and becoming stronger through falls and trials—to illustrate, in short, a life begun, like that of many, in the secret recesses of early life, and disciplined by Christ through a long course of years. I don't find the process, as described in most 'evangelical' tracts, by which many men become at .ast strong in Christ, to be true to life as I see it, so that good boys in tracts are not like those I have ever met with—Ned is. Along with this I wish to excite interest in sailors, and to preach the gospel to those also who may hear for the sake of the story. I cannot think that I shall utterly fail, or injure the cause dearer to me than life itself, when I know that I have only truth in view, and daily pray to Christ to guide me. Oh! my dear friend, from my heart I say it, I would sooner die than consciously injure that cause by anything I write, should it gain me the fame of the greatest names in literature! As a literary production Ned is a two-penny affair, but I am encouraged to write it as a medium of preaching Christ."

* Afterwards published under the title, "Simple Truths."

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To the SAME :—

"*November* 6, 1861.

"I sincerely thank you for your criticisms on Ned. I accept what you say about the humanity of the story. I wished to draw men towards me on the human ground, that so they might go up higher with me towards superhuman good. The story points to that direction. The hands of Esau may lead wild men to listen to the voice of Jacob."

To Colonel DREGHORN (in answer to a letter reminding him of a promise to preach a sermon for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals):—

"GLASGOW, 1861.

"I beseech you to have mercy on me as an animal, and get some other brute, equally willing and more able than I am, to preach your sermon. I have seven sermons to preach for collections in other churches before January—and I am engaged three times every Sunday till April—besides tons of other work on my back. I ask mercy with the donkey, dog, or carter's horse. My burthen is heavier than I can bear. Let the deputy chairman spare his lash. I have no power to bite or kick, I can only groan.

"I'll feed the next starved dog handsomely, shelter for a week the first wandering cat I meet, even put my shoulder to the next over-loaded cart of coal or iron I see. I'll listen for two hours to 'David Bell.' I'll do any deed of mercy laid upon me that I am fit for, if you spare my back while editor of *Good Words*. In the name of every hard-used brute, lay or clerical, animal or spiritual, I crave your mercy.

"Yours in trouble."

In answer to Colonel DREGHORN'S repeated request :—

"1861.

"Absence in Edinburgh along with the off-putting of the flesh, has prevented me from replying to your note. I shall honestly try to be with you if possible before the meeting is over to say a few good words for my brother donkeys, and all animals who like myself are too severely handled and cudgelled by the public. In such suffering you will, I know, sympathise."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"MONALTRIE, *September* 9, 1861.

"Dear kind Mrs. Fuller Maitland drove me to Crathie on Saturday. The Manse was full, *i.e.*, the minister, with a son and two grown-up daughters, a lady from England with grown up son and daughter, a gentleman from Edinburgh, and myself. How were they put up? The walls know. I don't. But as I always say, no Manse was ever so full, but that (like a 'bus) one more could be taken in. I preached—by no means comfortably to myself. I could not remember one sentence (literally) and had to trust to the moment for expression. Lord John Russell there. But the Queen was most cordial in her thanks for the comfort I gave her, and commanded me to return next year. So I must indulge the hope that it was blessed far more than I could believe, judging from my own feeling. I preached in the evening for Anderson. I dined at the Castle, and spent really a charming evening. I had a long walk with Lady Augusta Bruce during

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the interval, and learned much from her about the death of that noble, loving woman, the Duchess of Kent, and of the Queen's grief. She was a most God-fearing woman. I have been presented by the Queen with a delightful volume of hymns which her mother was fond of. The Queen's distress was deep and very bitter, but in every respect such as a daughter ought to feel. The suddenness—unexpected by even Sir J. Clarke—of course shocked her. At dinner were present Princess Alice and her *fiancé*, Prince Louis of Hesse, Princess Hohenlohe, the Queen's half-sister—an admirable woman. I sat beside Prince Alfred, a fine, gentlemanly sailor. We had lots of talk. After dinner I had a most interesting conversation, about half an hour, with the Prince Consort, and a good long one with the Queen. In short it was a most agreeable evening."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Last night of* 1861.—The happiest time I have had yet at Balmoral was this last with the dear good Prince, whom I truly mourn.

"The death! What an event for the nation! I have received a letter from Lady Augusta Bruce, which is very delightful, although sad."

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CHAPTER XVI.

1862—63.

HIS theological views were gradually expanding into a more spiritual and living appprehension of the purpose of God in Christ. The character of God as a Father had always been the central article of his creed, but there were wider applications of it into which his keen sympathies were constantly leading him. The subject of the atonement of Christ much engrossed his thoughts, and although he had been long familiar with the views held on that subject by his cousin, Dr. J. Macleod Campbell, he now found in them new meaning and adopted them more fully. "As far as it goes, his teaching seems to shed a light on the nature of Christ's sufferings, which cannot pass away, because springing out of the eternal nature of things." He may afterwards have diverged, in regard to some minor points, from what Campbell taught him, but he certainly never recurred to the conception of the sufferings of our Lord as penal, or to those notions of the nature of salvation which it involves. Feeling that fresh light had been shed on the purpose of God in Christ he advanced hopefully into new regions of thought.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*April* 20, *Sunday*.—I am confined to the house by bronchitis, and enjoy deeply and thankfully this blessed calm, this holy rest. What a gift from God is this holy day! I thank God that during these last few years I enjoy the pulpit more and more, and find it a rest to my spirit in proportion as I seek in the bonds of Christ's love to do good, and to make others partakers of the rest in Him. I have been seldom in life so *exercised* in spirit as during the Sundays which preceded the communion and on the communion Sunday itself, in preaching on the Atonement, according to the view taken of it by my beloved John Campbell. As far as I am capable of knowing myself, I can declare before Him who knows me truly, that I sought by earnest prayer, patient reading, and meditation, to know God's revealed will with reference to Christ's work. It has been a subject which has more or less occupied my thoughts for years, and I never allowed myself, I think, to be carried away by mere outward authority, but sought to see it and so to possess it; for seeing (spiritually) is believing. I therefore always preached what I saw and believed; and I never did see the truth as John

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Campbell sees it until lately. I believed, and still believe, that what Jesus did as an atoning Saviour, He did for all, because God commands all men to believe in Him as their Saviour, and because He necessarily desires all men to be saved, *i.e.*, to be holy like Himself. But what I never could see was the philosophy of the atonement, or that element in Christ's work which constituted the atonement. The usual method of explaining it (commonly called 'the Battle of the Attributes'), as penal suffering from God's wrath, and so satisfying divine justice, I could not contradict, but could not see and rejoice in as true. So I was disposed to allow the whole thing to remain a mystery—a fact, revealed as the ground of certain blessings which I felt I needed and thankfully received, but without any necessary connection being seen between what Christ did and what I received. But, thank God, this is dawning on me, and what I see now can never, I think, be taken from me, for conscience has its (moral) mathematics as well as the reason."

He was at this time engaged in preparing the "Old Lieutenant," for republication in a separate form. He was quite aware of the defective structure of the story, but he was certainly disappointed when some of the reviews, whose criticisms he most respected, failed to discover its aim and to recognize in its characters portraits from real life. Indeed, so disheartened was he by the reception of his first serious attempt in the domain of fiction, that, for a while, he was resolved it should be the last.

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq. :—

"*May*, 1862.

"What I should like you to do with my 'Old Lieutenant' would be—(1) to correct the Scotch or Scotticisms, for I never was taught English; (2) to draw your pen through any sentence or expression you think better out than in. As for the 'igh hart,' it must remain in *nubibus*, as 'low hart' is my line. I know I am getting into a fearful mess among the critics for publishing it.

"I know the book has no art in its plot, for alas! I had to write it from month to month, always thinking the next month would end it. It is besides absurd to write a story, as I intentionally did, for the preaching in it, instead of preaching by it. But I know the characters are genuine, and true to nature, for they were all as living beings who possessed me, and there is not one that does not stand on his own legs as real flesh and blood. I deny with my whole soul and strength that the teaching is unhealthy. It is not true that whatever man asks for in prayer he gets in the form in which he asks it. The reviewer does not trust in God as I do. I mean by this, a trust in God for whatever God gives. He seems to think that it is trust for some specific blessing. And what did poor Ned ever get, except his wife? I tried to picture a lad neither a *muff* nor a Methodist—a good, honest fellow, trained up sensibly and living honestly, and as any young man may live, and as many do. But nowadays, it seems, young men must be either blackguards, or perfect saints. I will maintain that it is a picture of real life, though not perhaps of London life, with its spasms. And the critic says I don't know the sea! I wish I met him on some deck. The funny thing is that the Examiner of Sea Captains in Liverpool was so astonished

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at my knowledge of the sea that he begged to know how I got it, or if a seaman had written the sea parts for me. If I know anything, I know about a ship."

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON :—

"*October* 20, 1862.

"I am pretty well convinced, from the reviews received to-day of 'Old Lieutenant' in the *London Review* and *Spectator*, that I am not able to be of use in that line. The book is killed and buried for ever, though self-love makes me think it cannot be so bad as they make it. I shall, in the meantime, get what good I can to my own spirit by the reviews, and learn to seek quiet and peace more in that still region of labour before God which earth cannot disturb."

The Queen had now come to Scotland for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, and Dr. Macleod was summoned to Balmoral. He had been profoundly moved by the death of the Prince, whom he had regarded as "an ideal of all that is pure, truthful, unselfish and wise;" and from the confidence with which he had been honoured by his Sovereign, he was able deeply to sympathize with her in her grief.

Although his journals contain many interesting accounts of his different visits at Court and to members of the Royal family, it is in harmony with the reticence he always observed to give only such extracts as may indicate the confidence reposed in him, and the loyalty of his services.

He ever recognised the grave responsibility which these duties entailed. "When I think how the character of princes affects the history of the world, and how that character may possibly be affected by what I say, and by the spirit in which I speak and act, I feel the work laid upon me to be very solemn."

"Your Royal Highness knows," he said to a younger member of the family, whom he was endeavouring to comfort after the death of the Prince, "that I am here as a pastor, and that it is only as a pastor I am permitted to address you. But as I wish you to thank me when we meet before God, so would I address you now."

"I am never tempted," he writes, "to conceal any conviction from the Queen, for I feel she sympathizes with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*May* 8, 1862.—I am commanded by the Queen to visit at Balmoral from Saturday till Tuesday.

"Few things could be more trying to me than, in present circumstances, to meet my afflicted Sovereign face to face. But God, who calls me, will aid me. My hope is in Him, and He will not put me to shame. May He guide me to speak to her fitting truth as to an immortal being, a sister in humanity, a Queen with heavy, heavy trials to endure, and such duties to

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perform! May I be kept in a right spirit, loving, peaceful, truthful, wise, and sympathizing, carrying the burden of her who is my sister in Christ and my Sovereign. Father! Speak by me!"

To Mrs. Macleod :—

"Balmoral, *May* 12, 1862.

"You will return thanks with me to our Father in Heaven for His mercy and goodness in having hitherto most surely guided me during this time which I felt to be a most solemn and important era in my life. All has passed well—that is to say, God enabled me to speak in private and in public to the Queen in such a way as seemed to me to be truth, the truth in God's sight: that which I believed she needed, though I felt it would be very trying to her spirit to receive it. And what fills me with deepest thanksgiving is, that she has received it, and written to me such a kind tender letter of thanks for it, which shall be treasured in my heart while I live.

"Prince Alfred sent for me last night to see him before going away. Thank God I spoke fully and frankly to him—we were alone—of his difficulties, temptations, and of his father's example; what the nation expected of him; how, if he did God's will, good and able men would rally round him; how, if he became selfish, a selfish set of flatterers would truckle to him and ruin him, while caring only for themselves. He thanked me for all I said, and wished me to travel with him to-day to Aberdeen, but the Queen wishes to see me again. I am so thankful to have the Duke of Argyll and my dear friend Lady Augusta Bruce here. The Duchess of Athole also—a most delightful, real woman."

From his Journal :—

"*May* 14*th*.—Let me, if possible, recall some of the incidents of these few days at Balmoral, which in after years I may read with interest, when memory grows dim. . . . .

"After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all now on earth seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trial, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him—the love of the nation and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a Queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer.

"Sunday, the whole household, Queen, and Royal Family were assembled at 10.15. A temporary pulpit was erected. I began with a short prayer, then read Job xxiii., Psalm xlii., beginning and end of John xiv. and end of Revelations vii. After the Lord's Prayer I expounded Hebrews

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xii. 1-12, and concluded with prayer. The whole service was less than an hour. I then at 12 preached at Crathie on 'All things are ours.' In the evening at Crathie on 'Awake thou that sleepest.' The household attended both services.

"On Monday I had another long interview with the Queen. She was much more like her old self—cheerful, and full of talk about persons and things. She of course spoke of the Prince. She said that he always believed he was to die soon, and that he often told her that he had never any fear of death.

"I saw also the Princesses Alice and Helena; each by herself.

"No words of mine can express the deep sympathy I have for these mourners. From my soul I shall ever pray for them that God would make them His own dear children.

"What a drive we had on Monday up to the falls of the Garbhalt! The great pines, the mossy flooring of the woods, the pure streams, the herds of deer, the *awful* purple of the hills, the white snow on their tops, the enamelled grass so characteristic of this season, the marvellous lights? Oh what a glorious revelation of God. I returned yesterday full of praise.

"The more I learn about the Prince Consort, the more I agree with what the Queen said to me about him on Monday, 'that he really did not seem to comprehend a selfish character, or what selfishness was.' And on whatever day his public life is revealed to the world, I feel certain this will be recognized.

"Dr. Becker, to whom I was complaining of Humboldt's treatment of the Prince, told me that the only thing the Prince said or wrote about it to him was, 'I am sorry for poor Humboldt.' He felt that such things injured one whom he so much loved and admired."

At the end of May, accompanied by Mrs. Macleod and his brother Donald, he took a six weeks' tour in Italy, crossing Mont Cenis to Turin, and thence by Genoa and the Riviera to Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, and returning home by Courmayeur, the Great St. Bernard and Basle. His impressions of Italy were afterwards recorded in *Good Words*.*

To his FATHER:—

"FLORENCE, *June* 3, 1862.

"It would take months of patient study to get even a general idea of the glories of art in Florence; we have not a shadow of an idea in Scotland of what art is. In this respect it is a barbarous country; yet, in a better respect, it is as heaven to this. I wish you saw Popery here to loathe it.

"I preached last Sunday. Protestantism hardly exists. Little is doing or can be done. God alone can help this wretched country. How I know not, nor can see. All is beautiful and grand, but man and his morals."

To his FATHER and MOTHER:—

"LAKE MAGGIORE, *Sunday, June* 15.

"The two places I enjoyed most were Venice and two days' rest at Bellaggio, on the Lake of Como. The beauty is really inconceivable. For wild

* "Rambling Notes of a Ramble in Italy."—*Good Words*, 1862.

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and majestic grandeur I admire our own Highlands most, but for surpassing and majestic beauty, this.

"I preached in the *Heckla* steamer to the Jack Tars on Sunday last. Campsie men and Glasgow men were on board. It was a pleasant day. The glory of Venice cannot be imagined.

"*Baveno, Sunday evening.*—We crossed the lake to-day, and have had a nice service. I read the Liturgy and preached. We had a delightful walk through the vineyards, and enjoyed the snowy Alps in the distance."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:— "MONASTERY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, *June* 21, 1862.

"Ere I bid farewell to the world, I wish to bid farewell to thee. I have resolved to join the Brothers of St. Bernard. All is arranged. I find that they never heard of Presbyterianism, Free, or U. P. Kirk; know nothing even of Dr. —— or Dr. ——, and have kept up service here, helping the poor and needy, for 800 years. I find I can live here for nothing, never preach, but only chant Latin prayers; that they never attend public meetings, never go to Exeter Hall, nor to a General Assembly, but attend to the big dogs and the travellers of all nations. In short, it is the very place for me, and I have craved admission, and hope to be received to-night. I shall be known henceforth as Frater Flemingus. (I think I owe it to the Captain to adopt his name.) My wife goes to a nunnery; I leave my children to your care—3½ to you and 3½ to Isbister. Farewell, best of men and of publishers! Farewell, Isbister, best of men and of smokers. Farewell, *Good Words*! Farewell, the world and all its vanities!—— I was interrupted at this point by a procession of monks, who came to strip me of my worldly garments, and to prescribe the vows. Before changing garments, I enquired about the vows. Judge of my amazement in finding I must renounce cigars for ever! I pause——

"P.S.—2 A.M., 22*nd*.—The monks won't give in. The weather is fearfully cold. No fires in the cells. The dogs are mangy.

"3 A.M.—I am half-dead with cold. I shan't lie in the morgue. I repent!

"6 A.M.—Off for London! Hurrah!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

"*August* 18, 1862.

"I had a delightful visit from Stanley. He is a noble specimen of the Christian gentleman and scholar. When I come into close contact with such men as he, John Campbell, Erskine, Scott, Maurice, Davies, Ludlow, Hughes, I feel how I could enjoy heaven with them. Whether it is my defect or theirs I know not, but the narrow, exclusive, hard hyper-Calvinistic schools repel me, and make me nervously unhappy. I cry to God daily for humility to love all, and to feel that I am saved as a sinner who, as such, must have disgusted the angels. Our pride is devilish, and when I know how much better many of those who repel me are than I am, or even have been, I am ashamed of my pride, and that I cannot clasp them to my heart. I should despair, unless I believed that Jesus Christ can and will deliver me, and give me to enjoy the unspeakable heaven of being a humble, meek child without my knowing it, but simply being it, loving it, so that by the supernatural I may become natural, for sin in every form is so unnatural

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"I never had a happier day than yesterday. I preached on the first two parables of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and felt so strong and happy in preaching. The highest conceivable enjoyment is to preach, even in a small degree, in sympathy with Christ—to feel that He is with us, to speak what you know is right, and in the right spirit of good-will and unselfish love. I believe that God will help our India Mission, and bless us as a congregation by somehow connecting us with this work.

"I have the most intense desire to spend the next ten years of my life, if these are given me, more earnestly than I have ever done. At sixty I shall be unfit for active work. Whatever I can write for the good of my fellow men must be done in this time. It is a glorious gift, and by the help of the Almighty I may yet overcome the bad habits of sloth and want of method"

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:— "*October* 4, 1862.

"Thanks for your delightful volume.* No Presbyterian has written before in such a catholic spirit; and this I feel to be a great want of our Church. We ignore sixteen centuries almost; we dig deeper and deeper the trenches,—which genial Nature was kindly filling up with sweet flowers,—to keep up the old division lines, instead of building bridges to connect us as far as possible with the Church Catholic. Judaical separation won't do, far less Pharisaical. The only separation which is good is that of greater praying and working, which, like true love, is at once the most separating and most uniting element. The 'Stand back, I am holier than thou,' must be exchanged for the 'Come near, for I am holier than thou through grace, which is thine as well as mine, and mine too for thee.' God bless your book!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Nov.* 3.—I this day begin my winter's work. I am persuaded that God is shutting me up in His providence to a deeper, inner mission in my own spirit and in my parish. What I am longing to obtain is more of the glory and blessedness of love and humility. Humility towards God and man would be heaven. I have been greatly quickened to aim at this by Vinet's noble sermon on 'Submitting one to another,' and 'Lifting up holy hands.' There is no sermon-writer who masters me as he does—so searching, so faithful, so discriminating and holy. I feel now that the rest of my life will be nobly spent if I can only, by the constant help of Almighty grace, seek daily to go out of myself in love to God and man, showing it by patience, silence, sympathy, forbearance—the esteeming others better than myself—honouring them, submitting to them, being nobody, and my brother all-in-all to me.

"My proposed work will be:—

"Regular visitation of the sick and aged, and weekly visits of communicants.

"Careful preparation of lectures, sermons, and prayers.

"Thursday evening prayer meetings.

"Weekly district meetings.

"Visit the Workhouse and, if possible, the Hospital.

"With God's help, I should like to rise at half-past five. Spend half-an-hour at least in devotion. Write till 9. Keep Friday and Saturday exclusively for pulpit.

* "Praying and Working."

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"Wednesday night, district; Thursday, 7 to 8, people in vestry; 8, meeting. Monday, sick and sorrowing. Tuesday and Thursday, visitation.

"*Tuesday, Nov.* 25.—My beloved father died this morning, between one and two, in his seventy-ninth year. We have lost as loving a father as ever blessed a family.

"God has called him, and spared my beloved mother.

"I defer writing anything about his death."

"*26th April*, 1863.—Having the first quiet Sunday evening since January 1, I wish to go back in my Journal, and to record a few events which I would like to remember in detail.

"I had been out of town, and returned home on Monday. Having much to do, I sat down to work. It was a close, foggy night. Just as I was settled to my writing, I remembered that I had not seen my dear father since Friday. Anxious to save time I went out as I was, intending to spend only a few minutes with him. But I found my mother out, an event which had not happened, I presume, for years. So I stayed a long time, and to cheer him talked over old Morven stories. He had been dull all day, but I did cheer him so that I never saw him more happy. We parted at ten. My door-bell rang about one A.M., and a message was brought to my bed that he was dying. In a few minutes, another. I hurried down—he was dead! I went to his room, and there he lay as he had died—asleep! I did not weep, nor did I feel the least excited. The Lord knows how this was; but so it was. I felt less a great deal than I had often done in visiting the poorest, even strangers, in time of distress. . . . . There he lay, with that noble head and white hair—but why describe it?

"In all my life I never saw such a glorious face in death. He lay for a week in that coffin, pure and sweet as marble. The red was in his lips, and there was a nobleness, a grandeur, a dignity, about that face and head, which were *fascinating*. I can describe the feeling they created by no other word.

"The remarkable things on the day of the public funeral were the number of Highland women, old and young, who struggled with obvious difficulty in keeping up with the hearse until it reached the Barony, where we parted from the general company, and went to dear old Campsie. There the spectacle was very remarkable. It was twenty-five years since he had left that parish, and yet in a town of two thousand every shop was shut spontaneously. There we laid him and returned to my beloved mother.

"Since then the house, which for twenty-five years has been the centre of such love and life, has been emptied, and a great chapter has been closed. We all intensely realise it."

His experience in the management of an enormous parish had convinced him that, however well it may be administered, the Poor Law necessarily entails moral and social consequences, which, if not counteracted, must seriously affect the well-being of the community. He believed it was worse than a mistake to place the deserving poor on the same level with the idle and disreputable, and thus destroy that self-respect which is the best safeguard against pauperism. The substitution of statutory rates for the exercise of Christian charity, must, in his opinion, ultimately demoralise both rich and poor. The gulf

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which was every day becoming wider between class and class, between the brother who was "increased with goods," in the West End, and the brother "who had need," in the East End of the City, appeared to him one of the gravest problems with which the Church had to deal, and how to create "bridges" across the gulf became for a while the absorbing topic of his reflections. An article which appeared in *Good Words*, from the pen of his friend the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, on the practical application at Elberfeldt of Dr. Chalmers' plan for relieving the poor, struck him so much that he determined to see for himself what the writer described. He accordingly made a brief excursion to Germany in the month of February, accompanied by Mr. Stevenson, the Rev. Adolph Saphir, and his brother Donald, and after visiting Pastor Fliedner's Deaconess Institution, at Kaiserswerth, spent two days at Elberfeldt.* On his return to Glasgow he gave a lecture "On East and West," to an influential audience in the Corporation Galleries; and as the season was too near an end for gaining any practical result, he intimated his intention to repeat it next winter, and to follow it up by a discourse on "Bridges," in which he would propose a remedy for the evils he had described. This intention he was unable to accomplish,† and a paper in *Good Words* afterwards published in a separate form, ‡ alone remains to indicate the direction in which his thoughts were then turned.

From his JOURNAL:

"*March*, 1863.—On my return from Germany I went to Windsor. I reached there Monday night, but did not see the Queen. I made the acquaintance of the Dean of Windsor (Wellesley, nephew of the Duke), one of those noble specimens of the pious Christian gentleman which is characteristic of the English Church above all others. Next day I walked with Lady Augusta to the Mausoleum to meet the Queen. She was accompanied by the Princess Alice. She had the key, and opened it herself, undoing the bolts, and alone we entered and stood in silence besides Marochetti's beautiful statue of the Prince. I was very much overcome. She was calm and quiet.

"We parted at the entrance, and I accompanied Lady Augusta to Frogmore, and the tomb of the Duchess of Kent. She, the Duchess, must have been a most unselfish, devoted mother. All the tender things Lady Augusta said about her were quite in keeping with what I had before heard.

"I had a private interview at night with the Queen. She is so true, so genuine, I wonder not at her sorrow. To me it is quite natural, and has not a bit of morbid feeling in it. It but expresses the greatest loss that a sovereign and wife could sustain.

* An account of this journey was given in *Good Words*, "Up the Rhine in Winter, by Four Friends." Each of the travellers contributed a portion; Stevenson describing Kaiserswerth and Elberfeldt, Saphir a visit to Dr. Lange at Bonn, Dr. Macleod the Carnival at Cologne, and his brother the Rhine scenery in winter.

† The unaccountable disappearance of his first lecture was, in the midst of the busy winter, one of the chief hindrances to his resuming the subject.

‡ "How can we best Relieve our Deserving Poor?" Strahan, 1867.

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"Next day I went through Windsor, which is the *beau idéal* of a royal residence. There are some grand pictures in it, and also a number of poor ones. Except the royal apartments in the Kremlin, these are the finest in Europe.

"I returned home and went back to the marriage on the 10th of March I was in full court dress, but found I could have gone in gown and bands. Why describe what has been given in full detail? I got beside Kingsley, Stanley, Birch, and in a famous place. Being in front of the royal pair we saw better than any, except the clergy. It was a gorgeous sight, yet somehow did not excite me. I suppose I am past this.

"Two things struck me much. One was the whole of the royal princesses weeping, though concealing their tears with their bouquets, as they saw their brother, who was to them but their 'Bertie' and their dear father's son, standing alone waiting for his bride. The other was the Queen's expression as she raised her eyes to heaven, while her husband's *Chorale* was sung. She seemed to be with him alone before the throne of God."

To Rev. A. CLERK, LL.D.:—

"Even you have little idea of the overwhelming business which has been laid on me by Providence. I am able to keep peace at the heart, but with extreme difficulty; for it is so vexing to be able to do nothing well which is attempted, and to leave so much utterly undone.

"The Prince's marriage was, of course, a splendid affair. I could not help smiling at your idea of my requiring much grace to return to my work! I returned with quiet thanksgiving; for, believe me, spectacles of that sort don't even excite me. They interest me much; but a day in Glen Nevis would unfit me much more for the Glasgow closes. I hope in summer to have the joy of visiting King Ben and his Queen, the Glen."

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:—

"*March* 16, 1863.

"I gave my lecture 'On East and West' on Monday to a great audience, but from want of time I could say little about Elberfeldt, so I mean to open next winter's course with a lecture on 'Bridges,' or how to connect East and West. To this end I mean to work during summer, collecting facts about such practical efforts in other places as may be suitable for this city."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Tuesday, May 25th.*—I returned last night from Balmoral. The weather magnificent. I was in singularly dull spirits.

"I saw the Queen on Sunday night, and had a long and very confidential talk with her.

"I feel she wishes me to utter, as I do, anything, which in my soul I feel to be true, and according to God's will. She has a reasoning, searching mind, anxious to get at the root and the reality of things, and abhors all shams, whether in word or deed.

"Truly I need a higher wisdom than my own to use the great talent God has given me to speak the truth in wisdom, and in love without fear of man."

"I record a specimen of my boy's theology:—

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"*J.* 'Auntie, what prayer shall I say? Shall I say, "When I lay me down to sleep, angels will me keep?"'
"*A.* 'Yes; say that.'
"*J.* 'Mamma says that good angels keep good boys.'
"*A.* 'Shall I leave the candle burning? Are you frightened?'
"*J.* 'Yes—no—yes; leave it burning.'
"*A.* 'What are you frightened for?'
"*J.* 'Rats.'
"*A.* 'Think you, dear, about the good angels.'
"*J.* '*Can they kill rats?*'"

As it was thought desirable to send deputies from the Church to visit the stations which the Committee of the Jewish Mission was establishing in the Levant, Dr. Macleod and his friend Dr. Macduff volunteered their services for this duty, and offered to fulfil it at their own cost. They resolved, however, not to go except the General Assembly was perfectly unanimous in its decision. This condition not having been fulfilled, they gave up all thoughts of the expedition.

To Dr. Macduff:—

"All will go well, I hope, in the Assembly. We do not go, of course; but I hope enough sense and generosity will be found as to let us off with grace. Fear not! you and I shall come well out of this business."

The opposition to *Good Words*, which he had anticipated from a section of the religious world, and of which some faint murmurs had already reached him, at last broke out with a violence for which he was certainly not prepared. The *Record* newspaper published a series of criticisms of the magazine, especially referring to the contributions of Principal Tulloch, Dr. Lee, Dr. Caird, and Dr. Macleod, which, besides wrath and bitterness, displayed so much deliberate dishonesty, that he was utterly shocked by the revelation it gave of the spirit reigning in the narrower circle of the "Evangelical" world. The maledictions of the *Record*, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, and widely circulated in England and Scotland, were caught up and re-echoed by kindred organs throughout the country, and had the effect of making the editor of the offending periodical an object of suspicion to many whose good-will he valued. A ludicrous anti-climax was reached in the Controversy when the Presbytery of Strathbogie gravely "overtured" the General Assembly of the Free Church to take *Good Words* into its consideration. If Dr. Macleod was indignant under this treatment, he was still more grieved and ashamed. He never, however, lost the confidence of the healthier "Evangelical" party in all Churches, and an able exposure of the spiteful character of the criticisms in the *Record* which appeared in the *Patriot*, did much even to remove the suspicions under which he lay with the weaker brethren.

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From his JOURNAL:—

"A series of reviews on *Good Words* have appeared in the *Record* newspaper. What gives these furious attacks any interest to me is the evidence which they afford of the state of a section of the Evangelical Church which sets itself up as the perfection of 'Evangelicalism.'

". . . . I was quite aware of the risk I should run from the narrow school of perfectly conscientious people, weak albeit and ignorant of the big world, and of the necessities of the times, and of what might be done for Christ's cause and kingdom by wiser and broader means.

"I had tried the very same experiment in the old *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for ten years. It never paid: its circulation was about four thousand. But I held on till the publishers, who had little capital and less enterprise, gave it up in despair. But while I met constant opposition from the weaker brethren, I held on with the hope of emancipating cheap religious literature from the narrowness and weakness to which it had come. *Good Words* has now risen to a circulation of one hundred and ten thousand monthly, while we print one hundred and twenty thousand. Thus the experiment has so far succeeded. I resolved to publish the names of contributors, so that each man would feel he was responsible for his own share of the work only, while I was responsible for the whole. Until this moment it has been welcomed, but the *Record* has opened fire—Strahan told me it was to do so. The articles afford frightful evidence of the low state to which Pharisaical 'Evangelicalism' has come. They have been ably answered in a series of articles in the *Patriot*. I don't know, nor suspect by whom. An attempt is being made to get *Good Words* rejected by Tract Societies, the Pure Literary Society, &c. It is incomprehensible to me that, at a time when the very citadel of truth is attacked, these men are not thankful for such a sincere and hearty defence. Strahan writes me that since the attack he has sold more than ever. But this is a secondary consideration. My own belief is that the magazine will for a time be injured. So many thousands of well-intentioned people are slaves to religious papers (among the worst in existence), and to their weak-headed 'Evangelical' pastors, as much as any Papists to their church or priesthood; and so many men are terrified to be held up as 'unevangelical,' that I don't think they are as yet prepared for a magazine which shall honestly represent the various subjects, besides 'religion,' which in point of fact so occupy the thoughts of good men.

"The 'world' is that which is 'not of the Father.' The so-called 'Evangelical party'—for, thank God, they are but a small clique—are becoming the worshippers of mere Shibboleths—phrases. The shortest road to be considered religious is to adhere to the creed in *words*, and to keep up a cant vocabulary. Let two men appear in a certain circle of society of London, and let one man speak of 'the Lord's people,' 'a man of God,' 'a great work going on of revival,' &c., and another speak of 'good Christian people,' 'a good man,' 'good doing,' the first man is dubbed godly, and the other man at least doubtful, and all from phrases! The one man's sins, misrepresentations, uncharitableness, are put down to the frailties of 'a man of God;' the other man's excellencies to vain appearances. The evil of the one is accounted for, the good of the other denied or suspected. This is horrible!

"In like manner, though a man believes, as I do, with his whole soul the

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doctrines of Scripture, yet woe to him unless he believes the precise philosophy, or the systematic form of those doctrines held by the clique! It is not enough that you believe in Christ's life and death as an atonement, as revealing God's love, as that without which there is no pardon for sin, as that by which we are reconciled to God. They will tell you that you deny the atonement unless you believe that Christ on the cross endured the punishment which was due to each sinner of the elect for whom He died; which, thank God, I don't believe, as I know He died for the whole world. They never seem to be aware of the difficulties connected with the philosophy of the atonement: what it was, how Christ bore our sins, how this stands connected with pardon, or man's spiritual life. And so as regards every other doctrine: a man may believe in the corruption of human nature, and to the extent that it requires the supernatural power of God's Holy Spirit to renew us and make us holy—but Anathema! unless you believe that you are damned for Adam's sin, and that a man has to be passive as a stone till God, on what principle we know not, acts on him. It is not enough to believe that sin is cursed, and that so long as a sinner remains in this world or anywhere loving sin, he is in hell. But you must believe in literal fire and brimstone: a lake of fire, into which infants even may be cast, or you are not 'Evangelical!' In vain you vow that you submit to Christ's teaching, that whatever He says you believe, that you submit to it, and are sure that ultimately reason and conscience will rejoice in it. Anathema! unless you see A B C to be Christ's teaching, the proof of which is, that not the Pope nor the Church, but that we, the 'Evangelical Church,' the *Record*, or Dr. This or Dr. That, think so, say so, and curse every man who thinks or says differently.

"Along with all this fury in defending 'the faith' (forsooth!) 'once delivered to the saints' (as if Abraham were a *Recordite*), there is such a spirit of hatred and gross dishonesty manifested that it has driven more away from real Christianity than all the rationalists who have ever written. God helping me, I will continue *Good Words* as I have begun. If good men will cast me out of their hearts, I feel most deeply the loss, but I must carry this cross. It is my daily prayer to be guided in it for the glory of my Redeemer, and I wish each number to have such a testimony for Him in it as that I shall be able to put it under my pillow when I die.

"I was threatened in London that unless I gave up Stanley and Kingsley I should be 'crushed!' What a wretched hypocrite I would be if I practically declared that I did not think these men worthy of writing beside me! Only think of it, Editor! Strahan and I agreed to let *Good Words* perish, perish a hundred times, before we would play such a false part as this. ——— or ——— accepted as Christ's friend, and Arthur Stanley rejected as His enemy! It might make the devils laugh and angels weep! *Good Words* may perish, but I will never save it by such sacrifices of principle as this.

"I believe the warfare begun by that miserable *Record*—which I have abhorred ever since it wrote about dear Arnold—will end in the question, how far the truly pious Church of Christ in this country is to be ruled by a small synagogue of Pharisees and good old women, including men not a few. We shall see.

"Yet I go this week to the Evangelical Alliance! Yes I do. I have re-

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ceived much spiritual good from its meetings. I won't be driven off by the *Record*. But I shall see of what spirit it is now, and will continue in it or leave it as I find it right.

"My Father, forgive my keen feeling if I do injustice to the weakest child of God; help me to be humble and meek, but courageous and sincere. Amen."

"*May* 25.—The Alliance meeting has convinced me that all mind, all grasp, all power arising from love guided by sound judgment has ceased to characterise it. It has become the type of exclusion rather than inclusion, and 'terrified for the adversaries,' it is shrinking into a small cell. I will leave it. The Alliance should include all who acknowledge the supreme authority of the Lord Jesus and that of the Holy Scripture.

"Dear Sir Culling is dead. He has joined the true Alliance, and no man will be more at home in Heaven."

The following letter, written in answer to a respectful remonstrance from one of the Professors in the University of Edinburgh, was printed for private circulation.

"GLASGOW, *June*, 1863.

"I thank you for your note; because I feel assured that you meant it kindly.

"I can hardly express to you the pain, and, I must add, the surprise, with which I received the objections to *Good Words* which it contains, from one for whose character and culture I entertain such high respect. Perhaps I feel this the more at this time, when I have been made the object of a most unrighteous and untruthful attack by the *Record* newspaper. . . . I would feel pained to discover even a shadow of such a publication falling for a moment over any portion of the Evangelical Church in Scotland.

"Certain criticisms in the last meeting of the Free Church Assembly make me write thus, although I do not mean to take further notice of that popular demonstration.

"But let me endeavour to obviate, or at least modify, the difficulties which you are pleased so kindly to express in your letter regarding *Good Words*.

"There is, first of all, the objection which you call the Sabbath reading question. You fear, as I understand it, that young persons may be tempted to read the 'secular' articles of *Good Words* on Sunday, and that 'the fine tone' which we have so long associated, and, very properly, with Sabbath reading may thereby be deteriorated. Now, *Good Words* is not specially intended, as too many Christian periodicals, I think are, to furnish nourishment for the young chiefly, but rather to give solid meat for intelligent men and women. But if any members of a Christian family are compelled to endure such severe and dry exercises on the Sunday as would make them long for even the scientific articles in *Good Words*, or, what is still more common, if they are so ill-trained as to read what parental authority has forbidden, let me ask, in such a case, why not lock up *Good Words*? The poorest family have generally a press, or a chest of drawers, where this mechanical process can be achieved. It surely must be acknowledged that the periodical, so far as its mere 'secular' element is concerned, may be admitted as a respectable and worthy visitor of a Christian family on at least

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six days of the week? If so, why not take the visitor by the throat, say at 11.55 on Saturday night, just at the moment when he is being transformed into the character of a dangerous intruder, and then incarcerate him till he becomes once more respectable at 12.05 on Monday morning? Or, if it is found that the villain may escape on Sunday, that John and James have become so attached to him that they are disposed to pick the lock of his prison and let him out, might it not be prudent, in such a case, to adopt the old orthodox Popish fashion of burning him as a heretic?—with the condition only, for the great advantage of the publishers, that a new copy shall be purchased every Monday morning! Even in this case, and in spite of all those holocausts, *Good Words* would still be 'worth much and cost little.' But then, my dear ———, you must consider how to dispose of all your other 'secular' literature upon the first day of the week. What of your other secular books and 'secular' periodicals? and, what is a still more difficult question, how are you to dispose of all your secular conversation, if science be secular? What, for example, are you to do with the secular sun, moon, and stars? Are you to look at them? If you do so, are you to think about them? If you think about them, are you to speak about them? If you speak about them, are you to do so scientifically—that is, according to truth? For, if so, you thereby immediately tread upon dangerous ground. You may be led into a talk on Astronomy, and may thus become as bad as Professor ———, who, as you inform me, declared from the chair of the Royal Society that he had read an article on Astronomy in *Good Words* on a Sunday evening. Your theory carried to this extent is hard to practise in consistency with the most holy idea of the Sunday. But that is not my look-out. 'Let each man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'—'To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean.' It is enough for my defence that lock and key can enable any man to dispose of *Good Words*, if he finds his family tempted, from want of principle or self-control, to read some of those articles which, I admit, are not intended for the Sunday, but for the other days of the week. Pray, my friend, do not suppose that I am speaking lightly of the Sunday, or of its becoming exercises. I will yield to no man living in my profound thankfulness for the Lord's Day and all its sacred influences: nor do I wish, God forbid! to weaken them, but to strengthen them. I am merely indulging in a little banter with reference to what appears to me to be a wrong application of principles, on which we all agree, to the condemnation of *Good Words*.

"As to the objection about the mixture of secular and sacred in *Good Words*, which is involved in 'the Sabbath reading question,' what can I say? Ought I to leave out the sacred? Would the magazine thereby become more Christian? You seem to object to its title, as a magazine for all the week. Will it become good if I leave out that title, or construct another, suggesting that it is a magazine for all the week except the Sunday? Would either this change in its title, or the withdrawal of its 'religious' contents make it really more religious, and, therefore, more worthy of the support of Evangelical men? I have no sympathy with these objections. Either of us must have a way of looking at the matter which the other cannot understand.

"Your other objection is worthy, however, of a more lengthened and serious reply. I quite sympathize with those who may urge it:—I mean the fact of writers belonging to different schools in theology, and different

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departments in literature, such as Mr. Trollope, Professor Kingsley, and Dr. Stanley, writing in the same journal with other men of acknowledged 'Evangelical' sentiments. Now, whether the plan or idea be right or wrong, of a religious magazine which shall include among its writers men of all parties and Churches, or occupying different walks in literature, I beg to assure you that I alone am responsible for it. It was not suggested to me by the publishers or by others, but was made a condition by myself before accepting the editorship of the magazine. Moreover, I can very sincerely say, that it was not conceived or adopted without most grave, mature, and prayerful consideration. I say prayerful, not as a mere phrase, but as expressing a real fact. I admit also that I have been from the first alive to the possible offence this plan might give to some good and thoroughly sincere men who had been accustomed to associate with what was called 'Evangelical literature' a different and narrower idea.

". . . I believed, that if our cheap religious publications were to exercise real influence upon our intelligent mechanics, much more upon that immense mass which occupies the middle ground between the '*Recordite*' Church party on the one side, and the indifferent and sceptical on the other, popular Christian periodical literature must be made, within, of course, certain limits, much wider, truer, more manly, and more human—*i.e.*, more really Christian in its sympathies than it had hitherto been. With these convictions naturally and soberly formed, I resolved to make the experiment and to face all its difficulties.

". . . My rule has been to obtain assistance from the best men in every church and party I can find able and willing to write for me on such subjects as all men may read with interest or with profit. This rule is limited by one principle only, which has ever guided me, and that is, never to accept the contributions of any writer, male or female, however talented, who is known to be anti-Christian in creed or life. No infidel, no immoral man or woman, no one whom I could not receive, in so far as character is concerned, into my family, will ever be permitted to write in the pages of *Good Words*. Nay more, what they write must be in harmony at least with the essentials of the Christian faith, and with its morals. But, short of this, I hold that he who is not against Christ is for Him—for Him more especially when the author, whoever he be, is willing to write side by side with men who preach the Gospel out-and-out. And, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying to you, that I believe every person who has written in *Good Words* publicly professes his faith in Jesus Christ, and maintains a character not inconsistent with that profession.

"As to the fear you express of persons being thus induced to read Kingsley or Stanley, no person, I believe, who has not read them already, will be inclined to do so merely by reading *Good Words*. But I presume that most people who read general literature are already acquainted with their writings. Yet I begin to think that these are condemned by many who have never read them, but have received from others, equally ignorant, a vague impression of something horrible about them, they know not what. I am not aware of anything they have ever written which should necessitate their being excommunicated from the pages of Christian periodical literature. Anyhow, I have little faith in an *Index Expurgatorius* being wise or efficient among people of ordinary education and intelligence. For once that it makes

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a young man pious, in a hundred cases it makes him either ignorant, false, or sceptical. To know both sides is, I think, the only safeguard for men who may feel called upon to study the present phases of religious thought. *Good Words*, however, gives them but the good side.

"What then has been the practical result of my editorial plan? It is this: that I defy any man to select a number in which there has not been again and again repeated a full statement of Gospel truth, and that too without any one article, or even any passage in any number contradicting it, but every article being, at least, in harmony with it. No doubt you may pick out here and there once in a year, and out of a hundred articles, some sentence which may have crept in through inadvertency, and which might have been perhaps better left out. And in a few articles also of a more strictly religious character there may be the omission of doctrines which we might wish had been in, or more fully stated. But the Magazine must be judged of as a whole, and by the general tendency of all its articles, and the impressions which it is likely to make upon any truthful, honest, fair man. Let me say it with all reverence, that there are books and epistles in the Scriptures themselves which could be proved defective, doubtful, and liable to be misunderstood, if the same principles of carping Colenso criticism are applied to them as those which have been applied by the *Record* to *Good Words*.

". . . I must presume that you, my dear Sir, are neither acquainted personally with Kingsley nor Stanley, and that you have not read their works with care. Writing hurriedly, as you have done, you may have accepted without mature reflection the application of the verses from 2 Cor. vi. 15, 16, first suggested by the *Record*. But were I, who have the honour and privilege of knowing these men—while differing, as I have said, very decidedly from many of their views—to indulge such a thought regarding our relative position, I should loathe myself as a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and despise myself as the meanest hypocrite on earth. I have great personal respect for the characters of Trollope, Kingsley, and Stanley, as well as admiration of their genius, though they occupy very different walks in literature. I have the privilege of knowing Dr. Stanley more intimately than the others, and I am glad to have even this opportunity of expressing to you my profound conviction that he has a fear of God, a love for Christ and for his fellow-men, a sense of honour, truth, and justice, such as I should rejoice to believe were even seriously aimed at by the conductors of the *Record*. The passage you hastily apply to such a man as Stanley—I feel assured, without the full meaning I attach to it—was, nevertheless, coolly written and printed in the *Record*, and applied also to myself, Lee, Tulloch, Caird, and has been transferred to the separate publication of its so-called criticisms on *Good Words*. As to the application of the more harmless and peaceful image from Deuteronomy which you quote:—'Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together,' I shall, with confidence, leave your own good taste to make it, if you can suppose Arthur Stanley and the 'Chelsea Pensioner' writing together in *Good Words*.

". . . But whatever may become of *Good Words*, I am grieved to see the tendency, on the part of some good men in the Evangelical Church, to cast away from their heart and sympathies in such a crisis as the present, the cordial aid which men most devoted to Christ and His kingdom are-

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willing to afford to the cause which all have at heart, the very moment they refuse in some one point, to shape their plans, or even their phrases, to the stereotyped form which some small party have sanctioned, as being the only type of 'evangelicism.' They are too apt to be governed by the mere letter and words, instead of looking into the spirit and realities of things, and thus unconsciously accept the well-known advice given in Faust to a student by one whom I need not name, but who is, I suspect, not ignorant of many of the private conspiracies against good men in the office of the *Record*.

"'Im ganzen—*haltet euch an Worte!*
Dann geht ihr durch die sich're Pforte
Zum Tempel der Gewissheit ein.' . . .

* * * * *

'Mit *Worten* lässt sich trefflich streiten,
Mit *Worten* ein System bereiten,
An *Worte* lässt sich trefflich glauben,
Von einem *Wort* lässt sich kein Iota rauben.'

"With a good conscience towards God and man, I therefore crave as a Christian brother pastor, seeking to aid his Master's work, the sympathy of the good men of all parties, and of all Churches—for *Good Words* belongs to all. If this is denied me, by even a few, on those few be the responsibility of weakening my hands and my efforts. Profoundly convinced, however, of a higher sympathy, I shall go on as I have begun, with a firm, clear purpose, and a peaceful, courageous heart. As I have sung long ago, I sing now, and hope to do so till my voice is silent—

"'Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God, and do the right!

'Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight.
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right!'"

From the Rev. A. P. STANLEY, Professor of Ecclesiastical History:—

"CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *June* 13, 1863.

"For my part I would at once relieve you of my presence in *Good Words*, but I consider the principle which you advocate in your letter to be so good, that I shall be sorry to do so. 'The ox and ass' must plough together in the Christian dispensation, though they were forbidden to do so in the Mosaic."

From the late Canon KINGSLEY:—

"CAMBRIDGE, *Saturday Night.*

"I have sent off my copy. If anything in it seems to you not fit for your readers, you are to strike your pen through it without fear.

"I can trust utterly your liberality and good sense. I am old enough to know, with Hesiod, that half is sometimes better than the whole. I have full means in England of speaking my whole mind as often as I wish. It

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is for you to decide how much thereof can be spoken without offence to your 70,000 readers. So do what you like with the paper.

"I should say this to very few editors upon earth, but I say it to you as a matter of course."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"Let us be very careful, not to admit through oversight one sentence which ought to pain a Christian, however weak he may be. In one word, let us honestly, sincerely, humbly, truthfully do what is right, and dare the devil whether he comes as an infidel or a Pharisee.

"We have an immense talent given us, let us use it well.

"I have no doubt *Good Words* will be injured, but it will perish before I truckle to any party."

To the SAME:—

"I have read Number 1 of the *Record;* but the louder the wind pipes, and the gurlier the sea gets from that quarter, the more calm, steadfast I feel to steer right on by the compass of a good conscience, by the old chart, the Bible.

"Thank God, I have you as my first mate, and not some Quaker. I know you won't flinch in a gale of wind, nor will I, take my word for it!

"I don't mean to take any notice at present, although I would like to speak out on the whole subject of religious periodical literature as it was and is—what is good in it and what is bad, what its duties are and its shortcomings. I think this will do much good to the religious atmosphere. It is very close at present. In the meantime I shall act on my old motto, 'Trust in God and do the right.'"

In the same year in which he was attacked by the *Record*, he had an opportunity of showing how little ground there was for the most serious of the charges brought against him as editor. He had asked a celebrated novelist, a personal friend, for whose charactor and opinions he ever retained unqualified respect, to write the tale for the following year. But when the story was submitted to him, he saw that it was not suitable for the Magazine. There was, of course, nothing morally wrong in its tone, but as all its "religious" people were drawn of a type which justly deserved the lash of the satirist, he felt that to publish it in *Good Words* would be to lend the sanction of its conductors to what he had long considered the injustice of modern novelists in ignoring healthy Christianity. A friendly correspondence followed,* from which it appeared that the editor and his friend had misunderstood each other; but so determined was Dr. Macleod and his publishers not to compromise the character of *Good Words*, that the forfeit of £500 was paid and the story declined.

* The novelist who is referred to above thus writes:—"I need not say that Dr. Macleod's rejection of the story never for a moment interfered with our friendship. It certainly raised my opinion of the man."

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To ——:—

"N.B.—This letter will keep cold till you are at peace with all the world, with a pipe well filled, and drawing well. Read it then, or a bit each day for a month.

"GLASGOW, *June* 11, 1863.

". . . You are not wrong; nor have you wronged me or my publishers in any way. I frankly admit this. But neither am I wrong. This, 'by your leave,' I assert. The fact is that I misunderstood you and you me, though I more than you have been the cause of the misunderstanding.

"What I tried to explain and wished you to see when we met here was, the peculiar place which *Good Words* aimed at occupying in the field of cheap Christian literature. I have always endeavoured to avoid, on the one hand, the exclusively narrow religious ground—narrow in its choice of subjects and in its manner of treating them—hitherto occupied by our religious periodicals; and, on the other hand, to avoid altogether whatever was antagonistic to the truths and spirit of Christianity, and also as much as possible whatever was calculated to offend the prejudices, far more the sincere convictions and feelings, of fair and reasonable 'Evangelical' men. Within these extremes it seemed to me that a sufficiently extensive field existed, in which any novelist might roam and find an endless variety of life and manners to describe with profit to all, and without giving offence to any. This problem which I wished to solve did not and does not seem to me a very difficult one, unless for very one-sided 'Evangelical' or anti-'Evangelical' writers. At all events, being a clergyman as well as an editor—the one from deepest convictions, though the other, I fear, is from the deepest mistake—I could not be else than sensitive lest anything should appear in *Good Words* out of harmony with my convictions and my profession. Well, then, was I wrong in assuming that you were an honest believer in revealed Christian truth? I was not. Was I wrong in believing and hoping that there were many truly Christian aspects of life, as well as the canting and *humbug* ones, with which you heartily sympathized, and which you were able and disposed to delineate? I was not.

"Perhaps I had no ground for hoping that you would give me a different kind of story from those you had hitherto published. If so, forgive me this wrong. Possibly the wish was father to the thought. But the thought did not imply that any of your former novels had been false either to your own world within or to the big world without—false to truth or to nature. It assumed only that you could with your whole heart produce another novel which, instead of showing up what was weak, false, disgusting in professing Christians, might also bring out, as has never yet been done, what Christianity as a living power derived from faith in a living Saviour, and working in and through living men and women, does, has done, and will do, what no other known power can accomplish in the world, for the good of the individual or mankind. If no such power exists, neither Christ nor Christianity exists; and if it does, I must confess that most of our great novelists are, to say the least of it, marvellously modest in acknowledging it. The weaknesses, snares, hypocrisies, gloom of some species of professing Christians are all described and magnified; but what of the genuine, heaven-born Christian element? Why, when one reads of the good

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men in most novels, it can hardly be discovered where they got their goodness; but let a parson, a deacon, a Church member be introduced, and at once we guess where they have had their badness from—they were professing Christians.

"Now all this, and much more, was the substance of my sermon to you.

"Now, my good ——, you have been in my humble opinion guilty of committing this fault, or, as you might say, praiseworthy in doing this good, in your story. You hit right and left; give a *wipe* here, a sneer there, and thrust a nasty *prong* into another place; cast a gloom over Dorcas societies, and a glory over balls lasting till four in the morning. In short, it is the old story. The shadow over the Church is broad and deep, and over every other spot sunshine reigns. That is the general impression which the story gives, so far as it goes. There is nothing, of course, bad or vicious in it—that could not be from you—but quite enough, and that without any necessity from your head or heart, to keep *Good Words* and its editor in boiling water until either or both were boiled to death. I feel pretty certain that you either do not comprehend my difficulties, or laugh in pity at my bigotry. But I cannot help it.

"You do me, however, wrong in thinking, as you seem to do, that apart from the structure of your story, and merely because of your name, I have sacrificed you to the *Record*, and to the cry it and its followers have raised against you as well as against me. My only pain is that the *Record* will suppose that its attack has bullied me into the rejection of your story.

"I know well that my position is difficult, and that too because I do not write to please both parties, but simply because I wish to produce, if possible, a magazine which, though too wide for the 'Evangelicals' and too narrow for the anti-'Evangelicals,' and therefore disliked by both cliques, may nevertheless rally round it in the long run the sympathies of all who occupy the middle ground of a decided, sincere, and manly Evangelical Christianity."

To J. M. Ludlow, Esq. :—

"I really cannot ascertain anything reliable about the election of librarian.

"In summer the College is dead, the professors fled—no one but waiters or seagulls know whither. For aught I know, the books are off too, to wash their bindings, or to purge themselves of their errors. The very porters have vanished, or locked themselves up. I believe the animals in the museum are gone to their native haunts. The clock is stopped. The spiders have grown to a fearful size in the class-rooms. Hebrew roots have developed into trees; divinity has perished. Who knows your friend in that desert? I went to inquire about him, and fled in terror from the grave of the dead sciences."

The letter which follows refers to a bereavement which had overtaken his uncle, the minister of Morven, and which had left him peculiarly desolate and lonely in the old home of Fiunary. Norman was preparing for a short tour on the Continent when the sad news reached him. He at once gave up his promised holiday abroad and went to Morven.

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To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Fiunary, *June* 27, 1863.

"It is blowing and raining outside, the Sound looks cold and dreary, and within there is a dead wife and a husband who would rejoice if he were laid beside her.

"Everything here seems dead—the hills, rocks, and sea—all are but things; the persons who were their life have gone, and there are few even to speak of the old familiar faces. Verily a man's life can be found in God only. Peace we can have—it must be; happiness may be.

"*Monday, 6th July.*—Yesterday was a holy day. Without it was one of surpassing splendour; within, of holy peace. I preached. There was a large congregation of the living, but almost as large of the dead, or rather the Church above and below were visibly present to my spirit, so that we verily seemed, 'whether alive or asleep, to live together with Him,' and to be all partaking the communion of His Body and Blood—eating of the living Bread. The old Manse family—father, grandfather and grandmother, aunts and uncles, down to dear Margaret—seemed to be all present, and I never enjoyed more peace, and never was my heart so full.

"The scene in the churchyard was perfect, as I sat at the old cross and gazed on the sea, calm as the sea of glass, with scattered sails and blue hills, and the silence broken by no footfall on the green grass, but by the distant voice of the preacher or the sound of psalms; with the lark overhead singing in joy, or the lambs bleating among the hills, or the passing hum of the bee, busy and contented. Life was over all, and in spite of death, I think a breath of God's own life revived lear John's heart.

"I send you a number of the *Christian Observer* on *Good Words*.

"It is too kind to me. I thank God it has lifted off the burthen of dislike I was beginning to feel to the 'Evangelical' party in England, as if there was no justice, mercy, or truth in them. The *Record*, I see, does but misrepresent them all.

"I feel deeply the kind advice he gives, and sympathize, as you know, with it. They don't know how I have fought 'the world' for the Church, and what I have kept out. But I accept with thanks the caution.

"May God help me to know and do His will, and to have kind thoughts of all men."

From his Journal:—

"Early in October I went to fulfil engagements in England. Preached in Liverpool, London, Stockport, and Ashton, and collected for the different objects, in all £1,087. Spent a day at Bolton Abbey—a glorious day,—delighted with the scenery, and made glad by human kindness.

"Mr. ——, M.P. for ——, was angry because I preached for Nonconformists! The Church of England won't let me preach in her pulpits, and out of respect for the Church he thinks I should preach for no one else!

"I think it not only allowable, but right, in the Stockport Sunday schools, to teach reading, writing, and music to the poor, who are obliged to work all the week, and who can go nowhere else. What I object to is—1, that well-to-do children should be thus taught; 2, that arithmetic should be taught on Sunday.

"I like the Nonconformists for their liberality; but I am more and more

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convinced that a country must have many Churches to express and feed different minds, and that the Establishment is a huge blessing along with Dissent.

"*October, Saturday.*—Went to Balmoral—found Gladstone had gone. Found the old hearty and happy friends. Preached in the morning on 'Peace not happiness,' and in the church on 'The Gadarene demoniac.'

"'What do you think?' said little Princess Beatrice to me. "I am an aunt, Dr. Macleod, yet my nephew William (of Prussia) won't do what I bid him! Both he and Elizabeth refused to shut the door! Is that not naughty?' I never saw truer, or more natural, healthy children. God bless them!

"*Monday.*—Lady Augusta, Dr. Jenner, and I, drove to Garbhalt. At night I read Burns and 'Old Mortality' aloud to the Court. The Royal Family were not present. General Gray is quite up to the Scotch.

"*Tuesday.*—Drove to Aberdeen to the inauguration of the Prince Consort's statue.

"Here let me go back to impress on my memory the glorious Monday at Garbhalt. The day was delicious. The river was full, and of that dark-brown, mossy hue which forms such a fine contrast of colour to the foam of the stream and the green banks. The view of the woods, the valley, Invercauld, and the mountains, was superb. The forests were coloured with every shade, from the deep green of the pines and firs, to the golden tints of the deciduous trees. Masses of sombre shadow, broken by masses of light, intermingled over the brown hills and broad valley, while the distant hills and clouds met in glorious confusion. It was a day to be had in remembrance.

"I was asked Friday fortnight to go to Inverary to meet the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. I did so, and returned Saturday. It was a happy visit.

"The Monday following I went to visit Prince Alfred at Holyrood, and staid till Wednesday. The Crown Prince and Princess there. I think the Crown Prince a simple, frank, unaffected, and affectionate man.

"We had an evening party, and they left on Tuesday night at ten.

"We have had a small newspaper-letter controversy about the Established Church becoming Episcopalian. Nonsense! We must hold fast by *our* own past, and from this national root grow up in adaptation to the necessities of the times in all things non-essential, and from their nature variable. But such a union is impossible! The Free Church speaks of uniting with the United Presbyterian. It will be a queer evolution in history, utterly inexplicable on any principle save that of Church ambition.

"They will cease to exist the moment they join. They will have lost all, the U. P.'s gained all, and we much. Our strength must be in the width of our sympathies—in our national *in*clusiveness, not *ex*clusiveness.

"An amusing, silly, yet not unimportant event has occurred in relation to *Good Words*. The Free Presbytery of Strathbogie has overtured the General Assembly of the Free Church against it. Against a 6*d.* periodical, with which they have nothing to do! This is to me very interesting as a social phenomenon. Oh, my God, help me to be charitable! Help me to be weak to the weak, to be silent about them, and to do Thy will!

"*November 27th.*—Thank God, my working-man's church is in a fair way

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of being finished. I have realised £1,700, and I feel assured God will give me the £2,500.

"We have taken ground for a school and a church at Parkhead. All in faith that God will provide the money for both.

"The working-men's services have been carried on since November 1, and never were better attended. Thank God!

"But I have been two years trying to get up a working man's church. There are noble exceptions; but I have found shocking illustrations of the spirit of greed among the wealthy.

"The sun of life is setting. Let me work, and rest in soul.

"Thackeray is dead, a most kind-hearted man. Macnab told me that he had him in charge coming home from Calcutta, and that the day after he parted from him in London, the boy returned, and throwing his arms about his neck, burst into tears, from sheer affection in meeting his friend again. He said he never knew a more loving boy. Thackeray was in Weimar the year before I was there. We had a long talk about the old place and people. I felt he had a genuine heart.

"Delivered again my lecture on East and West in Glasgow. I think God is giving me a great work to do in Glasgow for the poor. It must and will be done by some one, why not me? I am nothing except as an instrument, and God can make use of me.

"D.V., let this be my word for '64."

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CHAPTER XVII.

1864—65.

HE has given in "Eastward" so full an account of his visit to Palestine that it would be superfluous to quote at any length from the letters he sent to his family. He was accompanied on this tour by Mr. Strahan, his publisher, and by his brother Donald; and from first to last it afforded him unmingled enjoyment. Every new event, whether it were a cyclone or a donkey-ride, gave him fresh pleasure; every remarkable spot, from Malta to Constantinople, stirred his enthusiasm.

Any one who has travelled in Palestine can understand how fatiguing it must have been for a man of his age and *physique* to pass days in the saddle in such a climate. Yet there were few evenings on which the encampment was not made a scene of merriment by his good-natured fun with the Fellahîn or Bedawîn who crowded round the tents. He had provided himself, before leaving London, with musical snuff-boxes and fire-works, and it was his delight to hear the "*Mashallah!*" of the astonished natives when music burst out in some unexpected corner, or when a rocket whizzed aloft and fell in a shower of fire. He claimed this use of fireworks as an original invention for the protection of travellers, and he was so confident of its merits that he would not have been sorry had the Bedawîn of the Jordan given him a fair opportunity of showing the effect on their valour of a discharge of crackers or a bouquet of rockets.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*February* 14.—I start to-morrow with Donald and Strahan for Palestine. To leave my wife and children and parish for so long a time I feel to be very solemn. Why take it? I have a free conscience towards God—He has cleared away every difficulty, so that I hope, come what may, that it is His will that I go—and that I am not deceiving myself in thinking so.

"May my darling mother be preserved to me, and my dear brothers and sisters.

"Oh Thou who hast hitherto led me, bring me back in safety, and bless this tour for health of body and soul!"

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

". . . I cannot convey to you the impression which that night's explora-

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tion of Malta made upon me. I associate it with Venice and the Kremlin as the three sights which most surpassed my expectation and delighted me, though in different ways. The night was glorious; I read a note in the moonlight with the most perfect ease, and there was shed over every object a subdued brightness, which, with the perfect calm and silence everywhere, gave the whole scene a marvellous beauty. We passed up steep narrow streets, the houses so oriental-looking, with flat roofs and every variety of balcony — quite Moorish. We stood before the palace and church of the old knights, and could distinguish every tracery of the Saracenic architecture, which all seemed as if erected yesterday. We reached at last the Barrocca, where there is a famous view of the great harbour, and were admitted into the battery through the favour of the gunner. We then gazed down on the dark water, with dark ships of war asleep, and the diamond brilliant lights of boats skimming along, from which a Maltese song was heard from the boatmen, every note ringing through the elastic air. Batteries, batteries everywhere; huge white walls of solid rock, precipices in lines and angles, and rampart above rampart, lined with huge guns that looked down into the harbour and were surrounded by piles of shot; endless—endless walls and bastions, that made one giddy to look down, all gleaming in the moonlight, with sentinels pacing in silence, their bayonets glancing, and the English voice alone heard, 'Who goes there?' You can have no idea what a poem it was! We came at last to the bastion on which Lord Hastings is buried, and I cannot tell you what I felt as I stood beside his mausoleum, with the white marble statue of a figure reclining upon a couch. I could trace his features in the moonlight, so sweet and sad. How the whole scene became mingled, you know how, with my past life as connected with his widow and family! I felt so thankful to have seen it.

"I was immensely impressed also by such buildings as the Library of the Knights and the Palace of the Grand Master, now the Governor's residence. It does one's heart good to be made to realize the existence of men of taste and power like these knights, whom God raised up to judge Israel and to defend the Church from the Philistine Turks. In Scotland we forget all that was here done by God, 'in various times and divers manners,' for the good of the Church and of the world. We know more about the Burghers and Anti-Burghers than about these grand knights who did their part so well, but who, when they had done this, were removed for something better."

To his CHILDREN :—

"FROM JAFFA.

"Dr. Philip, the missionary, was waiting for us, and had horses, so we set off to his farm. It was a lovely starry night, without a moon. We passed through lanes of *Cactus* or prickly pear, in some places fifteen feet high, on every side orange groves, and the whole air filled with the croaking of frogs.

"This has been another delightful day, full of interest and enjoyment. This family is so nice. There are four girls. They have just been sitting on my knee and saying, 'Oh, do tell another story.' I have played 'London town' with them, and given them such a tickling! I have also swallowed the tumbler, and done all my tricks, and let off a Roman candle to amuse them.

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"The roof of the house is flat, and I went up on it. What a view! To the west the blue sea, to the east the hills of Judea. The house itself is on the plain of Sharon. Within a mile is Jaffa, where Peter lived with Simon the tanner, and had the vision, and where he healed Dorcas. The road is close to the garden along which he must have travelled to Cesarea to meet the Centurion; and to the south we could see Lydda, where he healed Eneas who was sick of the palsy.

"Our first encampment was very picturesque. We had a beautiful, immense tent with five nice iron beds, carpets, bath, wax candles, and a superb dinner of several courses, with dessert, &c. But for sleep! The donkeys braying, horses kicking, camels groaning, Arabs chattering, and the fleas and musquitoes biting! Fatigue alone could make us sleep. But since then we sleep famously. With our camels, asses, and horses we make a good appearance. We have dragoman, cook, servant, and horsekeeper, with camel drivers, who sleep on the ground beside their noble animals. Meeki, the master of the horses and asses, rides in front, and the Dragoman Hassan rides behind.

"But I must tell you of our first view of Jerusalem!

"It was about four when we reached the plain before Gibeon, and saw Neby Samuel, or Mizpeh. It took about half an hour's riding to get up to the top of Mizpeh. We ascended to the summit of the Mosque, once a church, and there!—such a sight as remains for life on the memory. There was Jerusalem! . . . .

"The nearness of these places struck me. But the grand feature, which took me quite by surprise, was the huge wild wall of the Dead Sea mountains glowing red in the setting sun—so wild, so majestic a setting. And then all these towns in sight, with such memories! Below us was Gibeon with its memory, and the plain at our feet where the battle took place, and the steep descent down which Joshua drove the enemy, and then farther down the plain of Philistia and the sea, Carmel in the distance. Was it not marvellous? How many had seen Jerusalem from this point! Here Cœur De Lion first saw it, and millions more.

"We rode into Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, with Olivet to the left, Gethsemane below. I took off my hat, and in my heart blessed God, as my horse's hoofs clattered through the gate."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Jerusalem, *Palm Sunday, 20th March.*

"I went out this morning to the Mount of Olives about ten o'clock. The morning was hot but not sultry. I walked down the Via Dolorosa, as every street in Jerusalem may well be called, if filth and rubbish may be called dolorous. I went out by St. Stephen's Gate, crossed the Kedron, and ascended Olivet on the Bethany road until I reached the top where Christ wept over Jerusalem. There I paused. The spot is certain. I sat there and read Mark xiii. (see v. 3). You can tell within a few yards where He stopped and gazed. All was perfect silence. The birds were singing among the olives, and bee hummed from flower to flower. Opposite was the city, from which no sound proceeded. Yet I could have made my words heard by any one standing on the Temple area. There was a holy stillness in the scene quite indescribable. I then walked slowly over a

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part of Olivet until the road above Bethany appeared. It wound below me. Along it that procession had come on Palm Sunday. Along it He led his disciples on the day of the ascension, and from the point in sight above the village He probably ascended. I knelt down and prayed among the olives, and thanked God for all my marvellous mercies, and commended you all to His care, and dedicated myself anew to His service. I retraced my steps, and descended to the Kedron through the vast burial-place of the Jews. It is an old tradition with them that here is to be the Day of Judgment, and that to this spot all souls must pass through the earth. To save trouble, they are here buried. The hill side is paved with grave-stones all directed towards the Temple, and having Hebrew inscriptions. Hundreds and thousands lie here. Jews from every quarter of the globe, Rabbins and rascals, men of God and men of gold, have sought a resting-place here ever since the destruction of the Temple. I never saw such a valley of dry bones. It reaches up nearly to the spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem, and is at once a sad comment on His tears, and yet rebukes one when in despair it is said of the Jews, 'Can these dry bones live?'

"I passed Gethsemane, but did not enter. It is surrounded by a high wall, and is laid out like a café restaurant. I don't believe in it, so I passed on farther up the valley, until I reached a spot which was interesting to me as one which would have answered all the requirements of Calvary more than any I have seen. . . . .

"There is really nothing interesting in Jerusalem itself. All the streets are narrow lanes, like the closes in Edinburgh; some of them covered over to keep the heat out, some paved with slippery stones, some rough earth. At the church of the Holy Sepulchre I was most profundly touched by watching the pilgrims who crushed in and out. They were mostly Russians and Copts, with Greeks from the Levant. Oh! what faces, what marvellous faces, dresses and expressions! One was carried centuries back. The intense and affectionate devotion with which some kissed the sepulchre was to me very touching. It was as a God to them. There are at present some English devotees, male and female, here, half puppies, half superstitious. In this hotel is a Mr. ——, who signs himself 'Priest of the Church of England,' who seems to be father confessor to an elderly rich lady. They walk with candles in the processions, and attend all the services. But I have no time to tell you of the odd half-cracked characters who come to this city. 'The Church,' 'The Jews,' 'The Millennium' are the crotchets. The Jews and the Moslems have their crazes also."

To his Sister JANE:—

"FROM NAZARETH, *March 24th*, 1864.

"An hour ago I left my tent and paced slowly along a path which led to a low ridge of hills, or 'a brae face.' The moon was shining gloriously among the stars, our own northern stars, in a cloudless sky. I sat down and gazed on a small town which clasped the low hills on the opposite side of the narrow valley, like a necklace of white coral. At one end, and down in the valley a few hundred yards, were the lights from our tents, which, in the pure air, scintillated like diamonds. Not a sound was heard but the barking of dogs, and the croaking of frogs. You can understand

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my feelings better than I can describe them when I tell you that the village was Nazareth! And you can sympathize with me when I say to you that, after gazing awhile in almost breathless silence, and thinking of Him who had there lived and laboured and preached; and seeing in the moonlight near me the well of the city to which He and Mary had often come, and, farther off, the white precipice over which they had threatened to cast Him; and then tracing in my mind the histories connected with other marvellous scenes in His life, until 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews' died at Jerusalem, and all the inexpressibly glorious results since that day which have made the name of this place identical with the glory of the world; and when I thought of all that I and others dear to me had received from Him, and from all He was and did, you will not wonder that I knelt down and poured out my soul to God in praise and prayer. And in that prayer there mingled the events of my past life, and all my friends whom I loved to mention by name, and my dear father, and the old Highlands, the state of the Church and of the world, until I felt Christ so real, that had He appeared and spoken, it would not have seemed strange. I returned more solemnized than from the Communion, and bless God for such an hour. Disappointed with Palestine! I cannot tell you what it has been to me, more, far, far more than I anticipated. It has been a Holy Land, every step of it. I have drunk instruction and enjoyment by every pore. I don't care for the towns, for they are not *the* towns, but totally different—but the sites of them, the views from them, the relationship of one to another! Oh! it is inexpressibly delightful. Think only of this one day. From an old tower in Jezreel I looked out at one window; there was Gilboa beside me, and below, gleaming in the sunshine, the well of Gideon, and beyond Bethshân, where the bodies of Saul and Jonathan were hung up, and the ridge of Little Hermon, over which Saul went to Endor, and beyond the hills of Gilead, and the plain up which Jehu drove, and the spot, or very near it, where Naboth's vineyard must have been. From another window was Little Hermon, and, in a green nook, Shunem. From another window Taanach, Megiddo and Carmel; while the glorious plain of Esdraelon, dotted with Bedawîn tents and flocks, stretched around! Then in an hour after we entered Nain, and gazed on Tabor beside us; and after remaining at Nain, and reading the story of the blessed miracle, we crossed the plain, and for an hour wound our way through the little glens (so like the Highlands) of the mountains of Galilee, until we came to this sweet retired nest among the lovely *knowes*. What a day in a man's life! and yet it is but one of many.

"*Easter Sunday.*—I have come down from the ruins of the old Castle of Safed. The day is glorious, and more so from there having been deluges of rain all night and this morning, and masses of *cumuli* clouds break the blue space of the sky, and cast on the landscape deep shadows that relieve the eye from the usual glare. I was seated on the highest point of a hill which sweeps up from the Lake of Tiberias nearly three thousand feet, and is encircled by the town of Safed, and crowned with the grand ruins of the old Crusader castle. Below lay the Lake of Tiberias, still and calm; the green plain of Genesareth, with the ruins of Magdala, and probably Capernaum, below us round a bay. On the opposite side was the valley where the miracle of the Gadarene demoniac took place. The end of the lake where

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the Jordan enters the lake, and where Bethsaida was, was concealed by a hill; but there below lay the immortal lake itself—the most famous lake in the world—about which I need not speak to you—and when looking at it, could hardly speak to any one. Beyond the lake stretched the table-land of the Hauran on to the horizon. The green valley of the Jordan was seen at the south end. To the right was Tabor, and the mountains of Galilee and Samaria farther away, with sunlight and cloud and shadows over them.

"It was my last look of Tiberias, and, with it, of the true Holy Land. I can trace Christ's steps no more. I had sailed on Tiberias, Friday evening (Good Friday), and at our request the fishermen let down their net for a draught and caught nothing, though they often get great hauls. We rode along its shores past Magdala, and now I have bidden it farwell for ever in this life. I felt to-day as when taking my last look of Jerusalem, as if it were the last look of some beloved friend, whom, however, I hope to see purified and renewed in the new heavens and the new earth. My heart is full as I say farewell. I shall see the Lebanon, Sidon, Damascus and other places, but not such holy spots as I have been gazing on with prayer and praise; spots in which heaven and earth, men and angels, have met, and in which things have taken place and words have been uttered, which have moulded the history of the world and will be more famous in eternity than in time, and among saints in Heaven than among sinners on earth."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"From Athens.

"I am so thankful to have seen this after Palestine. It does not lessen my first love. It completes the circle of the past—Paul and the Areopagus unite the two. There are many striking contrasts between them.

"When I look over the landscape from the Acropolis, or journey over the country around, there is not a village near, nor a ruin, nor spot, with the exception of Salamis and Marathon, that is famous for any great fact which the world knows of or feels interested in. In Palestine every hill and village is alive with history. It is Athens alone—there it is, the whole country. Then again, while I recognise all that Athens has given to the world, whether of art, philosophy, history, poetry, or eloquence, as precious gifts from God, a grand portion of the education of our race, which has told as no other has done on the culture of mankind—yet how different in kind, in universality, in intensity, has been the influence of Palestine! An old shepherd who lived four thousand years ago, like Abraham, is almost worshipped by the Mahommedans, Jews, and Christians, and is known as 'El Khulil,' the Friend of God. What has he been—what have others in Palestine been—to the spirits and hearts of the race? While the kings and gods of Egypt have passed away, the people who live beneath the Acropolis know him, and don't know the names even of their mighty dead who have nevertheless immortalised their city. There are thirty marble chairs in the Theatre of Dionysius, which were the official seats of the priests of Bacchus, and of the different village or parish temples. They have not a representative on earth! Athens has given much to the world! but in Palestine the Father was revealed to it. That is the gift of gifts to the whole family of man."

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From his JOURNAL :—

"*May* 1, *Sunday Morning.*—I returned Friday night from my tour. I record the mercy of God to me and mine, but I have no words to express what that has been. I have had one of the most glorious tours which man can have in this world—Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, Joppa, Jerusalem by Bethoron, Hebron, the Dead Sea, Marsaba, north to Tiberias by Samaria, Nazareth, Safed, Sidon, Beyrout, Damascus, Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, Athens, Marathon, Constantinople, and home by the Danube, and Vienna, Dresden, Hanover. I have not had an hour's ill health or anxiety of mind. We have all been happy and enjoyed everything intensely. I cannot count my gains. I feel as if I had searched for hid treasure, expecting hundreds and found thousands. And then at home the mercy has been so wonderful. Everything in my parish has gone on with perfect smoothness.

"And now the desire of my heart is, that the same God of mercy and grace may enable me to turn this and all He has given me to the best possible account for the good of my people and country. May I be able to gather up the fragments of time that remain! May I be enabled to do good to my fellow-men by word, by my pen, by my life and labour; to live simply, truly, and unselfishly; and so through faith in God to be carried through the battle of life which rages loud and long around me, among the poor and ignorant and among ecclesiastics! God of truth, lead me into all truth! God of power, strengthen me! God of wisdom, direct me! God of love, fill my heart! And grant that when days of darkness fall—when affliction comes, sickness, or weak old age, I may be strengthened in the faith of Thy Fatherhood by recalling the marvellous mercies of these past months, added to all those received from Thy hand, when verily I am unworthy of the least! Amen and amen. So ends a memorable period of my life!

"*June* 3, *One* A.M.—I this day enter my fifty-second year. I do so blessing and praising God."

The General Assembly of this year unanimously appointed him to the Convenership of the India Mission; and with much gratitude for the confidence thus reposed in him, he determined to devote his energies to its advancement. To awaken a lively interest in Missionary affairs, and to promote a more effective method of conducting them, was henceforth to be one of the great works of his life. His journals show how many places he visited, and indicate the variety of meetings he addressed with this view, but they convey a very inadequate impression of the time he had to spend in reading, in correspondence, and in anxious thought.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June* 12, 1864.—There are several events in my life which I should like to record. The first of these is the unanimous offer—unsought for and unexpected, God knoweth—by the General Assembly of the Convenership of the India Mission. I have accepted of this without doubt, though not without solemn and prayerful consideration—for I have tried, at least for the last twenty-five years, to accept of whatever work is offered to me in

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God's providence. I have, rightly or wrongly, always believed that a man's work is given to him—that it need not so much be sought as accepted—that it is floated to one's feet like the infant Moses to Pharaoh's daughter.

"Mission work has been a possession of my spirit ever since I became a minister; I feel that God has long been educating me for it. I go forth tolerably well informed as to facts, and loving the work itself, with heart, soul, and strength. I accept it from God, and have perfect confidence in the power and grace of God to give us the men and the money. Thank God for calling me in my advanced years to so glorious and blessed a work.

"We want men—God-loving men. These are to be obtained chiefly through prayer. 'Pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers.' We want money, but the silver and gold are the Lord's, and He can open up every purse, and my hope is in Him.

"It is my intention to address Presbyteries, and to hold public meetings everywhere for aiding the glorious work. The Lord be with me to give me the Spirit of Christ and a sound mind to consider my brethren, to support the weak, to be patient to all, to help the weak to good, and to trust God for the increase, while we plant and water according to their need.

"An immense deal has yet to be done. We have to reconsider the whole idea of missions—the preaching mission, and how to preach and what to preach, so as to get at the Hindoo and Mussulman mind; the teaching mission, and how the child is to be treated in relation to his heathen parent; the tract mission, and what sort of tracts India needs; the healing mission, and the place which hospital and alms-giving should hold. We have to consider the organization and local government of missions, and how to build up congregations so as to bring the moral power, the character, and the Christian order of the family and the congregation to bear on the work. We have to consider the retiring allowances for missionaries and the sick, the relationship of the missions of one Church to another, &c. The Lord be with us! His Spirit can do it. He loves it. It is His work. We are but fellow-workers.

"I have lost a dear friend in Principal Leitch. Poor dear Boss! I cannot think of the world as henceforth without him—so simple and true, so loyal, so genuine! I have, with very few exceptions, no such friend on earth—none who knew my failings as he did, none to cover them as he did, none to love me in spite of them as he did. Well, he is another portion of my treasure in heaven! And so is Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working-man's church, as noble a fellow as ever lived—God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working-man's congregation, and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working clothes. 'If,' said I, 'you don't like to do it, Tom, if you are ashamed——' 'Ashamed!' he exclaimed as he turned round upon me. 'I'm mair ashamed o' yoursel', sir. Div' ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' his raiment on the cross, and that I—— Na, na, I'm prood tae stan' at the door.' Dear good fellow! There he stood for seven winters without a sixpence of pay; all from love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch.

"When he was dying from small-pox, the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked it they would let me know, he replied, 'There's nae man

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livin' I like as I do him. I know he wad come. But he shouldna come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maun na' tell him!' I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till it was too late.

"This India mission presses itself with greater solemnity on me every day; I feel Jesus has given us to do the noblest work which can occupy the energies of men here below or of angels above—not foreign missions only, but all missions, every effort, from that in our own hearts, our own families, our congregations, to make men know God, and thus to respond to His own love. All our difficulties are in ourselves. We are so poor, so mean, so cowardly; there is such a want of thorough consecration, which is just a loving spirit of true liberty and perfect peace. It alarms me greatly, yet not enough.

"I will labour and pray for the establishment of strong missions, and, above all,—above all for men who peril their souls, their all in Christ! Oh, for godly men to be missionaries. A godly man has God's spirit with him to guide him, direct him, bless him. This is the all in all. Such a man must be a useful man. A man of love, real and genuine, is the godly man. Jesus Christ, Lord of the Harvest, for this I pray! give us godly missionaries! Lord, I believe; help my unbelief. Oh, my Saviour, bless this mission work! My beloved Saviour, my hope is in Thee!

"I wish £10,000 a year at least, and ten men at least, to preach Christ to India. If I had not faith in Christ I should despair."

To his MOTHER:—

"*July 10th*, 1864.

"This goes merely to certify to you, on the best authority, that (1) I have addressed, since I saw you, both Presbyteries and public meetings at Dunoon, Perth, Dunkeld, Cupar-Angus, Forfar, Cupar-Fife. (2) that this week I have to do ditto at Dunse, Greenlaw, Chirnside, Linlithgow; (3) the week after at Galashiels, Selkirk, Kelso, Hawick, Melrose; (4) that I am not suffering from sore throat, sore back, head, heart, lungs, brain, nerves, muscles, sinews, legs, arms, back, neck, heels, toes—but am from tip to toe *jolly*.

"My work, bless God, goes on beautifully. All so kind and cordial. I feel more thankful than I can tell, and I am in perfect peace and in great feather."

To Dr. CHARTERIS:—

8th August, 1864.

"The missionary who we hoped would have gone withdraws, as his parents say 'No.' Parental affirmatives are generally gladly given to good money prospects in the East, or to prospects of promotion, with the chance of a bullet through the brain of their beloved.

"Faith, if not dead, sleepeth. We cannot create missionaries. We can pray and wait— ay, for a lifetime, if needs be.

"It would in the end be a rich gain to the Church if deep silence for years was the only response to her call for missionaries, and that this brought Divinity professors and ministers to their knees before a throne of grace.

"How can Christ do many, or any, mighty works, if there be no faith? How can He give, if we don't as a Church ask like men in earnest?"

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From his JOURNAL :— "PITLOCHRIE.

"Thursday, the anniversary of my marriage. We went up Glen Tilt, and had a pic-nic with our children only; and, amidst the glories of the earth, rejoiced that they were born into such a world, with such a Father and Saviour. Oh yes, very, very thankful were we both. Oh, my Father, the only thing I dread is sin in my darlings. Good Lord, loving Father, deliver us from that hell!

"We had another fine day at the Loch, and all ended by an evening in company with dear John Shairp, at the river side, hearing John McPherson, the piper, play out his glorious pibrochs. What a power they have over me! I wept like a child hearing them. My father and all the romantic past mingled with their every note.

"My children are a source of unspeakable blessing, yet Christian anxiety. I feel more and more that there is a life totally different in kind from the life in the natural man; a life in the Spirit, which must be begun and developed into life everlasting by God's Spirit, for which we must pray. How solemn is the fact of the *I*—the personality—the out-of-us individualism of each child! How impossible to renew the soul of one we would die for. Oh, my Father, it is Thy work! We cling to Thee.

"*September* 6.—Left Saturday morning to visit the Prince of Wales at Abergeldie.

"It is a glorious Highland residence. The golden pillared pines, the royal heather, the great sweep of the valley, the high ranges, the quiet!

"I had a sweet walk in the forest.

"Left on Monday at 11 for Inverness, and have had meetings at Tain, 500 or 600 present, mostly of the Free Church.

"I have been amazed with Ross and Sutherland. I never beheld such a combination of highly cultivated fields with good wooding and picturesque scenery. It has the luxurious cultivation of Kelso with the scenery of the Highlands. Yet this country which has but one form of Church government, one confession of faith, one form of worship, is more literally divided, more sectarian, than any country I have ever been in. The feelings of the Free Church to the Establishment (for it is chiefly on their part, beyond doubt) are hardly equalled by those of the Roman Catholics in Galway to a Protestant missionary, or those of the Mohammedan in Damascus to a Christian. So it has been hitherto, and that, as usual, owing to the clergy, those sources of so much good and of so much evil to the Church of God.

"But I was most thankful to see men that were worthies of the Free Kirk come to my meetings. This eased my heart. I prayed God to be able to speak truth, that would reach deeper down than all their controversies, and such as would make for peace. Would that my brethren would concentrate themselves in faith on doing good 'seeking first the kingdom of God,' and leaving Christ to arrange and add all other things unto them.

"A Sutherland missionary to India would be a blessing to all of them and to their people.

"*October* 6.—Have had meetings at Inverary, Falkirk, and Hamilton (Presbytery). I have been fagged, bothered, addled, dowie."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :— "ABERDEEN, *October* 10*th*.

"I have a short time before I address the Synod at two, to write to you.

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I don't know why I should feel so very much to-day; but I have been for two hours preparing with head and heart to speak worthily on this great subject. My heart trembles for the ark of God. I do feel this to be a crisis in our mission history, and I am so anxious. In proportion as I believe in the certainty of success if we seek the Lord, and humbly endeavour to do His work, in that proportion I feel the terrible sin and eternal loss if it is not done. I heard Doctor Duff last night. I have not seen him since we met in Paris, long ago, at the Alliance, nor have I heard him since he made his great speech in the Assembly of '38. He is, of course, older, and visibly feebler; but that very feebleness was to me so touchingly eloquent. How humbled I felt before him, how inwardly I revered and blessed the old soldier of the cross. I have desires and words, weak and feeble. But he is the living embodiment of work done."

To a Relative who had announced his betrothal:—

"Of course I know all you feel and all you think. 'You feel that'—of course you do—'and that if'—of course—'and that no man'—of course—'and that your own heart can tell'—no doubt of it—'and that when you came home last night you'—who denies it?—'and that the solemnity of'—I agree with you.

"God bless you, my dear boy! No one more deeply sympathizes with you."

The following letter was written after opening a box of edible fungi which had lain in the house for some days, during his absence from home, having been sent him by Dr. Esdaile, well known for his advocacy of the use of horseflesh, and for his experiments in pisciculture, and still better known for his heroic and successful efforts to found a College for Ministers' Daughters:

To the Rev. Dr. Esdaile, Rescobie:—

"*Oct. 25th*, 1864.

"My dear Easdail—or Esdale—or Esdaile, for such a queer fellow cannot be easily made out. I received your puddock stools after I returned home from a mission tour. As holy things, or as noxious things, they were set aside by the family, with mingled feelings of awe, mystery, and terror. That death was in the box was obvious to the senses—but death of what? Was it a new murder? A man's head, or a whole child, or a leg of some Briggs? I myself opened the box with one careful hand while I held my nose with another. It was an awful evidence of the doctrine of corruption! But not of the will, and so I thank you heartily for your goodwill in sending me the deadly poison, and congratulate myself on my escape. Why did you expect the Barony? Your sermon was highly acceptable; but why kill the parson? Esdaile! you know what you are, and if you don't stop these savage feastings on mare's flesh and mushrooms, I'll have you up as a witch or murderer.

"Thanks I say for your foul intentions, and for my lucky escape.

"Go along! You mushroom wasting, horseflesh eating, oyster breeding, mussel growing, salmon fishing, Ministers' daughters training, good for everything mortal."

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To his MOTHER :—

"I have been every night, except Saturday, away from my own family! It is very hard, but 'what can a fellow do?'

"Dr. Duff has written me a very kind letter to meet him here next week.

"The Free Kirk have subscribed handsomely to my mission.

"The first man I called on gave me £250! and wrote such a nice note."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Dec.* 18.—I was invited by Prince Alfred to spend the 14th Anniversary of his father's death with him at Darmstadt. The Queen commanded me to see her before I went, so on Monday I went to Windsor. I told her that the more I was confided in, the more I felt my responsibility to speak the truth. That night I went, *viâ* Calais, to Darmstadt. The Prince joined the train at Bonn.

"To-day (Sunday) I expounded in the forenoon, and now express my grateful thanks to my Father, my guide, my help, my all, for His mercy to me during this last heavy and important week.

"Oh, let me never lose my trust in Him, or be afraid of accepting any duty imposed on me in His Providence, but step out bravely and humbly at His bidding, sure of His blessing.

"I have during the past year been pretty steadily in my own pulpit, but with the exception of visiting the sick, I have been able to do little parish work, which deeply pains me. I have written eleven Sermons for *Good Words* and two Articles; prepared some of the memoir of my father, and first part of 'Home Preacher.'"

To A. STRAHAN, Esq. :—

"*Midnight*, { 31*st December*, 1864, / 1*st January*, 1865.

"God bless you, and may He enable you and me, with honest, simple, believing, and true hearts, to do His will, and come weal or woe, to make *Good Words* a means of doing real good to our fellow-men, and so pleasing our Master that, when time shall be no more, He will receive us as faithful servants. Amen."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*January* 3*rd.*—Let me here record, as throwing some light on the folly of presentiments and dreams, the following facts, without the slightest shadow of exaggeration.

"One evening, when sitting alone, before starting by a night train for London, I got into an unaccountably depressed state of mind. The thought came that I, or my family, might be entering some great trial. It might be a railway accident? Yes!—so said I to myself,—I shall for the first time in my life take an insurance ticket for £1,000. This resolution brought my day dream to a conclusion, and I burst into a fit of laughing at my absurd foreboding, which I felt was from over-work. Wishing to change a half-crown to pay the cab before taking my ticket, I put one down at the ticket window, and without speaking a word, received an insurance ticket for £1,000 and 3*d.*, I think, back. Having forgotten my dream, I was

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taken all aback, and started. 'I never asked for a ticket,' I said, and was returning it, when some one over my shoulder said, 'I'll take it, Doctor.' But so impressed was I by the odd coincidence that I took it for the first (and last) time in my life. I never slept more soundly, and never had a safer or pleasanter journey.

(2.) As to dreams. The night before last I awoke out of a horrible nightmare. I thought the house was burning—Johnnie's room on fire, and I in vain trying to take the dear boy out of the flames. The fact of his being ill since Sunday with scarlatina made the dream more painful. I told it in the morning, and also what had occasioned it. The day before, when in the Barony, I was thinking what I should do if the church was on fire, and the idea for a few minutes quite possessed me, as any day it might have become a most complicated problem.

"After telling this dream, the servant who slept next room to my boy, both doors being open, told me he had sprung up in the middle of the night, and cried out to her that his room was on fire, which was all nonsense. Now, on examination, I found that my brother had said that day, in his hearing, to my wife, that the only reason he disliked rooms in the attics, like his, was in event of fire. This had produced his dream."

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq. :—

"*Jan.*, 1865.

"Here am I with an Indian mission to conduct, addressing congregations, Presbyteries and Synods, a committee to manage, papers to write, correspondence to carry on, missionaries to send out and to buy their outfit, to finger shirts and examine towellings, to visit my people two days a week, preach thrice, teach a class every Sunday, collect money to build schools and churches (at the rate of £1,000 a year for 14 years), to hear every man and woman who call on me about everything down to a sore finger, besides having to rear a family and keep my liver right. High art!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"Heard of Lincoln's death. It will, under God, be a huge blessing to the North, and be the ending of the accursed South.

"Had Lee or Jeff. Davies been assassinated, what a howl! This is a mighty era in the world's history. I am ashamed of my country. This sympathy with the South is an inscrutable mystery to me; I cannot make it out. But I fear we shall have to suffer for our grievous pride. I still hope that America will be our noblest and staunchest ally.

"Oh that the Churches would rise in their strength above mere politics, and say before God, we shall be one in heart for the good of the world!

"I have never swerved in my sympathy with the North, and I believe the day is not far off when we shall hardly believe that Britain's sympathy was with the South. Oh, my country! Oh, Christian Churches! Repent in dust and ashes!

"I cannot comprehend man's blindness on this question! I rejoice in the unity and prosperity of the grand Republic; its strength is a blessed counterpoise to continental despotism and mere king-craft. I have the brightest hopes of its future, but chiefly through the influence of its Churches. It is to me a mystery that Britain does not rejoice in America. I do."

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The innovations in public worship introduced by Dr. Robert Lee, Minister of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, most of which were simply restorations of the earlier usage of the Church, were now agitating the ecclesiastical mind of the country and formed the chief topic of discussion at the Assembly of 1865. Public opinion since then has so much changed in reference to such matters, that it is difficult to realise the excitement which was produced by the use of read prayers and instrumental music, or to believe that it was for a time doubtful whether the Church would tolerate any changes in her service, such as the increasing culture of the country every day demanded more loudly. Dr. Macleod was a member of this Assembly, as might have been expected, warmly espoused the side of progress.

"I would like very much to know who 'our fathers' are to whom there have been so many allusions during the discussion. If reference is made to those respectable gentlemen in bob-wigs that used to sit here last century, and if it is assumed that everything they did then is to regulate us now, let that be plainly asserted. Some of these men, doubtless, did much good in their day, and some of them did very little. But to say that we are to be ruled by all that they did would be just as absurd as if in the year 2000 all progress was to be stopped by some earnest men quoting the opinions of 'the fathers' of this generation. I should tremble at myself standing up to address this House, if there was a prospect of my acting as an incubus—an actual ghost—for all generations, and to be called 'a father.' I take no such responsibility on myself. All I wish is to help the present as our fathers helped our past, and as I hope our grandchildren will help our future. Let us have no more appeals to the fathers, but look at the question in the light of common sense.

"You speak of the fathers of the Church, but I go back to a true father of the Church—the Apostle Paul. I do not know what he would think if he were nowadays to come amongst us. Would he not, in all probability, be put down as a latitudinarian? I fear very much whether some of us could really understand a man who became a Jew to the Jews, and a Gentile to the Gentiles, not for the love of popularity, which was what he most thoroughly despised, but 'that he might gain some.' I am afraid there are some among us who would not comprehend him if he said, 'One man esteemeth one day above another, another man esteemeth every day alike; let every man be persuaded in his own mind.' They would be unable to comprehend a man who knew from God, as an absolute certainty, that there was nothing unclean, but could yet have the grand and noble charity to say, 'To him that thinketh it unclean to him it is unclean.' I question if they could understand a man who could say, 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;' and 'he that serveth Christ in these things is acceptable to God and approved of men.' I do not know whether Paul would have made all the office-bearers sign the Confession of Faith—Phœbe, the deaconess for example—but I am sure of this, that he of all the fathers of the Church that ever lived, not only in his preaching but his life, carried out the old adage, 'In things essential, unity; in things indifferent, liberty; in all things, charity.' Now it is this spirit which should guide the Church of Scotland;

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and I think that much of our sectarianism might have been prevented if we had had a little more consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, and if, instead of digging a ditch round us, and bragging how much we differed from every other Church on earth, we had made a few more bridges, and had shown a little more catholic feeling towards other Churches on earth; if, instead of looking to our individual selves, we had looked more to the feelings and opinions of the country. For the very genius of our National Church ought, in my opinion, to be inclusiveness, as far as possible, and not exclusiveness.

". . . . . I think, as a Church, we ought, with the other Presbyterian Churches in this country, to hold firm by our historical past, for all that is great and good in a nation has its root in the past. Let us hold fast by that which is good in the past; and as our system of Presbytery is good, let us hold fast by its form of government. And in reference to that I beg to say, in passing, that there never was a greater delusion than to imagine that the wish to have an organ, or a more cultivated form of worship, has anything to do with Episcopacy. So far from this, I believe these improvements will serve to keep back Episcopacy; and, under any circumstances, I make bold to say, as a minister of the National Church of Scotland, that I think it is my duty, as well as in accordance with my feelings, to stretch out a kind hand to every Scotchman, and, if I could, a kind and protecting hand to every Church in this kingdom.

"I say, further, led us hold fast and firm by our Confession of Faith. But I really wish that gentlemen would feel the delicacy of these questions of tests and signatures, and not be perpetually dragging up this subject. I do not know at this moment any one question that requires finer handling, so to speak.

"I desire to see retained our whole Confession of Faith as the expression of the Church's faith in the past and in the present. But do not let us be the Church of the past merely, let us also be the Church of the present and the Church of the future; and this I will boldly maintain, that we are the freest Church at this moment in Scotland. I think honestly we are. I know our respected brethren who left us do not repent doing so, and that there is not a step they have taken which they would not honestly and calmly take again. But I say also, neither do I repent for a moment the position I have occupied, but would calmly give over again every vote I have given, and take again every step I have taken. I believe that God is over-ruling all this for, perhaps, a higher good than we are looking to. But, as an Established Church, we are limited by a Constitution—a noble Constitution—which secures us freedom, because giving us security at once against the tyranny of the State and the tyranny of the clergy; and within the limits of the Constitution we have freedom at this moment to examine all questions brought before us, and to express our judgment upon them, moulding the Church to meet the wants of the country as it now is. It is on the broad ground of our calling as a National Church, and the liberty we have as a National Church, that I would desire to entertain with kindness and thoughtfulness all these questions when we are desired by any portion of the people to do so."

From his JOURNAL:—

"The Assembly of '65 is over. One of the most reactionary since '43.

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"The one great evil I see in both Assemblies, and more especially in that of the Free Church, is not so much any decision they may have come to on such a question as organs, which is an odd one in the nineteenth century, as the spirit of both.

"There is too little freedom to speak in sober truth against anything which the majority approves of. There are suspicious whisperings, up to the howls of an 'orthodox' (help the mark!) brass band, against any man who presumes to question, doubt, or differ regarding non-essentials. Young men are terrified lest they should be considered 'dangerous,' 'doubtful,' 'broad,' 'latitudinarian,' 'liberal,' 'not safe.' And so men who think little on public questions, by simply hissing and crying, 'Vote, vote,' easily and without sacrifice get a reputation, where a true man with some fair and honest doubt on certain matters is despised. The great snare to weak consciences in the present day is not the world so much as the Church, so-called. A reformation of any kind appears to me more and more supernatural.

"But Mrs. Partington cannot sweep the ocean back."

To J. A. CAMPBELL, Esq. :—

"I have been at Loudoun, my first parish. How I mourned the contrast between my work as a parish minister now and then! God has given me other things to do, and so I must accept of them. But any good results from wholesale public work can only be anticipated by faith, while the personal work of the minister, the house to house, face to face, heart to heart work, is a present, immediate, and sure reward. Few things amaze me more than the tolerance of my present flock. I comfort myself by believing that God, who knows all the *outs and ins* between us, has in mercy spared me the pain of seeing them distrusting me and leaving me. Had they done so, I would at once have given up everything else, shut off all public work, and fallen back on the pastoral. It needs all my faith not to become peevish and miserable with myself.

"I had a long call from David Livingstone last week. A Yankee parson was in the drawing-room, and hearing how I was engaged, insisted on being introduced. He came down, shook hands with Livingstone, saying, 'Sir—I have heard of you!'"

His Journal contains a deeply interesting account of the interviews he had with Dr. Pritchard, while this notorious criminal was lying under sentence of death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law; but the same motives of regard for the feelings of relatives which enjoined silence at the time, still exist to enforce reserve on this painful subject.

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"*Friday.*—Please do not excite yourself when you see by the papers that I have been with Pritchard to the last. I thought it rather cowardly to let Oldham do this work alone when we had shared the previous portion of it. So I offered to go, and I am glad I did. I saw it all from first to last; was with him in his cell, and walked at his back till he reached the scaf

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fold. As to his behaviour, strange to say, no patriot dying for his country, no martyr dying for his faith, could have behaved with greater calmness, dignity, and solemnity! He was kind and courteous (as he always was) to all. Prayed with us with apparent deep earnestness. Told Oldham to tell his sister that he repented of a life of transgression, was glad the second confession was suppressed, &c. He said before the magistrates, with a low bow and most solemn voice, 'I acknowledge the justice of my sentence.' He had told those about him on leaving his cell, 'I want no one to support me,' and so he marched to the scaffold with a deadly pale face but erect head, as if he marched to the sound of music. He stood upright and steady as a bronze statue, with the cap over his face and the rope round his neck. When the drop fell, all was quiet.

"Marvellous and complex character!

"Think of a man so firm as to say, smiling, to Oldham, 'I am glad you have come with your gown and bands!'

"I am for ever set against all public executions. They brutalise the people, and have no more meaning to them than bull-baiting or a gladiatorial combat.

"And then the fuss, the babble and foam of gossip, the reporting for the press, &c., over that black sea of crime and death!

"Strange to say, I felt no excitement whatever, but calm and solemn. I gazed at him while praying for his poor soul till the last. But I won't indulge in sensation sketches. May God forgive all my poor sinful services, and accept of me and mine as lost sinners redeemed through Jesus Christ!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"My church was shut for five weeks for repair, and I went with my family to Norwood.

"I was myself depressed as the re-action from previous work and horrors (attending Pritchard in his cell)! I went for a week to Holland with my friend Strahan, preached at Rotterdam, toured it to the Hague, Scheveling, on to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, home *viâ* Calais.

"The worst 'fairs' I have seen are the Glasgow Fair and the Kermiss at Rotterdam—as bad for vulgar rioting and drunkenness as the Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace.

"I preached at ——'s Baptist chapel. How tremendously Maurice and his school have told on the Baptists! The ice is thawing, and the water is freezing. How truth tells at last! If it does not revolutionize it modifies. It is wonderful to think how much 'Orthodoxy' owes to 'the world' and to 'Heterodoxy.' What a practical difference does it make having Christ, not any logical theological system, as the object of our faith and love! I remember Norwood with gratitude!"

To the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:—

"FIUNARY, *August* 12*th*.

"I am alive—alive to the glory of the hills and to the earth's gravitation as I try to ascend their summits—alive to the critical state of the political and ecclesiastical world; to the dangers and glories of the Irish revival; and to many other things I should like to have a chat about.

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"I rejoice to hear such glad tidings about Ireland! God grant wise men to guide events! I don't go 'to see the Revival.' I fear it is the making it a spectacle which will prove its greatest danger. By-and-by I may run over and inquire about results. In the meantime I am taking a run through dear old places, and among dear old friends. What a language those hills and seas speak to me, who have been coming to them every year almost since childhood! Yet how many hands there were that welcomed me which 'touch' no more. How many voices which were earth's music once, that sound no more! Here life would be death to me, unless I believed death was life.

"I preach to-morrow, having Jowett as one of my hearers."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SABBATH CONTROVERSY.

A SERIES of public demonstrations had taken place against the running of Sunday trains and other forms of Sabbath desecration, and the Presbytery of Glasgow, to give effect to these expressions of popular feeling, prepared a Pastoral letter, to be read in all the churches within its jurisdiction. As this Letter enforced the observance of the Lord's day by arguments directly opposed to the teaching Dr. Macleod had given his congregation for many years, it was impossible for him to read it from the pulpit without expressing his dissent. He therefore felt himself bound to state to his brethren in the Presbytery the grounds on which he differed from their judgment.

He believed that the authority of the Jewish Sabbath was an insufficient, unscriptural, and therefore perilous basis on which to rest the observance of the Lord's day, and that to impose regulations as to the one institution, which applied only to the other must, with the changing conditions of society in Scotland, be productive of greater evils in her future than in her past history. In proportion to the strict enforcement of Sabbatarianism, there would, in his opinion, be multiplied those practical inconsistencies, dishonesties, and Pharisaic sophistries which prove, in all ages, supremely detrimental to morality and religion. It was, therefore, with the desire of vindicating the divine sanctions of the Lord's-day, as distinct from the Sabbath, that he addressed the Presbytery, and, in doing so, he anticipated, with a deep sense of responsibility, the peril he must incur and the pain his views were certain to inflict on many of his countrymen.

This speech, like all his other speeches, was not written out, but given from short, and to any other eyes than his own, unintelligible notes. In substance, however, it had been carefully and thoughtfully prepared: the arguments and illustrations were clearly arranged, but the mutilated form in which, unfortunately, it first appeared in the newspapers created an impression of its purport which was calculated to disturb the public mind. It could not have been expected that an address which, though rapidly spoken, occupied between three and four hours in delivery, would be fully or accurately reported; but it must always be a matter of regret that only the destructive part of the argument, which came first, was communicated through the press,

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while the latter part, enforcing the divine obligation of the Lord's-day, was omitted. Had the public been better informed from the first as to the true character of his sentiments, there would have been less of that painful misunderstanding and excitement which, once raised, is so difficult to allay."*

As it was, the outburst of popular feeling was amazing. His views were not really startling, for they were common to perhaps a majority of the best theologians of the Reformed Churches.† Yet, if the speaker had renounced Christianity itself, he could scarcely have produced a greater sensation. He became not only an object of suspicion and dislike to the unthinking and fanatical, but he was mourned over by many really good men as one who had become an enemy to the truth. His table was loaded with letters remonstrating with him, abusing him, denouncing, cursing him. Ministers of the Gospel passed him without recognition; one of these, more zealous than the rest, hissed him in the street. During the first phase of this agitation he felt acutely the loneliness of his position:—

"I felt at first so utterly cut off from every Christian brother that, had a chimney-sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled on me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salute and blessed him. Men apologised for having been seen in my company. An eminent minister of the Free Church refused to preach in a United Presbyterian pulpit in which I was to preach the same day. Orators harangued against me in City Hall and Merchants' Hall. The empty drums rattled and the brazen trumpets blew 'certain sounds' in every village. 'Leave the Church!' 'Libel him!' were the brotherly advices given. Money was subscribed to build a Free Barony Church; and a Free Church mission house was opened beside mine ('though having no reference to me' as it was said!). Caricatures were displayed in every shop window."

The condition of religion in the country which this tide of bitterness revealed burdened him with sorrow. In one sense he never enjoyed greater peace of spirit, nor was he once tempted to waver in his resolution; but he felt so keenly the prevalence of intolerance and injustice under the cloak of zeal, that all who saw him during these three weeks were struck by his chastened and sad aspect. There were some consolations, however, mingled with the grief. The Presbytery acted with marked courtesy, and conducted the discussions in a spirit of the most friendly consideration. "They were very kind, and did not utter a harsh word. I did not retract a syllable; nor was I asked to do so." The Kirk-session of the Barony cheered him by presenting an address expressive of their unshaken confidence, and his congregation to a man remained loyal. The hope that good would result from the controversy gradually prevailed over other feelings.

* That this was the case was evident from the effect produced when he afterwards published the substance of the speech.

† For a Catena of authorities on this subject, see "The Literature of the Sabbath Question," by Robert Cox, F.S.A.

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"The smaller question," he writes, "is fast merging into the higher one of whether we are to gain a larger measure of ministerial liberty in interpreting those points in our Confession which do not touch the essentials of the Christian faith. If the Assembly passes without my being libelled, I shall have gained for the Established Church, and at the risk of my ecclesiastical life, freedom in alliance with law, and for this I shall thank God. But should they drive me out, that day will see national evangelical liberty driven out for many a day from the dear old Church."

An act of tolerance on the part of the Church in his case would afford a practical solution to some of the difficulties connected with subscription; it would indicate the light in which she wished her standards to be regarded. "The Confession, when read like the Bible by the light of the Spirit, will then not be an obscuration but a transparency through which eternal truth is seen." Some measure of liberty in this direction, among other benefits, was, he believed, gained for the Church by the stand he now took.

While recording the sadder aspects of this trying period, it is well to remember that the suddenness of the excitement raised against him was not more remarkable than the rapidity with which it disappeared. If it is painful to recall misunderstandings and alienations, it is refreshing to bear in mind how soon all seemed forgotten in the confidence with which his own Church honoured him, and which was also accorded by the other Churches of the land.

To his SISTER JANE:—

"*November* 19*th*, 1865.

"God, I solemnly believe, has given me a great work to do, and I have accepted it, keenly alive—if possible, too keenly alive—to my responsibility—to the privilege I enjoy in the discharge of a great duty, and to the sorrows and sufferings which it involves, perhaps for life. I see the truth like light, but that same light reveals the rough path that is before me. I don't ask you to pass any opinion on what I have said till you see my speech in full when published. I don't expect you even then to agree with it at once.

"Oh dear, pray that I may be kept in peace and with a single eye and brave heart!"

Letter to Rev. GEORGE GARDINER, Annan:—

"GLASGOW, *November* 19*th*, 1865.

"I return you my hearty thanks for your note just received, and I attach the more value to your Christian sympathy from the fact that it is the first of the kind which I have received.

"I have not entered on this war—only beginning—without much thought, earnest prayer, and a very solemn sense of my responsibility, whether I speak or keep silence. The more I 'mused' on the state of religion and parties in Scotland, the more has the 'fire burned' in my very bones, until I could not, dared not but utter what, so far as I can judge, God has given me to utter. But I feel in my inmost heart the burden which I must carry

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for many a day, probably for life. I could escape this kind of burden by silence or by flight, and the flesh has often cried out in this and in other conflicts which in Providence I have been called to fight, 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove,' to fly to some hut in the wilderness, in some lonely glen, that I might be at rest. But then would come other burdens which I could not carry, which would crush me—the burden of a bad conscience, of a selfish, cowardly spirit, of a false heart to man, and therefore to God. With truth I can dare to meet bad men and devils, and what is worse, good, dear brethren sincerely believing I am wrong, and grieving for me—which is to me a seething in my mother's milk; but with conscious untruth in any shape or form, I could not meet myself without fear and shame, far less my God. Yet with all this, do not think me suffering aught but noble pains, such as I welcome, like the cross, as God's great gift. I enjoy perfect peace. I have blessed freedom and peace in opening my whole heart and ways to Christ, for He understands our thoughts, will deliver us from evil, and lead us and all who seek Him into truth in the end.

"St. Paul in his Epistles and spirit is more than ever clear and dear to me. As soldiers cried once, 'Oh, for one day of Dundee!' so do I feel disposed to cry, 'Oh, for one day of Paul!' How he would puzzle and astonish and possibly pain our Churches, ay, us all, for he is far in advance of us all yet! But as Max Piccolomini, when wishing for an angel to show him the true and good, said, why should he wish this when he had his noble Thekla with him to speak what he felt; so much more surely you and I and all who seek the truth may have peace, with the loving, patient, and wise Spirit and Guide, who will search us and lead us into all truth!

"Some think I am leading a forlorn hope. Be it so. Then men will enter the citadel over my dead body, and perhaps bury me with funeral honours when I am enjoying rest elsewhere.

"As to consequences, I have nothing to do with them. I have faith in Christ as the Head of the Church and of the world. It is enough that I have to do with right and wrong. To know that—to observe that—to measure the real angle, and let the two sides be prolonged, if so be, *ad infinitum*, that alone absorbs all my thoughts, demands all my strength, calls forth all my prayers, demands all my faith. If I am wrong, may God in his infinite mercy destroy all my works, saving my soul that trusts Him, even as it were by fire!

"The battle is but beginning. It will pass over to the more difficult and more trying one of the relation of Confessions to the Church, its members and ministers. Who will abide this sifting? I think I have light on this too, and may be helpful to many a perplexed mind when the battle comes. If I am to be made the occasion of its being fought, amen! It is God's will. But sufficient for the day is both its evil and God's grace.

"I am going to print my speech in full. I would have spoken four hours had time been given. Much was unsaid and much said of vast importance which was not reported.

"Thank God, the debate was conducted in the most fair and kind spirit. My whole feeling towards all who differ is an earnest desire that they may see the truth—Churches above all; for what can I do for those who neither love Christ nor would have a holy, blessed Lord's Day.

"Pray for me;—yes, do in faith—that I may be kept calm, peaceful,

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simple, sincere; and that in mercy to myself and others I may be kept, if need be, by sickness even, from injuring Christ's cause, and be led into all truth, that men may glorify Christ in me, but not glorify me, which would be a poor idolatry.

"I remain, your brother in the best of bonds."

A BATTLE-CRY TO MY FRIEND AND FELLOW-SOLDIER PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.*

BROTHER! up to the breach
For Christ's freedom and truth!
Let us act as we teach,
With the wisdom of age and the vigour of youth.
Heed not their cannon-balls,
Ask not who stands or falls.
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Forward!

Brother! strong in the faith
That "the right will come right,"
Never tremble at death,
Never think of thyself 'mid the roar of the fight.
Hark to the battle-cry,
Sounding from yonder sky!
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Forward!

Brother! sing a loud Psalm,
Our hope's not forlorn!
After storm comes the calm,
After darkness and twilight breaks forth the new morn.
Let the mad foe get madder,
Never quail! up the ladder!
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Forward!

Brother! up to the breach,
For Christ's freedom and truth,
If we live we shall teach,
With the strong faith of age and the bright hope of youth.
If we perish, then o'er us
Will ring the loud chorus,
Grasp the sword
Of the Lord,
And Follow!

* Principal Tulloch had just delivered a stirring address on the question of Creeds.

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To the late Dr. ROBERT LEE :—

"This is a terrible hurricane, but I have a stout heart, a good ship, light to steer by, and, thank God! a conscience kept in perfect peace.

"If ever there was a time in our history when we should be wise, prudent, brotherly, and brave—it is now."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Last Sunday of* '65.—I will not anticipate the future, it is amply sufficient to know our dear God and Father is with us all, and our own brother Jesus Christ. With heart, soul, and strength, I give glory for all the past, and commit all to the blessed Trinity for the future without any fear, not a shadow, but in perfect peace, and with but one prayer from the depth of my heart that we all may know God's will—that we all may be enabled to cling to a living, personal Saviour; that is to live truly to God and man, and so to live peacefully, joyously, and, of course, obediently, as love is a law to itself.

"I cannot in this rough and rapid way attempt to describe the origin and history of the 'Sabbath question,' which is becoming in God's providence a national one. It hooks on to so many topics, it is so connected with the past history and present state of theological opinion in Scotland, that it would demand a volume.

"This I wish to record, that never in my whole life have I experienced so much real, deep sorrow, never so tasted the bitter cup of the enmity, suspicion, injustice, and hate of the ministers and members of the Christian Church. Oh! it was awful; it gave me such an insight into the sufferings of Jesus from man's hate and suspicion (even though conscientiously entertained), such as I never before conceived of, and made me understand St. Paul and the Judaizers. But yet never in my life did I experience such deep peace, such real, overwhelming joy. I record this, for it is true. I was kept not only from hard, bitter words, as my speech and pamphlet testify, but from bitter feelings or wishes, and with most loving desires for their good. I am naturally hot, ardent, vehement, satirical; but all this passed away, may it keep away! This was God's doing.

"In the meantime I close this volume of my secret life with praise to God, and unutterable thanksgiving. If another like it is ended near the end of my life, I know I shall express the same sentiments with a deeper sense of their truth.

"I have around me to-night all my family, and this after fifty years! Amen and Amen."

To his SISTER JANE :—

"*February 9th*, 1866.

"Injustice, intolerance, misrepresentation, sneakiness, make me half-mad; but the more need of silence, patience, prayer, and the reaching upwards into that deep personal fellowship with the Son, out of which alone can come to me a share of His brotherly love to all. Oh, it is a heaven of peace and splendour, a pure refined atmosphere, which seems too far off for me to reach and breathe! Yet there is something ennobling in the attempt, and in realising a living Christ with all power by His Spirit to produce it. I have fitful gleams of it, which assure me it exists, and for me too, as well

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as for others. But there is a fire in my bones which won't, I fear, go out except under the pressure of Mother Earth. Then thank God, it will, and I shall know even as I am known."

From his JOURNAL :—

"I was asked by the Queen to visit her at Osborne during the holidays. I went there on Monday, 2nd January.

"The Queen, with most condescending kindness, commanded me to plant a tree in memory of my visit.

"I left after dinner, late on Thursday night, by the yacht for Portsmouth. The old coxswain was a member of the Gaelic Church in Campbeltown in my father's time.

"The more I calmly revise these past weeks the more I believe that I have done what was right. I do not say that my brethren who have opposed me have done wrong. We may, I hope, be both, according to our light, building each a portion of the wall of Jerusalem, though on opposite sides.

"But the awful conviction is deeply pressing itself upon me, that the gospel is not preached generally in Scotland, that so called 'Evangelicalism' is Judaism; that the name of God, Father, Son, and Spirit which is Love, is not revealed, but concealed; that it is not a gospel of glad-tidings, but of lamentation and woe; that it is not a Gospel to good-will to man, but to a favoured few who 'sit under' this or that man.

"Thank God I am free, never more shall I be trammelled by what partisan Christians think. One Master, Christ and His Word, shall alone guide me, and speak I will when duty calls, come what may. I will return their adverse feeling to me, by seeking to set them free. If the Church of Scotland but knew the day of her visitation she would rejoice in what has happened."

To DR. CHARTERIS :—

"I write to you as a friend, and most of all as being able to see farther and more independently than some of our so-called leaders.

". . . . . A conference! If we are to have conferences, surely there could very easily be found subjects of discussion of more consequence to the Church and to Glasgow than this. But it has always been thus with hyper-orthodox clergy, straining at gnats and swallowing camels.

"Conference! and all because I don't find the whole moral law in the ten commandments, or because I think the Decalogue a covenant with Israel, and as such not binding on us, and base the Lord's-day on Christ and not on Moses, and find His teaching a sufficient rule of life without the Mosaic covenant! Conference! If it were not my resolution to breed no disturbance or carry on the agitation, I am ready to fight the whole army of them on every point!"

To the SAME :— "*March 20th*, 1866.

"God knows how truly I feel with and for my brethren, and would do everything possible to relieve them from the difficulty in which they feel themselves placed. I am bound even to help them to do their duty, though in their doing so I may myself suffer. I wish to save my truth and honour only.

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"I had a weary but good time in the South. In eight days I preached six sermons, and spoke at seven meetings. Each one hour and a half at least. There is some life in the old dog yet!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"I am almost afraid to record my impressions of what has been to me the great event of this winter, and perhaps of my life, the discussion of the 'Sabbath question.' Though its very memory will pass away like one of ten thousand things which have more or less, for good or evil, affected our Church or even national history, yet surely some importance must, without exaggeration, be attached to a question I was the occasion of raising, which has been discussed in every newspaper in Scotland, and in, I presume to say, every pulpit, which has led to articles in almost every magazine in the habit of discussing such points—in the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Saturday*, *Spectator*, &c., &c., &c., and has induced Dr. Hessey to bring out a new edition of his lectures.* The furor has passed into the colonies, and divided opinion there as well as here. Behold what a great matter a little spark kindleth! The great matter (as it has since been proved) was the combustible state of the public mind from ultra and almost intolerable Sabbatarianism. My speech, delivered with no other thought than the discharge of to me a clear and necessary duty, was the little spark. The excitement it has created has been unparalleled since '43.

"One would have to read the newspapers I have collected to comprehend the fury of the attack. Men from every pulpit and through the daily press seem to gnash their teeth on me.

"And all for what? My speech is my reply. The charges which were chiefly made against me were—1. *That I gave up the moral law* (!) when I

* Among the many curious letters he received during this time, there is one containing the following description of a "holy cat." Dr. Macleod sent for the writer, and learned from him the remarkable history of himself and his cats.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am going to tell you a small skitch about two cats I had in my time one of them was a thief and a Sabath Breaker the other was Honest and kept the Sabath in 1845 i think I left Glasgow for Skye where I belong to my father had a small farm I was nine years there every one kent about the Botatoe failure there in one of these years my father parted this lif in 23 May My mother on the 12th Agust my wife 1st Jany same year leaving me with five young children the oldest between ten and eleven years old the youngest a smart Boy this day never saw a mother yet I sent the child to nurs at 15*s* a month I kept with them for two years fighting between death and life at last on the brink of starving I told them at last that I would have to leave them that if possible I would send som suport from Glasge I got eight shillings for som straw I had I left them one shilly and 7 to pay the boat they waited for the Steamboat on Saterday until late but no relief on Saterday night they went home and slept till late on Sunday when they got up they were without a morsel of meat a sure of rain came on the old las went out and told her sister to go with her and gather some small botatoes that was coming in sight where the botatoes was planted they took home a small Pot full and put them on the fire I had two splendid cats mother and daughter as whit as snow except a few black spots on the tail and on the head they were both Standing to the fire one of the children said if we had some kitchen now with that small Pot of botatoes we would be all right but in a short time one of the cats came in with a fish laid that beside the fire before he halted he tok in a fish to each of them but when he was at the dor with the fifth fish the holy cat that stood at the fire all the time would have the last to himself I think it should be given to the publick but you are the best Judge."

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merely denied that the moral law and the ten commandments were identical, and asserted that the moral law as such was eternal. 2. *That I did away with the Sabbath* when I denied that the Lord's-day rested as its divine ground on the perpetual obligation of the fourth commandment, but endeavoured to prove its superior glory and fitness and blessedness on other grounds. 3. *That I gave up the Decalogue as a rule of life, and therefore had no law to guide life*, when I denied that we required to go to Moses for a rule, having Jesus Christ, and that the gospel was not a mere rule, but a principle, even life itself through faith in Christ, and in the possession of the Spirit of life which necessitates obedience to moral law in all its fulness as recorded in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, in all the Epistles, and, above all, as revealed and embodied in His own holy life.

"The controversy soon passed into the greater question regarding the relationship of the law of Moses and law as a rule of life—'Thou shalt' and 'shalt not,' to the gospel 'Believe and live.' And I am persuaded that the Sabbath controversy will more and more reveal the intense Judaism prevalent in Scotland, and by the Spirit's teaching lead more to the seeing of Christ as the Prophet as well as the Priest and the King—'Father, glorify Thy Son that Thy Son may glorify Thee!'

"Another question of immense importance, which has grown and is growing out of this discussion, is ministerial liberty with reference to non-essential questions, or such as do not touch the great catholic doctrines or the vitals of Christianity.

"This question was fairly put before the last meeting of Presbytery.

"Prior to that meeting the clerical mind had been intensely inflamed in certain quarters and by certain parties. The question was beginning to tell on the union between the Free Kirk and the United Presbyterian. The more intelligent of the laity were more and more becoming moderate in their views and sympathizing with me. I had but dared to express in a coherent, bold form what they had long practically felt. They had long felt uneasy about the universal declamations from platform and pulpit about 'Sabbath desecration,' as it is called by those who themselves employ cabs or milk carts, &c., on Sabbath. No voice was lifted up in defence of fair Christian liberty except by so-called secular papers, *i.e.*, non-sectarian or non-Church papers. What could any layman do? The clergy had it all their own way, and woe be to the man who among themselves would dare to 'peep.' If he had no influence, he would soon be crushed by the evangelical battering rams. If he had any influence to make himself heard, that influence might forever be destroyed. What was to be done when I spoke? Could this be permitted? If either of the other Churches said Yes, the other would say No, and so the union would end. If both were silent, the ignorant and conscientious, drilled by their clergy from infancy in Sabbatarianism, would force them to speak out. If both would say No, then they would check incipient liberty among the younger clergy in both Churches, awe the laity, and force the Establishment to join them. The union could then take place. The laity would not leave the Unionists, as the Establishment was as narrow. A stern clergy-power would reign; the coalition would soon destroy the Establishment from old grudge and hate, while it would have no prestige of being a National Church, and as such inclusive to the utmost stretch of her constitution, and the representative of true freedom without licentiousness.

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"The politics of the one party were to represent the past only, to lie at anchor as if the end of the voyage in history was reached, to accept the finding of the Westminster Assembly as perfect and incapable of improvement. The politics of the Church, as involved in this struggle, are, sail on, not back, to hold by the past, but to grow out of it, and as a living organic whole to develop all that is good in it into a stronger, expansive, and more fruitful tree. Whether we could or can do this with a Confession which is part of the constitution of the country, was and is the question.

"There is a set of ecclesiastics who will not read a book, a newspaper, or argue with any one who does not reflect their own sentiments. They look into the glass and say, 'I see every time I look there one who always agrees with me.' That is their whole world, and of the rest they are profoundly ignorant.

"The members of Presbytery were in a very painful and difficult position. My departure from the letter of the Confession was not only evident, but was so in a degree and to an extent which was almost unprecedented, and could not be overlooked without making the Presbytery suspected of indifference or moral cowardice. On the other hand, they had no personal ill-will to me, while many had the very kindest feelings to me. —— called for me twice, and the upshot of our conversation was, that I declared what I would not and what I would do. I would not recant or withdraw one word I had uttered, simply because I did not as yet see that I had uttered anything wrong; that if I left the Church I would do so with self-respect, and that I would not propose to the Presbytery to do anything. They must act according to their conscience; so must I; each realizing our responsibility to God, and leaving all results to him. But, short of the sacrifice of my honour and sense of truth, I would act with all courtesy, all kindness, and help to carry their burden of responsibility, as I would wish them to carry mine. Accordingly I did not vote on what was an important question, the committee, which if carried would have brought the whole matter up to the Assembly in a formal manner.

"And so in the meeting of Presbytery which afterwards took place, I admitted that I had taught against the Confession of Faith, that no doubt that was the fact, but asserted that either all had done the same or did not in every *iota* believe the Confession, therefore the question turned on whether I had so differed from the Confession as to necessitate deposition? I thus at the risk of my ecclesiastical life established the principle that all differences from the Confession, apart from the nature of the difference, did not involve deposition. Henceforth we shall keep our Confession with power to depose on any point of difference, yet judicially determining what point or what degree of difference. A great gain!

"In so far as the question of ministerial liberty was concerned, thank God, I have gained the day, and it is a bright day for Scotland, which will not be followed by night, but shine on unto the perfect day, which to me would be the subjection of every soul to the teaching of Jesus Christ, the one prophet of the Church, and to Moses and His prophets as His servants, whose teaching is to be interpreted by that of the Master's.

"Their admonition was not pronounced but recorded, and I said that it was interesting as being probably the last which should be addressed to any minister of the Church for teaching as I did, and that I would show it some

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day to my son as an ecclesiastical fossil. They only smiled and said he would never discover it. All was good humour, and why they did not see or feel the victory I had gained I cannot tell."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"I think the Assembly won't depose—but having risked all for freedom and truth, I am not surprised at having lost an influence in this country which will never be regained by me in this world, though the next generation will reap freedom from it."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June*, 1866.—The Assembly is over, and not one personal allusion was made regarding me, far less any unkind word. Most wonderful! Most unaccountable! It is a state of things which I cannot 'take in.' I cannot account for it. I believe kind personal feeling had something to do with it, so some truthful men told me. But it has also been said that convictions were too general and strong on my side, as a whole, to make any discussion safe, and such as would not be, to say the least of it, very agreeable as revealing the actual state of the Church. Anyhow, I thank and praise God for His great mercy, and pray that I may be enabled to use this liberty humbly, lovingly, and sincerely for His glory. I trust that I shall be able more than ever to strengthen men's convictions as to the blessedness of the Lord's-day, and the spiritual good of keeping it holy unto the Lord. I hope also to be able to check any tendency which some possibly may entertain of being able to preach lax doctrine as regards catholic truth and vital Christianity. I hope that my freedom, which has been obtained at a great price, may ever be used to bring men under law to Christ, and never directly or indirectly to be perverted into a cloak for licentiousness, or for conceited *puppies* to trifle with the eternal verities of religion, or the proprieties of our National Church.

"Oh, my Father! Guide me, give me a single eye, a pure and loving heart. Deliver me from the temptation of party. Help me to be ever consistent with the truth, and ever teach me by Thine infinite power, wisdom, and love, what the truth is. Let Thy Spirit pierce through all the crust of selfishness, vanity, ambition, and the love of man's approval, and enable me, come what may, to keep Thy blessed will before me, and to follow it unto death.

"It is far more difficult to act rightly in prosperity than in adversity, when victorious than when defeated. At all times how difficult to be humble, to consider others, to be subject one to another, to have the love that vaunteth not itself!

"Almighty God! In infinite mercy, keep me from being true to any Church or party, yet false to Thee, or to the truth as it is in Jesus.

"A few years more, should these be given, and my work is done. Grant, oh my Father, that it may be so done as that I may be acknowledged as a faithful servant. Forgive, forgive, forgive! through the blood of Jesus shed for the remission of the sins of the world."

From the late Rev. F. D. MAURICE:—

"I have been writing a short book, 'On the Commandments as Instruments for Preserving and Restoring National Life and Freedom.'

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"As the book maintains a doctrine which is adverse to that in your speech on the Sabbath, I intended to dedicate it to you that I might express the high respect I feel for you, and my thorough agreement with your object, while I deviate so widely from a part of your theory. But if you think the dedication would in any way be injurious to you, or if it would be disagreeable to you, I will cancel it altogether, or I will omit any passages in it that may give you the least annoyance."

From Dean STANLEY *to* Dr. MACLEOD:—

"DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *September* 11*th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR BISHOP,

"(For under this aspect I always regard you when I cross the Border). I much lament that I dare not accept the offer to lecture at Glasgow. There are some things which I should much enjoy saying to an assembly of Scots, but the convenient season is not yet come.

"In coming from Berwick to Edinburgh, we had with us in the railway carriage a man from Glasgow. 'Do you know Dr. Norman Macleod?' 'Not personally, because I am a Free Churchman. My sister, however, sits under him, and likes him very much. But Norman Macleod has had a fine heckling about the *Doxology!*'"

To the Rev. D. MORRISON:—

"HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, CLUNY HILL, FORRES, *September*, 1866.

"Here I am in a state of perpetual thaw, ceaseless moisture, always under a wet blanket, and constantly in danger of kicking the bucket—'water, water everywhere.' I have been stewed like a goose, beat on like a drum, battered like a pancake, rubbed like corned beef, dried like a Findon haddock, and wrapped up like a mummy in wet sheets and blankets. My belief is that I am in a lunatic asylum—too mad to be quite sure about it. My wife says I never was so sane. But what if she herself is insane? That is a difficulty.

"I am composing a Hydropathic Catechism for the use of schools.

"What was the primeval state of the globe? Water.

"What was the first blessing bestowed on the earth? Rain.

"What was the grand means of purifying the earth? The Deluge.

"Mention some of the great deliverances by water? Moses in the Nile; ditto, Red Sea, &c., &c.

"This is laying what is called a religious foundation. Then comes the scientific.

"What is the best music? Water-pipes.

"What is the best light? Dips.

"What is the best wife? A mermaid.

"What is the best death? Water in the chest, or drowning.

"Who are the true Church? Baptists.

"What is the best song in the English language? 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea.'

"Who are the true aristocracy? The K.C.B.'s, &c., &c.

"This will be the most celebrated book published in the *rain* of Queen Victoria! I will dedicate it to the *raining* family."

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To ——

"I am much interested by the evolution from your internal consciousness of the lamb-like character of your disposition. It quite agrees with my estimate of my own disposition. I have invariably testified to my wife that there never was a more calm, sweet, obedient, and gentle husband than myself, so long as she never contradicts me, opposes me, differs from me; but, if she does so, then very different feelings may manifest themselves. If so, who is to blame? She is, of course—who else? Not the lamb, but the lion that worries it. 'Heaven help me!' said Niagara, 'what injustice the world does me! They call me a river which is always foaming in rapids, thundering in falls, seething in foam and whirlpools! Is that my fault? Fuff! All of you Yankees, Prussians, and French, I am of a most sweet, calm, and pliable disposition. But if those low blackguard rocks will oppose me, interfere with me, cross my path with their confounded strata, hem me in on every side, crush me; what can I do but foam, and spit, and rage? Let me, leave me alone! and you will see how calmly I shall sleep and reflect in my bosom the glories of earth and sky!' Oh, my darling Niagara, forgive my injustice! Pity my ignorance! May thy sleep be sweet in thine Erie garret and in thy Lake Superior in '66!'"

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Balmoral, 15*th October*, 1866.

"The Queen is pleased to command me to remain here till Tuesday.

"I found Mr. Cardwell had been in the Barony, and, to the great amusement of the Queen, he repeated my scold about the singing.* After dinner, the Queen invited me to her room, where I found the Princess Helena and Marchioness of Ely.

"The Queen sat down to spin, at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her; 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'A man's a man for a' that,' her favourite.

"The Prince and Princess of Hesse sent for me to see their children. The eldest, Victoria, whom I saw at Darmstadt, is a most sweet child; the youngest, Elizabeth, a round, fat ball of loving good-nature. I gave her a real *hobble*, such as I give Polly. I suppose the little thing never got anything like it, for she screamed and kicked with a perfect *furore* of delight, would go from me to neither father or mother or nurse, to their great merriment, but buried her chubby face in my cheek, until I gave her another right good hobble. They are such dear children.

"The Prince of Wales sent a message asking me to go and see him.

* * * * * *

"When I was there the young Prince of Wales fell on the wax-cloth, after lunch, with such a thump as left a swollen blue mark on his forehead. He cried for a minute, and then laughed most bravely. There was no fuss whatever made about him by mother, father, or any one; yet it must have been very sore, and I would have been nervous about it, if it had happened to Polly. He is a dear, sweet child. All seem to be very happy. We had a great deal of pleasant talk in the garden. Dear, good General Grey drove me home."

* "Scripture commands us to 'sing'—not *grunt*—but if you are so constituted physically that it is impossible for you to sing, but only *grunt*—then it is best to be silent."

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To his MOTHER :—

"ABERGELDIE.

"It was reported to me the other day, with perfect confidence, that the young Prince was deformed in his hands. I saw and kissed the child to-day, and a more healthy, perfect, or more delightful child I never saw. Think of these lies!"

To Canon KINGSLEY :—

"ADELAIDE PLACE, *April 10th*, 1867.

"When I wish to remember a friend daily I don't answer his letter for days when it demands an immediate reply. What a presence he becomes, and how humbled and ashamed one feels before him, especially when we have no excuse for our silence which can bear his scrutiny! By this sinful process, 'how often hath my spirit turned to thee?' ever since I received your note! I won't tell you how much I felt on reading your note. I shall leave it to my boys that they may, when I am gone, learn from it that one so great and good gave their old dad so hearty and firm a grasp of his hand. God bless you for it! With all my heart I return it, for all you are and 'a' Glencairn has been to me.' I send my 'plan,' as a Highland laird termed his wife's likeness, to your lady, proud that it may find a humble place in her collection. The only inscription I am inclined to write on it would be, Eccles. ii. 15, last clause."

"BLACKHEATH, *Friday Morning, 10th May*, 1867.

"Had such a congregation yesterday! Such a church! I was very happy, my heart was in it, and the people seemed thankful. They gave audible expression more than once, laughing outright, and semi-applause! Newman Hall, Mullens, Dale, Rogers, &c., were present, and many missionaries, all so affectionate. It was a happy night, and I thank God for it; and so will you, dearest."

From his JOURNAL :—

"I spent last fortnight in the South. Visited Manchester and Leamington. A happy time. Composed in train, 'Whistle the Mavie.'

"Published the 'Curling Song,' last month, in *Blackwood*.

"Lived with Dean Stanley from the 16th till the 18th."

The story of the "Starling," on which he was now engaged was suggested by a note which he received the day after his speech on the Sabbath question, from the former editor of the *Reformer's Gazette* in Glasgow :—

"Suffer me to give you the following story which I heard in Perth upwards of forty years ago. A very rigid clergyman of that city had a very decent shoemaker for an elder, who had an extreme liking for birds of all kinds, not a few of which he kept in cages, and they cheered him in his daily work. He taught one of them in particular (a starling) to whistle some of our finest old Scottish tunes. It happened on a fine Sabbath morning the starling was in fine feather, and as the minister was passing by he heard the starling singing with great glee in his cage outside his door, 'Ower

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the water to Charlie!' The worthy minister was so shocked at this on the Sabbath morning that on Monday he insisted the shoemaker would either wring the bird's neck or demit the office of elder. This was a cruel alternative, but the decent shoemaker clung to his favourite bird, and prospered. If he had murdered the innocent, would the Sabbath have been sanctified to him?

"Yours faithfully,
"PETER MACKENZIE."

From this brief narrative the tale of the "Starling" was written—perhaps the ablest of his attempts in fiction. As a literary production, it is remarkable as being without any love-plot, and in making the interest of the story turn completely on another range of sympathies.

From his JOURNAL:—

"I am writing the 'Starling' for *Good Words*, to illustrate the one-sidedness and consequent untruth of hard logical 'principle,' when in conflict with genuine moral feeling, true faith *versus* apparent 'truth' of reasoning."

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CHAPTER XIX.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

IT is unfortunate that no record of his "Table-talk" has been preserved, for every one who knew him would at once fix on his conversation as the sphere in which he alone displayed the riches of his imagination, wit, humour, and sympathy.

"Much as one enjoys," writes Principal Shairp, "many things that come from his pen, full as they are of healthy life and human heartedness, nothing he has written is any measure of the powers that were in him. The sermons he preached, with the language warm from his heart, were far beyond the best he published. His addresses to public meetings were better than his sermons, for they allowed him to flavour his earnest thoughts with that overflowing humour which would have been out of place in the pulpit. Sometimes when he met a congenial party at dinner, or on an evening, his talk impressed them more than his best speeches, so rich was it, so varied and versatile. But the time to get him at his best and fullest was when you sat up with him till midnight, all alone in his study, with none to hear but one familiar friend in whose sympathy he could fully rely—it was then that his whole soul came out in all its breadth and rich variety, touching every chord of human feeling, and ranging from common earth to highest heaven. The anecdote, reflection, argument, bright flashes of imagination, drollest humour, most thrilling pathos, and solemn thoughts wandering through eternity, all blended into one whole of conversation, the like of which you never before listened to. In a moment he would pass from some comical illustration of human character to the most serious reality of sacred truth, and you would feel no discord. In any other hands there would have been a jar, but not in his. Those who knew him well will understand what I mean, to others it cannot be described. At such times I used to think that if all the pleasantest, ablest conversations I had ever heard at Oxford from one's best friends had been rolled into one, it would not have made up such a profusion of soul as came from Norman then. No one, however well he might otherwise know him, could estimate his full breadth and depth of nature, unless they had spent with him some such solitary evenings as these."

Another who knew him well wrote after his death:—*

"How he taught me—as he taught many whose happiest fortune it has been to share now and again in those quiet hours in his back study—that all of the bright and beautiful in life, all that could gladden the spirit and

* See *Good Words* for 1872, p. 515.

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cheer the heart, gained yet a brighter tint in the light reflected from a Father's love: that mirth became more deep, and so much more real: that each good gift became much more cherished from the recognition of the Great Giver of all. And here truly, it has seemed to me, did he especially prove himself a minister of the Gospel. . . . . Nothing was more strange to me at first—nothing came to be accepted by me as more natural afterwards—than the constant evidence which each opportunity of private intercourse with this great, large-hearted, noble-minded man afforded me of the deep undercurrent in his thoughts and life. I never knew him in all my meetings with him force a reference to religious thought or feeling. I never was with him for a quarter of an hour that his confidential talk, however conversational, however humorous even, had not, as it were of itself and as of necessity, disclosed the centre round which his whole life revolved."

The "ceaseless mimicry," which had provoked his father when Norman Macleod was a boy, and the wit and humour, which grew with his growth, were invaluable possessions to himself in his later years, as well as sources of delight to others. Harassed by work almost to despair, worried past endurance by all sorts and conditions of men and women, then, as *per contra*, he would indulge in some humorous grimaces and apostrophes, give a fresh touch to a ridiculous rhyme, or draw a series of funny faces. Odd caricatures were, at such times, dropped into letters, even the most serious—sometimes as a heading, more usually by way of signature.* These tricks of humour were to him refreshing as well as amusing.

One of his favourite studies in the way of drollery was Highland characters, and Highland drovers in particular. As he recollected the boyish awe with which he regarded these men on their return from the great "Trysts" of Falkirk or Dumbarton; the absorbing interest

*A fac-simile is here given of one of these illustrated letters, written to the late Mr. Murray, of Melrose, in reply to one asking for his autograph:—

"My Dear Mr. Murray,

"Did I ever reply to your note requesting autographs? I believe not.

"The reason is that I have been studying ever since to write a *telling*, graphic, remarkable signature. The fact is, I vary my signature with my correspondents. When I write my wife or mother, it is in this wise————. When I write my children, it is so————, singularly clear and beautiful. To crowned heads I am more aristocratic, as ————. To Abraham Lincoln I never give more than

"Yours, &c.,

"To the Pope it is

"Yours, old cock,

"† Barony.

"Ditto with Canterbury. When I write a gentleman like yourself, I always subscribe myself as

"Your faithful serv.

which I call a wearable, good, healthy signature.

"To my brothers and sisters I use signs, such as intellectual, serene, —. Inquisitive, respectable, orthodox, doubtful.

"How came that note of yours to turn up in my bag with one hundred other letters, when on a wet day I have returned from lunch to dinner to reply to them? Such a reply! When you have received this evidence of my remembrance of you, burn it, or I will—you."

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taken by the people in their accounts of the markets, and prices of "stots," "queys," and all varieties of sheep; their utter indifference to every human concern except cattle and collies; then the absurdity of the contrast between these old memories and his immediate cares and troubles would fairly overpower him, and result most likely in a dramatic representation of a debate about the quality of "stock." He had formed for himself an ideal drover, whom he named Peter MacTavish, round whose figure a world of ridiculous fancies was grouped. Only a person well acquainted with Highland character could have appreciated the wit and dramatic truthfulness of this conception Often, when his father was oppressed with the weakness of extreme age, Norman would go down of an evening to cheer him, and before approaching those more solemn subjects with which their intercourse always closed, he would stir his old Highland associations and tickle his genial fancy by a personification of this "Peter," mingling, in broken Gaelic, reflections on men and manners with discourses on "beasts," till from very pain of laughter his father would beseech him to desist. "Peter" was more than once introduced by him into strange scenes. When in Italy, he concocted a long narrative, showing the connection between the Pope's Bulls and the other species "Peter" had sold at Falkirk, and in not a few hotel books the sonorous rendering *Pietro Tavisino* was entered. At Moscow, the temptation of bringing the drover under the shadow of the Kremlin was so great, that I believe he gave himself no other designation than "Peter Mactavish, from Mull."

This sense of the ludicrous was a passion which seized him at the most unlikely moments. The following verses, for example, were mostly written when he was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief:—

CAPTAIN FRAZER'S NOSE.

Air.—"*The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

O, if ye'r at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye'r there,
And see a sight baith rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Frazer!

Unless ye'r blin' or unco glee'd,
A mile awa' ye'r sure to see't,
And neerer han' a man gauns wi't
That owns the nose o' Frazer.

It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Tho' grown wi' years, 'twas great at birth—
It's greater far than Frazer!

I've heard volcanoes loudly roaring,
And Niagara's waters pouring;
But oh, gin ye had heard the snorin'
Frae the nose o' Captain Frazer!

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Tae waukin' sleepin' congregations,
Or rouse to battle sleepin' nations,
Gae wa' wi' preachings and orations,
And try the nose o' Frazer!

Gif French invaders try to lan'
Upon our glorious British stran',
Fear nocht if ships are no' at han',
But trust the nose o' Frazer.

Just crak' that cannon ower the shore,
Weel rammed wi' snuff, then let it roar
Ae Hielan' sneeze! then never more
They'll daur the nose o' Frazer!

If that great Nose is ever deid,
To bury it ye dinna need,
Nae coffin made o' wood or lead
Could haud the nose o' Frazer.

But let it stan' itsel' alane
Erect, like some big Druid stane,
That a' the warl' may see its bane,
"In memory o' Frazer!"*

Dumbarton, September 1, 1771.

* He afterwards introduced this song into a story, which was not completed, and has never been published, and added the following note:—

"No one can read this song without being painfully struck with the tone of exaggeration about it. Anxious, however, to investigate as far as possible into this matter, we wrote to Mr. MacGilvray, the keeper of the Antiquarian Museum at Dumbarton, who, sympathising with us, obligedly sent us a long communication, from which we quote with his permission. He says: 'I am confirmed in your views regarding the exaggerated account given in the poem of "Captain Frazer's Nose," by a long correspondence on the subject, as a scientific question, with two distinguished savans. They both decidedly think that a human nose, by the constant application of snuff to its nostrils, and of Athole brose, which they properly assume to possess a considerable amount of alcoholic ingredients, might, acting upon it from within through the nervous system, if continued for a vast and incalculable series of ages, be developed at last into a proboscis so large as ultimately wholly to absorb the person of its possessor. Arguing from this fact, they also believe that, by a recurrent law of Nature, the original organization attached to a man might return to the form of a huge *annelide*, or possibly *earthworm*, which might, like the dragon of romance, prove a terror to the country, and might thus originate a new age of romantic poetry, or even a religion! But they treat as purely mythical the existence of any nose in this age such as is alleged to have belonged to Captain Frazer or to any other of our race at the present stage of its progress. If this is asserted, they demand the bone of Frazer's nose for scientific examination.' If more full and complete information on this great subject is sought by our more scientific readers, we must refer them to the learned Professor H.'s paper, 'On the Development of the Nasal Organ in Man, with its natural selection of snuff among some savage nations,' read before the last meeting of the British Association, and which was received with prodigious sneezes. 'With my profound reverence for Science,' Mr. MacGilvray goes on to say, 'I need hardly say that I heartily concur in these conclusions of the learned gentleman, and leave the whole question in perfect peace to be finally decided by the races which shall appear as our descendants in future ages. But as all true science, as the great Goethe once remarked (so, at least, I read in a newspaper), first departs out of sight like an eagle, then returns as a servant to our kitchen to make itself useful—the true thus ending always in the practical—so do these grand speculations lead to this agreeable conclusion, that, *for the present generation*, at least, savages and civilised, clergy and laity, may snuff and partake even of Athole brose without any fear of their noses becoming a burden to themselves or a terror to the country.'

"We are glad to serve the cause of Science by communicating this splendid result of its profound researches to the world!"

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No one who recollects the importance he attached to district visiting will misunderstand the verses which follow, as if they were meant seriously to discourage such efforts :—

PATRICK MACPHUDD.

HINTS ON DISTRICT VISITING BY GOOD LADIES.

Miss Jemima MacDowal, the parson's sweet jewel,
Is fair and red as a rose coming out of its bud,
But och, "by the powers," what attention she showers,
On that thundering blackguard, big Patrick MacPhudd.

She says she is sartain and shure to convart him,
And to lift the ould Catholic out of the mud,
And so she is walking, and every day talking,
To Mistress, or Misses, or Mister MacPhudd.

She's so sweet a bit cratur, and humble by natur
As to carry down soup, or a cast away Dud;
A cap for the lady, a frock for the baby,
Or a top-coat for ragged ould Patrick MacPhudd.

"May the saint blessings send you, and always defend you
From pestilence, famine, from thunder and flood;
May archangels guard you, and Mary reward you,"
Says the oily ould father, Patrick MacPhudd.

Ould Patrick so grateful, sends out for the nadeful,
And drinks till he lies like a pig in the mud;
There his wife too is lying, while the children are crying,
And both are well thrashed by sweet Patrick MacPhudd.

Every day he is muddled—every night he gets fuddled,
On pay-days he's fighting and covered with blood;
He's a Catholic Sunday, and a Protestant Monday—
"Och, I'll not tell a lie," says honest MacPhudd.

"You thundering old blackguard," says Father MacTaggart;
The Priest trembled over with rage where he stood;
"Is it true ye're convarted, and by swaddlers pervarted?
Look me straight in the face, and deny it, MacPhudd."

"Convarted! Parvarted!" howled Pat broken-hearted,
"I wish I could drink up her Protestant blood;
I vow by Saint Peter, I'd roast her and eat her,
And crunch all her bones," says sweet darling MacPhudd.

And now all good ladies, who visit bad Paddies,
Be advised just to let them keep quiet in the mud,
And spend all your labours on dacent Scotch neighbours,
And not on ould blackguards like Patrick MacPhudd.

December, 1856.

"The Waggin' o' our Dog's Tail," in which were embodied the supposed reflections of his dog Skye upon men and manners, was frequently sung by him in later years. The earnest, meditative countenance, and the quaint accentuation with which he rendered it,

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accompanied by a suggestive twirl of his thumb, to indicate the approving "wag" of the tail, lent indescribable drollery to the words.

"THE WAGGIN' O' OUR DOG'S TAIL."

Air.—"*The barrin' o' the door.*"

We hae a dog that wags his tail
(He's a bit o' a wag himsel' O!)
Every day he gangs down the town,
At nicht his news to tell O!
The waggin' o' our dog's tail, bow-wow!
The waggin' o' our dog's tail!

He saw the Provost o' the town,
Parading down the street O!
Quo' he, "Ye're no like my lord,
For ye canna see your feet O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man grown unco' poor.
And looking sad and sick O!
Quo' he, "Cheer up, for ilka dog
Has aye a bane to pick O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man wi' mony a smile,
Wi'out a grain o' sowl O!
Quo' he, "I've noticed many a dog,
Could bite and never growl O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man look gruff and cross,
Wi'out a grain o' spite O!
Quo' he, "He's like a hantle* dogs
Whose bark is waur than their bite O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw an M.P. unco' proud,
Because o' power and pay O!
Quo' he, "Your tail is cockit heigh,
But ilka dog has his day O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw some ministers fighting hard,
And a' frae a bit o' pride O!
"It's a pity," quo' he, "when dogs fa' out
Aboot their ain fireside O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man gaun staggerin' hame,
His face baith black and blue O!
Quo' he, "I'm ashamed o' the stupid brute,
For never a dog gets fou' O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man wi' a hairy face,
Wi' beard and big moustache O!
Quo' he, "We baith are towsy dogs,
But ye hae claes and cash O!"
The waggin', &c.

*Many.

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He saw a crowd in a bonny park,
Where dogs were not allowed O!
Quo' he, "The rats in Kirk and State,
If we were there might rue't O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a man that fleeched* a lord,
And flatterin' lees did tell O!
Quo' he, "A dog's owre proud for that,
He'll only claw himsel' O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a doctor drivin' about,
An' ringing every bell O!
Quo' he, "Ive been as sick's a dog,
But I aye could care mysel' O!"
The waggin', &c.

He heard a lad and laddie braw
Singin' a grand duet O!
Quo' he, "I've heard a cat and dog
Could yowl as weel as that O!"
The waggin', &c.

He saw a laddie swaggerin' big
Frae tap to toe see trim O!
Quo' he, "It's no' for a dog to laugh
That ance was a pup like him O!"
The waggin', &c.

Our doggie he cam' hame at e'en,
And scarted baith his lugs O!
Quo' he, "If folks had only tails,
They'd be maist as gude as dogs O!"
The waggin', &c.

Another of his favourite songs was one which he composed while on a visit to a friend in Ayrshire, who was an enthusiastic curler. Norman, who never even attempted to curl, heartily enjoyed the exciting scene on the ice, and the keenness displayed by "tenant and laird" as they strove together for the honours of the "roaring game":—

CURLING SONG. †

Air.—"*Come under my plaidie.*"

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
"Tak' care," quo' the wife, "Gudeman, o' yer cough."
A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin',
For the day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!
Then get up, my braw leddy, the breakfast mak' ready,
For the sun on the snaw drift's beginnin' to blink,
Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff to the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the 'T' o' the rink.
Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
Ready noo! Soop it up! Clap a guard! Steady noo!
Oh curling abune a' the games, stands alane.

*Flattered.

† This song was afterwards published in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

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The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended,
Like a glass ye can glowr in't an' shave aff yer beard;
And see how they gaither, comin' owre the brown heather,
The master and servants, the tenant and laird.
There's braw J. O. Fairlie, he's there late and early,
Better curlers than he or Hugh Conn canna be;
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin',
Wi' a *whurr* and a *curr*, till they sit roun' the 'T.'
Then hurrah for the curlin', &c.

It's an unco' like story, that baith Whig and Tory,
Maun aye cellyshangy,* like dogs owre a bane,
An' that a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae kirk will tholet to let ithers alane.
But in fine frosty weather, let a' meet thegither,
Wi' brooms in their hauns, an' a stane near the 'T';
Then Ha! Ha! by my certies, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Then hurrah for the curlin', &c.

His way of training his children was a practical illustration of the teaching given to parents in his "Home School." The key-note of it all was loving companionship. He was so much in sympathy with them that he seemed to grow with their growth from their earliest years. When he was worn out with study his resort was the nursery, where he would invent all sorts of games, turn chairs upside down to represent ships, rig up newspapers as mimic sails, and give the baby an imaginary voyage round the room. Or he would in the evenings lie on the sofa or floor, with all the little ones nestled about him, listening to music, or telling them the wonderful adventures of "Little Mrs. Brown" and "Abel Feragus." These stories went on like the Arabian Nights, with new incidents invented for each fresh occasion. They were all told dramatically, and often the fun was so great that he would himself laugh as heartily as the children. But he had a higher object in view than mere amusement when composing his nursery tales; they were never without an undercurrent of moral teaching, and never failed to impress lessons of kindness, generosity, bravery, and truth.

He never left home for any length of time without bringing some little memento to each child, and to each servant as well.

Carrying out this principle of companionship with his children, he would watch for their return when they had been at any holiday entertainment, and have them "tell from the beginning" all they had seen and heard. When in the Highlands during Summer, he entered like one of themselves into all their amusements. They remember with special delight one moonlight night, when, sciatica notwithstanding, he insisted on playing "Hide and Seek" with them, and became so excited with the game, that although both shoes had fallen off, he continued rushing over the grass and through the bushes till they were all exhausted, his wife in vain entreating him to take care. His

* Quarrel. † Endure.

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desire was, in short, to possess their frank confidence, and to make their memory of home thoroughly happy, and in both these respects his efforts were rewarded with abundant success. It was quite characteristic of him that he made it a principle always to keep his word with his children, even in trifles, and to avoid the irritation of fault-finding in little things. Only on two points was he uncompromising even to sternness. The slightest appearance of selfishness or of want of truth was at once severely dealt with; but when the rebuke was given, there was an end of it, and he took pains to make the culprit feel that confidence was completely restored, for he believed that the preservation of self-respect was as important a point as any in the education of a child.

These Summers, spent with his family in the Highlands, were full of a glory which every year seemed only to deepen. Whether at his favourite Cuilchenna, on the Linnhe Loch with its majestic views of Glencoe or Glengoar, or at Java Lodge in Mull, commanding "one of the finest panoramas in Europe," or at Aird's Bay, fronting the Buachaill Etive and Ben Cruachan, or at Geddes, with its hallowed associations, he entered into the joy of nature with a rapture even greater than in youth.

He thus describes the scenery round Cuilchenna:—

"Suppose ourselves seated on a green headland, rising a few hundred feet above the sea-level. In itself this elevation is remarkable for nothing more than the greenest of grass; consequently, in the estimation of the shepherd, it is one of the 'best places for wintering sheep;' and it is the more fitted for such a purpose owing to its being broken up by innumerable hollows and dykes of trap, which afford shelter to the sheep from every wind. Moreover the snow seldom lies here, as it is speedily thawed by the breath of the temperate sea. It has its own secluded spots of Highland beauty, too, though these are seldom, if ever, visited by any one save the solitary herd-boy. In these nooks, nature, as if rejoicing in the undisturbed contemplation of her own grace and loveliness, lavishly grows her wild flowers and spreads out her drooping ferns. Nay, she seems unconsciously to adorn herself with tufts of primroses, bluebells, and crimson heather, and slyly retires into little recesses, to enter which one has to put aside the branches of mountain ash clothed with bunches of coral fruit, as well as the weeping birch and hazel, in order to get a glimpse of the rivulet which *whishes* between banks glorious with green mosses, lichens, ferns, honeysuckle, and wild roses. In the spring such recesses are a very home of love for piping birds. At the base of our unknown, untrodden, promontory, are clefts and caves, worn and cut into the strangest shapes by the everlasting beat of the ocean tides. In each round rocky bowl, filled with pure sea-water, is a forest of fairy-like trees of all colours, strangely mingled—brown, green, and white. Molluscs, and fish almost microscopic, together with a solitary crab here and there, move about in this their little world of beauty, in which, to the observer, there seems indeed to be nothing but purity and joy.

"But *the* grand and commanding object at the head of Loch Leven is Glencoe. Seen from our promontory, its precipices rise like a huge wall,

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dark as though built of lava. Tremendous buttresses, from base to summit, disengage themselves from their surface, and separated from each other by depths such as might have been cut and cloven by Thor's great hammer, wielded in stormy passion. The mountain is scored across, too, by deep lines and platforms of trap, as though they marked the successive floods of molten rock poured out by volcanic forces. Nothing can be more utterly sombre, sad, and desolate than this Glencoe. We have watched it in its every mood; sometimes when it seemed to sleep like a wearied giant, wrapped in the sun-mist; sometimes when it began to arrest the western clouds, until, as if overcome by their stifling power, they covered it with impenetrable masses black as night; or, again, when slowly and solemnly it unveiled itself after the storm, and the sun crept up to it, after visiting the green fields and trees below, and pouring itself on white cottages and the sails of fishing-boats, until at last it scattered the clouds from the dark precipices and sent the mists flying—not fiercely but kindly, not hastily but slowly—in white smoke up the glens, tinging with auroral light the dark ridge as they streamed over it, while the infinite sky appeared without a cloud over all, and as if supported by the mighty pillars of the glen.

"Turning to the east the scene is still characteristic of our Highlands. To right and left, to north and south, is the sea-river of which we have spoken. Southward, it flows past the green Lismore, on past Oban, Mull, until it is lost between misty headlands in the far Atlantic, whose waves boom on the western steeps of Jura.

"The scenery to the west, which hems in this stretch of inland sea, is utterly desolate.

". . . . Amidst this scenery we spent a considerable portion of last summer, and gazed on it from day to day, and from morn to even, with delight and reverence. We have fished along its sea-coast almost every evening.

"What unsurpassed glories have we thus witnessed! It verily seemed to us then as though the setting sun dropped down nearer earth to concentrate all his powers on that one landscape; to display untold beauty and adorn it with glory from the head of the western glen above the loch down to the sea; and compelling even dark Glencoe, as well as the surrounding hills, to do it honour and bow before it with their golden crowns and purple robes. First of all, the sun began to collect round himself clouds spread out into seas, grouped into islets, with colours such as no pen or pencil has ever conveyed the faintest impression of. Then beams of soft silver sheen shot through every crossing valley and down through every cleft and cranny in the serrated ridges, penetrating the nether dimness, illuminating the curling smoke of the valleys, and transfiguring the dark pines and precipices, and lighting up hidden corners. It touched the green pastures of the shores of Loch Leven as with a magic rod; it kindled the mountain ridges to the east, so that these, after all the lower valleys were dark, retained the light of day. Having glorified Glencoe from base to summit, it concentrated its beams, ere parting, on the loftiest peaks, until they shone in a subdued ruby light, and then they were tipped with such bright burnished gold as is never seen anywhere except on the icy *aiguilles* of the Alps. Gradually the halo seemed to pass from earth to heaven, and lingered for a space among the clouds with that splendour and wonder of glory so overpowering, yet so

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variable—a revelation of the Almighty Artist, which, once seen, remains a precious gift stored in the memory, never to fade away.

"On these evenings the marvel nearest to the eye was the appearance of the sea! It was wholly indescribable. But merely to mention it will recall similar spectacles to others. The waves undulated in gentle swell with a heavy, dull, molten, hue. Save for the movements of flocks of birds, which swam and dived wherever the shoals of fish disturbed its glassy surface, it seemed cold and dead. But as the setting sun began to kindle its waves with subdued lights, aided by glowing cloud and mountain of every imaginable hue, there spread over the wide expanse of still water such a combination of colours—ruby, amethyst, purple, blue, green, and grey—gleaming, sparkling, and interchanging like the Aurora, until every gentle undulation was more gorgeous than the robes of Eastern kings, when unrolled from the looms of Benares!"*

These scenes afforded him more than "tranquil restoration;" they were a continual "passion and delight." And the joy they conveyed to him he tried to share with his children, in this, as in so many other things, evincing his eagerness to recreate for them the same Highland associations as had made his own early days so happy. None of his boys showed more excitement than he when they were out fishing on the loch, and when there happened to be a good 'take.' On the croquet green, competing with his children, he was the keenest of the party. When a chance piper arrived, and the floor was cleared for a reel, he heartily enjoyed and cheerily applauded the merriment of the dancers. What he felt at such times he has thus expressed:—

"'Dance, my children! lads and lasses!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!

"'Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb!

"'Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing;
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing!'

"Thus a grey-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hands and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

"Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
What's to lose, and what's to win!

"But he hears a far off music,
Guiding all the stately spheres,
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers."

* From an Essay on Highland Scenery which he wrote for a volume, published at her Majesty's desire, illustrative of "Mountain, Loch, and Glen."

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This participation in the amusements of his children passed naturally as they grew older, into the higher companionship of sharing all their pursuits and studies. His method of conveying to them religious instruction was as effective as it was simple. He trained them to speak to him on religious subjects, and tell him their difficulties, and so educated them in the truest sense. Especially in later years, when his Sunday evenings were not so fully occupied with public duty, he spent hours that were as happy to them as to himself, in hearing what they had to say, while some part of Scripture was read in common. However trivial the idea or the difficulty of the child might seem to others, he always dealt carefully with it, and tried by means of it to impress some principle which was worth remembering. "When I asked him about anything I did not understand," writes one of his daughters, "my dear father would say, 'That's right. On your way through life you'll come across many a stumbling-block that you will think quite impassable, but always come to your father, for he's an old traveller who can show you a path through many a difficulty.' I treasure what he said to me when I spoke to him about some fault of natural temperament. 'Don't be discouraged. It involves in many ways a benefit. The cure is to think more about God. Look at yourself as much as you can as you think He would look at you, and look on others in the same way.' Oh that I were like him! Such trust, such love, such utter forgetfulness of self, such sympathy and charity and energy! Surely these things are born with people, and not acquirements. Yet he once said to me, 'You have no right to blame your natural disposition. By so doing you blame God who gave it to you. No quality is bad unless perverted.'"

There was a characteristic of his later life which was the more remarkable that his youth gave no promise of it. He was naturally impatient of details, careless about hours and arrangements, hurried and impulsive, but experience taught him the importance of punctuality and forethought, and in later years his attention to minutiæ, and the careful and businesslike manner in which he fulfilled his public engagements, surprised those who had known him with other habits.

His later manner of preaching differed from his earlier, and as a rule, admitting many exceptions, partook more of the nature of teaching—sometimes of homely *talk*—than of set discourse. Simplicity was its constant characteristic, but there was more; for ever and anon came bursts of indignant denunciation against what was mean or selfish, or brief but thrilling touches of imagination or pathos that broke the even flow of instruction. "His style reminds me," said an auditor, who was himself a celebrated preacher, "of the smooth action of a large engine, moving with the ease of great power held in restraint." "It was not," says another hearer, "so much what is called earnest preaching, as the speaking of a powerful and earnest man who wished to do you good, and threw everything else aside for that end."

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"I am persuaded we will all acknowledge that we never listened to any man whose word came so home to the heart. For myself, at least, I can say that no preacher ever had such power over me; nor was the secret of his power hard to discover. . . . That which told more than all upon me was the total absence of all thought of self which characterised his preaching. While listening to him, the thought never crossed my mind *that he had been making a sermon.* Whether composed in his study, or left, as was so often the case, to such language as the impulse of the moment might suggest, his sermons always appeared to me of a purely extemporaneous character; because whether wholly or partially written, or not written at all, they were the spontaneous outflowing of his heart at the moment, with no more art or effort than what is seen in the natural rush of one of his own loved Highland rivers; clear, and deep, and strong as they, but with as little consciousness of any private aim, or any desire to gratify a selfish feeling or to win human praise." *

"Other preachers we have heard," wrote Dean Stanley in the *Times*, "both in England and France, more learned, more eloquent, more penetrating to particular audiences, but no preacher has arisen within our experience, with an equal power of riveting the general attention of the varied congregations of modern times . . . . none who so combined the self-control of the prepared discourse with the directness of extemporaneous effort; none with whom the sermon approached so nearly to its original and proper idea—of a conversation—a serious conversation, in which the fleeting thought, the unconscious objection of the listener, seemed to be readily caught up by a passing parenthesis—a qualifying word of the speaker; so that, in short, the speaker seemed to throw himself with the whole force of his soul on the minds of his hearers, led captive against their will by something more than eloquence."

Although at one period he occasionally wrote his sermon seven times over before he preached it, there were years during which he seldom wrote any discourse fully out,† but preached from notes in which the sequence of ideas was clearly marked. These notes, though often jotted on Saturday afternoon, were the result of constant cogitation during the week.

As might have been expected from his temperament, he was deeply interested in the movements of modern thought. As he had long forecast the coming storm in the theological atmosphere, he was not taken aback by its approach, and, in order that his hearers should be prepared for it, he was in the habit of enforcing guiding principles, rather than

* From a sermon entitled "The Hearer's Responsibility," preached in the Barony Church on the 12th January, 1873, by the Rev. William Robertson, D.D., of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, on the occasion of his introducing the Rev. Dr. Lang as successor to Dr. Macleod.

† He was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which a minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbour, "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'! Was na *that* a sermon!" But all her expressions of admiration being met by stolid silence, she shouted, "Speak, woman! Was na *that* a sermon!" "Ou aye," replied her friend, sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it!" said the other, with indignant emphasis, "I wadna hae cared if he had *whustled* it!"

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of discussing special questions. The ground which he generally took was moral more than intellectual. Without ignoring the issues raised by modern inquiry, he sought, as the ultimate basis of religious conviction, to appeal to the moral instincts, and to reach that spirit in man, which he believed is bound to recognize the spiritual glory of God on the face of Christ, as much as intellect is bound to confess the conclusions of reason. He clung with such firm faith to Christ, and loved God with such fulness of childlike affection; holy Scripture was to him so verily the Word of God; and its salient truths were so self-evident to his heart and conscience, that no verbal criticism, no logic of the lower understanding, could for a moment shake his loyalty to the eternal fitness of the revelation of love and holiness in Christ which was self-evident to his spirit. But while he was thus firmly anchored to essential catholic beliefs, he 'could swing with a free cable,' as he used to say, in reference to many minor questions. For that hard negative criticism, whose only instrument is keen or coarse intellect, and which is prepared with callous determination to deny whatever cannot be logically demonstrated, he had no liking. He was too sympathetic not to be deeply affected by the religious doubts and difficulties which were pressing as a heavy burden on many, who in utter perplexity were crying for light. But some of the theories of modern critics, some of the most portentous attacks on the faith, provoked his sense of humour more than his alarm. "The devil is far to clever," he he would say, "not to be intensely amused at all this. What frightful fools those men must seem to him! Can you not imagine how Mephisto, when he is alone, must chuckle at the absurdities of which clever men can be guilty?"

His manner of treating doubters was powerful and sympathetic. After one or two straight cuts of common sense or humour had sundered the meshes of sophistical argumentation, he would carry his auditors away from doubtful disputations, into the wide pure heaven of his own convictions and aspirations, appeal to what was most human in them, enlist every better sympathy on his side, and flash light into the mysterious depths of conscience. Many a man beset by difficulty on "questions of the day," came away from his teaching, not perhaps feeling every doubt removed, but under the sense that truths had been spoken which "could perish never," and that convictions had been awakened which no chatter of the schools could destroy.

His frequent lamentations over that deficiency in pastoral work, which was forced on him in later years by the pressure of public duty, may convey a false impression of the extent to which this held true. It was certainly impossible for him to visit his congregation as he once did, but the sick and distressed were never forgotten by him; and those who knew anything of his ministry at such times bear witness to the wonderful tenderness of his sympathy, and delight to tell how his eye would swim with tears, and how the minutest circumstance of each case was attentively considered by him. His power, indeed, out

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of the pulpit as well as in it, lay in that genuine bigheartedness which everywhere claimed and inspired confidence.

"I write as one who knows, whose own burden has been made easier by him, as one around whom his arms have been, and on whose cheek the kiss of his deep sympathy has fallen. Few, indeed, who knew him only as the genial companion, the ready platform speaker, or the powerful preacher, can, even remotely, conceive of the way he had of talking to, and acting upon, human hearts, *when alone* with them. It was then that the glory of the man came out; then you knew with what a vision he saw into you and comprehended you; then he spoke words that went straight into your soul, and carried healing with them, for he never kept you down to himself, but took you up with himself to the Father. I cannot say what is in my heart to say, but this one thing I would like all who have never been alone with him when spiritual things were spoken about, to believe and know, that he was a grander, broader, deeper, diviner man than he could ever have appeared to you to be. Nearly thirteen years ago, as a young lad, a stranger to this country, I first met him, and from that hour his great heart, which always warmed to the stranger, was ever ready to open, and his kindly hand to help. When I went abroad to engage in the work which lay nearest to his own heart, it was with no formal prayer that we parted, but one ever to be remembered; with no formal farewell of a formal divine, but with a loving embrace; and when I returned, most unwillingly, but through necessity, the same arms were ready to welcome me. This is not the way unknown men are wont to be dealt with by known men; young men by old; men feebly struggling, or baffled and beaten, by those who are secure on the platform of life: but it is the way to win souls, for all that; and it was the way in which he won many."*

"His power of sympathy," said Dr. Watson, in his beautiful funeral sermon, "was the first and last thing in his character which impressed you. . . . . I never knew a man bound to humanity at so many points; I never knew a man who found in humanity so much to interest him. To him the most commonplace man or woman yielded up some contribution of individuality, and you were tempted to wonder which of all the various moods through which he passed, was the one most congenial to him.

"'When he came to see me,' said a blacksmith, 'he spoke as if he had been a smith himself, but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart!'"

To his eldest SON when he was a very young boy on a visit to Fiunary. The original is carefully written in large Roman letters:—

"GLASGOW, *August* 4, 1862.

"I am so glad you are in Morven, and so happy there. I never was so happy in all my life as I used to be when I was a boy there. I think of you as if you were myself young again. For I fished with Sandy and uncle John for cod among the rocks in the bay, and in the burn for trout, and went to the Byre for warm milk, just as you are doing. But then all the old terriers are dead. There were Cuilag and Gasgach—oh, such dogs! If you saw them worry an otter or a wild cat! They would never give in.

*Letter from the Rev. C. M. Grant.

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Ask your uncle John about them, and ask him to show you the otter's den at Clachoran. Oh, Nommey, be happy! for when you are old like me you will remember Fiunary as if it was the garden of Eden without the serpent.

"I wish you could remember, as I can, all the dear friends who were once there, and who would have loved you as they loved me—my grandpapa, with his white hair and blind eyes, and my grandmamma, so kind and loving; and aunts Margaret, Mary, Grace, Archy, Jessy. I see all their faces now before me. They were all so good, and loved God and everybody. Dockie, dear! thank God for good friends, and for having so many of them.

"Did they show you where I lived when I was a boy, and the school I used to be in?"

To his eldest DAUGHTER, when she went to school at Brighton:—

"GLASGOW, *April* 30, 1865.

"Do you remember your old father? I'm not sure if you do—old Abel Feragus, the friend of Mrs. Brown?

"So you were very sorry, old girl, when we left you that day? You thought you would not care. Hem! I knew better.

"And so the poor lassie cried, and was so lonely the first night, and would have given worlds to be at home again! And your old dad was not a bit sorry to leave you, not he—cruel-hearted man that he is! Nor was your mother, wretched old woman that she is! And yet 'you would wonder' how sorry we both were, and how often the old man said 'Poor dear lassie!' and the old wife 'Poor dear darling?' But no tear filled our eye. Are you sure of that? I'm not. And the old father said, 'I'm not afraid of my girl. I'm sure she will prove herself good, kind, loving, and obedient, and won't be lazy, but do her work like a heroine, and remember all her old dad told her!' and her mammy said the same. And then the mammy would cry, and het old dad would call her a fool (respectfully). And so we reached London, and then we got your letter, which made us very happy; and then the old man said 'Never fear! she will do right well, and will be very happy, and Miss —— will like her, and she will like Miss ——!' and 'we shall soon meet again!' chimed in the mammy. 'If it be God's will, we shall!' said the dad, 'and won't we be happy!'

"God bless you, my darling! May you love your own Father in heaven far more than you love your own father on earth, and I know how truly you love me, and you know how truly I love you; but He loves you infinitely more than I can possibly do, though I give you my whole heart.

"Will you write a line to the old man! And remember he won't criticise it, but be glad to hear all your chatter."

To the SAME:—

"It is now, I think, thirteen years, my dearest ——, since your old dad and your mother first saw with joy and gratitude your chubby face, and received you, their first-born, as a gift from God. It was indeed a solemn day to your parents to have had an immortal being given to them, whom they could call their own child; and it was a solemn day, though you knew it not, for you, dearest, when you began a life which would never end. You have been a source of great happiness to us ever since; and you cannot

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yet understand the longings, the earnest prayers offered up by us both that you may, by the grace of God, make your life a source of joy and blessing to yourself, and be a joy to Jesus Christ, to whom you belong, who has redeemed you to God with His own blood, and who loves you inconceivably more than your own loving parents do. I hope, dearest, you will thank God for all His kindness to you—do speak your heart out to Him. He likes you to do it, and I am sure you do feel grateful for your many mercies.

"Oh, my own darling! you little know how your mother and I desire and pray for this, as the one thing to obtain which we could suffer and die, that you may love and obey Jesus Christ; that you may know Him and speak to Him, trust Him, obey Him, as your Friend, Brother, Saviour, who dearly loves you, and desires you dearly to love Him in return. There is no blessing God could give me in this world to be compared for one moment to that of seeing my children, who are dearer to me than life itself, proving themselves to be children of God. Let me have this joy in you first, as my first-born! God will give the unspeakable blessing if you pray to Him, and speak to Him about it, simply, frankly, as you would speak to me—but even more confidingly than you could even to me. In the meantime, dearie, thank Him for all He has done for you and given to you. I am sure I thank Him for His gift of yourself to us both.

"I dare say you have sometimes home-sickness. Eh? But you cannot suffer from this youthful disease as much as I did when I went first from home. So you need not wonder—at least I do not—if you should sometimes think yourself on the other side of the globe, and get into sad fits, and weary longings, and think everything at home most beautiful! But this is just a part of our education, and a training for life, and must be made the most of.

"Now write to your dad, anyway you like. I won't criticise. Miss —— won't look at your letter, as I wish you to write freely to *me*. She kindly agreed to this. All *our* correspondence may be quite secret, Miss Macleod! Now, my lassie, cheer up! Be jolly! Work like a brick, and enjoy yourself like a linnet. I am sure you will come on famously—'Never say die!'"

To the SAME :—

"BALMORAL, *June* 12, 1865.

"I want to send you a loving word from this, to prove to you how your old dad remembers you.

"I came here Saturday, and preached yesterday, and you may be sure the Queen is very good and kind, when she is so kind to your old dad. But he loves her very much, and is proud to serve her.

"I am always glad to hear from you, dearest, and I hope you seriously and prayerfully try to do all I told you in my long letter. I would sooner see you sick and poor with the love of Christ, than the queen of the whole world, for ever and ever, without it."

"SHANDON, *April* 18, 1866.

"Your dad has come here for rest—that is, to reply to a ton of letters; among others, to yours of March 3. Oh, I wish you were here to enjoy the delicious air! No! for you have got better at Brighton. To see your mammy? No! for you prefer Miss —— to all your family. To be clasped

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to the *buzzum* of your old dad? No! you are too refined for that. But to get your dad his slippers, for his unfeeling family left them behind in Glasgow!

"This day is lovely—the sea is calm, and the gulls are floating about without coughs or colds. No flannels on their throats, no nightcaps on their heads, or warm stockings on their feet. No gruel or warm bath before going to bed. No 'Gregory' in the morning. The birds are singing most correctly, and never were in a boarding-school. The old hills are as strong as ever, and if they are not Macleod's they Make Clouds. Yesterday lots of rain fell on them, and they had no umbrellas. But though their noses ran with water for a while, they are all dry now, and no sneezing. The winds are kissing the sea, and the sea only laughs. Naughty sea and winds! No wonder the good steamer is indignant, and blows smoke at the wind, and whips the sea with its paddles till it foams with rage. The lambs are playing about like little idle fools, never thinking of the coming days of mint sauce or roast mutton. They think that the world was made to enable them to suck their mothers and wag their tails. They don't believe in butchers, nor do their mothers. The quiet is great, but for Willy. His song is louder than the birds.' He flies like the wind, kisses his mother like the lambs, is as hearty as the gulls, and patronises the cruel butcher."

To the SAME:—

"EMS, *May* 7, 1871.

"My dearest old girl, I send my parental blessing to you on your birthday. That was a joyous day to your father and mother, and every return makes us more and more thankful for you, and——. But I won't praise you,—what? but I *will* say that——. No, I won't! One thing is certain. What? Guess! Well, then, of all the girls I ever knew, you are one that —what? It is for you to say. This only I will say, that——. But there's no use! You know what, my darling! So kiss your father. As for——, poor body, the less said about *her* the better! But this I will say, she never snores—never! and she also—yes of course—loves the children, but not—who?"

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CHAPTER XX.

INDIA.

DR. MACLEOD had for several years been convinced that the Church ought to send a deputation to India. There were many important questions connected with missions in that country, which, he believed, could be decided only by Commissioners, who, besides considering matters affecting particular localities, might take a wide survey of the condition of India in reference to Christianity. He had long anticipated, too, the possibility of being himself appointed to such a duty, and was prepared, at almost any personal risk, to undertake it. "I have the most distinct recollection," writes Dr. Clerk, "that in the summer of 1865, speaking to me, as he often did, of the possibility of his being asked to go to India, he told me that medical friends, to whom he had casually mentioned the matter, had assured him it would entail certain death, but that he had counted the cost, and that if the Church asked him to represent her, he would rather die in the discharge of his duty than live in the neglect of it. I am convinced that, in the true martyr spirit, he gave his life for the conversion of India, and that the fruit will appear in due season. He ardently anticipated glorious results from a Christianised India—a youthful Church with the warmth of the Eastern heart and the quickness of the Eastern mind, drawing its inspiration, not from the stereotyped forms of the West, but directly from the Fountain of Eternal Life and Truth. Often did he in the most glowing language picture the effect upon Europe and America, should light again stream from the East to quicken their decaying energies."

He was, therefore, not taken by surprise when the General Assembly of 1867, acting on the unanimous request of the Mission Board at Calcutta, appointed him, along with Dr. Watson of Dundee, to represent the Church of Scotland in India.

Before he left this country he carefully determined the chief questions to which his attention should be directed. Ever since his enthusiasm had been kindled by his intercourse at Loudoun with the noble widow of ex-Governor-General Lord Hastings, he had taken an almost romantic interest in the policy of our Eastern empire; was familiar with the details of every campaign from the days of Clive to the Indian mutiny; and had read much of the religious as well as civil history of the natives. He had also for years taken an active part in the management of India Missions; and in order to profit by

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as wide a range of experience as possible, he corresponded with persons in this country well acquainted with, or earnestly interested in, these Missions, and obtained from them various, and therefore valuable, statements of those difficulties and objections regarding which inquiry was needed. From the topics suggested by these and similar authorities, he and his brother deputy drew up, during their outward voyage, a series of queries, embracing the points which most required investigation.

They had also peculiar advantages, when in India, for gaining the best answers to their inquiries. They were welcomed as friends by the representatives and agents of every Church and Mission, from the bishops of the Church of England in India down to the poorest native catechist, and received from them all every possible aid and information. They enjoyed the frankest intercourse with educated natives of all varieties of creed and of no creed, and with the conductors of the Press, religious and secular, Christian and Hindoo. They were honoured likewise with the confidence of the highest and best informed Officers of State, in each of the Presidencies, and were thus able to gauge opinion in different places and among different ranks and types of men, and to form their conclusions from unusually comprehensive data. "We had in our investigations," he reports, "advantages similar to those possessed by a Government Commission, which cites select witnesses and visits select districts, and the value of whose conclusions is not to be estimated by the time spent in inquiry, or to be balanced against those arrived at by 'the oldest inhabitant' of any one village."

In speaking of the trouble Dr. Macleod took to obtain trustworthy information, not only on the questions bearing directly on his mission, but in regard to everything which came under his notice, and the consequent accuracy of the conclusions he reached (an accuracy which has since been recognised by some of the ablest authorities on Indian affairs), Dr. Watson thus describes the difficulties which had to be encountered:—

"No one who has not had something to do with gathering information can imagine the difficulty of sifting the opinions and statements which are made by residents in India on its internal affairs. If you are content to take the first witness you find as an authority, and to form your judgment according to his evidence, you vill avoid much perplexity; but you will run the risk of holding most erroneous and one-sided views. Dr. Macleod used often to express his astonishment at the opposite and contradictory declarations made to him by persons who seemed to have had the best opportunities of knowing what they spoke about. Two men, or half-a-dozen men, who ought to have been each in his own line a guarantee for correctness, would on some point give as many different opinions, formed on their own personal experience.

"Each man had lived in a little world of his own; in the presence of his own countrymen he had been a stranger to all except his own

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circle. And, indeed, one is surprised at the separateness and isolation of European society in the great centres of the population; for, if you pass from one little circle to another, it is like crossing into a new region of mental life; and the instruments for gauging facts, opinions, experiences, and modes of thought need to be readjusted. To follow implicitly the traditions and convictions of your informants on almost any subject of wide interest, you must lay aside to-day the impressions you took up yesterday; to-morrow you may have cause to return to your earlier ones, and day by day you may have to modify now one and now another of your notions, proved on what you believed good grounds; and after all you will retain your latest conviction with caution and modesty.

"It was no easy matter, then, for a man like him, who wished to probe everything, and to attain to the truth, to ascertain correct data. At times he grew impatient, and at other times he used to look on the matter on its ludicrous side, and illustrate it by a story his father had often told, of an incident at the trial of some case at which he was present. The witness in the box was a Highlandman unable to speak a word of English, and he gave his evidence through an interpreter. When a question was put to the witness, he would hesitate and say, 'I think, well, I daresay, yes.' Then the interpreter turns to the judge with this statement, He says, 'Yes,' my lord, but he seems not quite sure.' 'Ask him again,' says the judge; and again the witness hesitated, balanced statements, and concluded with 'I think, well I daresay, no.' Whereupon the interpreter announced the reply, and shouted, 'he says 'No,' my lord,' and so the case proceeded, interrupted every now and again by the twofold answer, 'He says, 'Yes,' my lord; he says, 'No,' my lord,' until the judge completely lost his temper.

"It was often through similar difficulties of contradiction from the witness-box, and from different lips, that Dr. McLeod was obliged to draw his knowledge of what were the facts and opinions of Indian life: and he seized every chance of correcting his impressions by putting the right questions to the right men, and by a sort of instinctive appreciation of the value of the replies he received to his numerous and sifting inquiries."

The reception accorded to the deputation was enthusiastic, and their labours were constant and onerous. Crowds, in which natives were mingled with English, assembled in the Churches in which they were to preach, or at the meetings they were to address. Every day, almost every hour, had its engagements; examining schools, conferring with missionaries, and responding to the attentions and hospitalities which were bestowed on them. To the Indian habit of early rising there was too frequently added the home custom of late sitting, with its consequent exhaustion. "It is certainly trying," he writes, "for a stranger, who is entertained hospitably every night, and who consequently retires late, to have his first sleep broken by the card of some

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distinguished official handed to him about daybreak." This strain upon his system told more perniciously than he was at the time conscious of. "It was very difficult," Dr. Watson says, "to convince him that, for a man like him, labour in Scotland, with its cold and bracing atmosphere, was one thing, and labour in a tropical climate was another thing. He believed it on the whole; but unless the belief was impressed on his mind by physical pain or inconvenience, it was inoperative; and he was apt to forget that he was in a region where exertion such as he was accustomed to at home would entail upon him consequences of a serious kind. The only instance in which he seemed to distrust the climate of India was in regard to his mode of living. He could both enjoy life and forego its enjoyments, as few men could, without a sense of loss; he could avail himself of the most boundless hospitality, and he could at the most sumptuous table fare like a hermit; and when, a day or two after his landing in Bombay, he was told by a physician that everything which was safe for him at home was not equally safe in India, he was perfectly unaffected by the news; and, so far as meat and drink were concerned, he walked strictly by medical rule. In all other respects he forgot his belief in the dangers of India: he spoke in public, he talked in private, he listened, he exerted body and brain from morning till night, he spent himself without grudging and without consideration. On one occasion he preached for about an hour while sailing down the Red Sea, and at the close of the service he was almost dead. His face was flushed, his head ached, his brain was confused; and when he retired to his cabin the utmost efforts were required to restore him. The warning was noted by him, and often remembered, but it was as often forgotten or neglected afterwards.

"I shall not attempt," Dr. Watson continues, "to describe the interest which was felt amongst all classes in India in the speeches and sermons of Dr. Macleod. The visit of a man of much less note would have attracted some attention, and would have brought together a very large proportion of the English-speaking population in every city which was visited. Moreover, the novelty of the visit, the first of its kind from Scotland, was sufficient to awaken the sympathies of Christians, and to excite the curiosity, if not a deeper feeling, amongst all the races and religions of India. His name had gone before him in every province. No efforts had been used to draw the notice of the world to his visit; the ordinary publication of a list of passengers by the next steamer, confirming a rumour that Dr. Macleod was on his way to India, was of itself enough. His arrival was looked forward to with eagerness, and, soon after his landing, invitations and enquiries from all parts of the country were sent in. Wherever he went he was received with kindness and cordiality; in many places with that deep respect and veneration which had grown up in the minds of those who had admired his works and had heard of his labours, and in many places he was welcomed with feelings of ardour arising to enthusiasm.

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"The foremost men in India in civil and military and ecclesiastical posts were ready to do him honour and to aid him; in public and in private they testified for him their personal respect; and when they found him to be a man whose eyes were observant, whose sympathies were quick, whose large-heartedness was so comprehensive and whose humour was so genial and overpowering, it seemed as if all barriers were broken down, and as if they had known him personally all their lives. He gained access to persons and sources of information which, without any wish to disoblige, would have been shut to most other men.

"Nothing indeed was lacking in the welcome which greeted him; and never did visitor appreciate kindness more. But withal he was not misled by these marks of flattery and good-feeling. He could distinguish between the genuine and the unreal: he knew well enough that whilst there were many who testified their zeal and good-will, many more had the future in view, and were careful to propitiate an author who was likely to command as wide a circle of readers as any writer in Great Britain. And, apart from this, he had set his heart on the special object which carried him to India; and all external attentions, all readiness to listen, all offers of hospitality or public respect, were regarded by him as helps to his work, and as opening up for him a surer path to that knowledge of Indian life and Indian affairs of which he was in search."

From his JOURNAL:—

"CUILCHENNA, *July* 24, 1867.

"Dear place, with what genuine love and gratitude I write its name! I thought I was too old to love nature as I have done. What a time I have had, what glorious scenery, what fresh mornings, and, oh, what evenings! With smooth seas gleaming with the hues of a dove's neck; mountains with every shade which can at such times be produced; Glencoe in sunshine and in deepest crimson; Glengoar, with its sunbeams lighting up the hill sides with the softest dreamy velvet hues; mountain masses of one dark hue clearly defined against the blue sky, and fading into grey over Duart. What cloud shadows, and what effects from pines, and cottages with grey smoke and lines of silver along the shore, and the masts of ships at anchor! Praise God for this glorious world! the world made and adorned by Him who died on the cross. What a gospel of peace and good-will it ever is to me—not a prison but a palace—hung with pictures of glory, full of works of art, and all so pure and holy. Every bunch of green fern, every bit of burning heather, the birches, the pure streams, the everything, says, 'I love you—love me—and rejoice!' Sometimes I wept, and sometimes prayed, and enjoyed silent praise—I bless Thee for it!

"And then there was my dear family all together, and all so well, and the walks, the pic-nics to the hills, Glencoe, Glengoar, the fishing in the evening—all sunshine—all happiness—most wonderful for so many and all sinners, in this world of sin and discipline. It is of God our Father, and a type of what will be forever.

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"Forbid that this should hinder us and not rather help us to do our duty, severe duty, and to accept any trial. I feel this is a calm harbour in which I am refitting for a long voyage."

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq.:— "*August*, 1867.

"Yes, I go on the 5th of November on a great mission to India, not verily to Presbyterians only, but to see what the eye alone can see, and to verify or test what cannot be seen, but which I either question or believe anent missions in general and education.

"I have been in paradise with my family. The heavenly district is called in maps of earth, Lochaber. But what map could give all the glory in the world without, and the world within?

"It has been a blessed preparation for labour night and day. I had a mission sermon of good-will to man."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

"BALMORAL, *Friday, September 10th*, 1867.

"It was a glorious day; but rather a weary journey from Glasgow yesterday.

"This morning's telegram announced the death of Sir Frederick Bruce suddenly at Boston. Lady Frances Baillie, his sister, is here. I have been with her and prayed with her. She accompanies me to Perth to-morrow. I feel very truly for her. Three such brothers, Lord Elgin, General Bruce, and Sir Frederick dying so suddenly! Mystery!

"I had a long and pleasant interview with the Queen. With my last breath I will uphold the excellence and nobleness of her character. It was really grand to hear her talk on moral courage, and on living for duty."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*August* 11, *Glasgow*.—I have long been convinced of the vast importance of sending a deputation to India, and my friends in the Committee know it. I never brought it formally before the Committee from an awkward, silly feeling of fear lest they should suppose it was a mere personal affair. I had, however, I believed, mentioned to friends in private that so convinced was I of its importance, that I was disposed to hazard the offer of my going at my own expense.

"How often did I ponder over India! It possessed me, but I held myself in. I determined not to lead but to follow. The Lord knows how often I asked His counsel.

"When the Sunday question came up, I gave up all thoughts of India. I felt then that I was tabooed. I would, indeed, have resigned the Convenership, except from the determination not to confess any sense of wrong-doing which I did not feel. I learned but the other day that a meeting was called at the time to get me to resign; the vote was taken and carried against them. I thank God for the noble freedom of the Church, which could not only entertain the thought of sending me, but act upon it as they have done.

"After my report for the last Assembly was finished, a letter came from Calcutta, from our Corresponding Board, requesting the Convener to visit India.

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"I called a meeting in Edinburgh of a few friends in the Committee, best fitted to advise me. They told me I must lay an official document before the Committee. The meeting was called by the Moderator of Assembly, and I was absent. All I said was that this Assembly should decide one way or other, if I, a man fifty-six years of age, was even to consider the proposal. I telegraphed next day to Dr. Craik to print their deliverance, whatever it was, so that the Assembly might have it before them in a tangible form. It was printed accordingly, and I simply read it, excusing the fact of its not being in the report, from the request having come so late, and in this form taking me aback. The Assembly discussed the question, and were, strange to say, unanimous in granting the request, if the Presbytery of Glasgow agreed thereto, and if Funds were raised independent of the subscriptions for the Mission. Mr. Johnstone, of Greenock, nobly offered to guarantee £1,000 if I went, and so this barrier was removed!

"My physicians said Yes.

"My wife said Yes, if God so wills. My aged and blessed mother said Yes.

"My congregation? Well, I wrote dear James Campbell, my wise, cautious, loving, and dear friend and elder, and he read to my Session a letter written from Cuilchenna, which told the whole truth, and the Session said Yes. Could I say No? Could I believe in God, as a guide, and say No? It was difficult to say Yes. The wife and bairns made it difficult; but was I to be a coward, and every officer in the army to rebuke me? No! I said Yes, with a good conciencs, a firm heart, after much prayer, and I dared not say No.

"No doubt all my personal feelings, the Mission question excepted, would keep me at home. I have seen so much of the world that I would not go to India for the mere purpose of visiting it as a traveller, should I see it in a month for nothing from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. I would not give a week in Rome, which I have never seen, for any time in India, were it close at hand.

"Apart from Missions, nothing could possibly induce me to run risks, encounter fatigue, and make such sacrifices in my fifty-sixth year.

"I cannot as Convener lay my hand on any one authentic and reliable book or report, enabling me to get a clear, firm, unhesitating grasp of the real state, difficulties, and requirements of our Missions.

"We are at this moment passing through a crisis in our Mission history both in India and at home. There are questions of increased salaries, according to the circumstances of each Mission station; the employment of home native teachers; the employment—its nature, place, pay, &c., of native ministers, with their future relationship to the Board, the local Presbytery, and the Committee; the formation of Corresponding Boards, and the clearing up of constantly recurring misunderstandings with them; the personal examination into the actual condition of each Mission station, and the encouraging of the missionaries; the obtaining accurate information through letters from the Home Government to the Indian Government, and from every leading Missionary Society labouring in India, that so, by confidential communications with representative men of all parties and creeds, we may estimate the actual state and prospects of Missions in India. Such is a faint outline of some of the objects of a deputation as far as India is concerned.

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"As to the danger, it is nothing, for God is everywhere. As to family, He can take care of them; so can he of the dear congregation. But it seems to me,—and surely my Father will not let me be in darkness!—to be my duty, and so I go, in the name of God—Father, Son and Spirit.

"*August* 20.—Dear Watson goes with me. Thank God the way is clear.

"The one grand difficulty is the fact that I have not, since the Sabbath controversy, been much of a pastor. God knows I have not been spending my time selfishly. Every hour has been occupied for the public—that is, my small public—good. There has been no idleness. But I have not been able amidst my work to visit, and though I condemn myself by the confession, yet I will make it, that a chief, yea, the chief ground of ministerial usefulness, is the personal attachment of the people, and this is gained most by personal visitation. It is a righteous ground. I am amazed at their patience and attachment to me! My only consolation is my heartfelt attachment to them—if they only knew how great it is!

"Come life or death, I believe it is God's will. I ask no more. All results are known to Him. Enough if He in mercy reveals His will. To suspect myself deceived would be to shatter all my faith in God. Again I say I know not in what form He is to be glorified in or by us. All I know is, that I solemnly believe God says, 'It is my will that you go.'

"But when I think of probabilities, I would be overwhelmed unless I knew that I was not to be over-anxious about the morrow, or about anything, but to rest on God for each day's guidance, strength and blessing. The many I shall meet, the importance of all that is said or done, the responsibility of personal influence, emanating from personal being; the sermons and addresses; the questions to be asked, and the judging of the replies to them; the patience, truth, and perseverance, judgment and temper needed; the redeeming, in short, of this magnificent talent when abused. How solemn the thought! And then the right use of it when I return—the labour and wisdom this implies—the results which depend on its use! How affecting! And I getting so old—little time left—and having so many difficulties from within and without! But the good Master knows all—and He is so good, so patient, so considerate, forbearing, strengthening, over-ruling! Amen.

"I have no legacy to leave in the form of wishes. I leave God to arrange all. For my family I have but one wish, that these dear ones—each a part of my being—should know God, and be delivered from evil. Rich or poor, well or ill, my one cry to God is, 'May they be Thine through faith in Jesus, and obedience to Thy holy commandments.'

"And God will provide for my dear people. Oh, how good they have been to me!"

To JAMES A. CAMPBELL, Esq.

"I think Young's view of sacrifice superficial in the extreme, and that in his desire to give prominence to personal righteousness as the grand end of Christ's work, in which I cordially sympathize, he leaves really no room for pardon as an act of mercy. But as I have not his work on the subject with me, and no space for writing, I won't indulge in criticism. The best book out of sight, I think, on this great question is Campbell's, my very dear friend. It has defects when brought to the severe test of exegesis, but it is the best nevertheless.

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"I quite agree with Mr. —— that it ought to be the aim of the legislation of every Church to make its dogmatic basis square more and more with the creed of the Church Catholic. A Church is catholic only when it is capable, as far as its creed is concerned, of embracing living Christendom, so that a member or minister righteously deposed from its communion should thereby he deposed as righteously from the whole Catholic Church.

"I think the Popish Church eminently sectarian, and the most remarkable union, or rather disunion of 'Catholics' I have ever seen was in the Holy Sepulchre, around the symbol of the grand fact which should unite all—Jesus the Resurrection and the Life.

"As to the question of the Sabbath, it never did nor could excite my enthusiasm. It is an outside question, interesting theologically as involving the higher question of the relation between the old and new dispensations, Judaism and Christianity. Practically, we are all one in wishing and blessing God for a day for social worship; and for enjoying, in its rest from servile labour, a blessed opportunity for deepening our spiritual rest with Christ in God. I protested against the base superstition attached to it, which in the long run would, as education and independent thought advanced, but weaken its basis and turn against it those who wished most to preserve it. I also protested, at the risk of my life, for more elbow-room for the clergy!

"How strange and sudden has been the revolution, that I, who two years ago was threatened with deposition, and was made an off-scouring by so many, am this year asked by the Assembly to be their representative in India! God's ways are verily not our ways!"

From Professor MAX MULLER:—

"I hope your visit to India will give a new impetus to the missionary work in India, by showing how much more has really been achieved than is commonly supposed. One cannot measure the success of a missionary by the number of converts he has made, and it does not seem to me likely that Christianity will, for some time to come, spread in India chiefly by means of direct conversions. Its influence, however, is felt everywhere, and even the formation of new religious societies apparently hostile to Christianity, like to the Brahma Somaj, is due indirectly to the preaching and teaching of Christian missionaries. From what I know of the Hindoos they seem to me riper for Christianity than any nation that ever accepted the gospel. It does not follow that the Christianity of India will be the Christianity of England; but that the new religion of India will embrace all the essential elements of Christianity I have no doubt, and that is surely something worth fighting for. If people had only to go to India and preach, and make hundreds and thousands of converts, why, who would not be a missionary then?"

From Sir ARTHUR HELPS:—

"COUNCIL OFFICE, *October* 3, 1867.

"What on earth takes you to India? I do not think I ever flattered any man in my life, but I do say of you, that you are the greatest and most convincing preacher I ever heard. . . . . Now, are we not wicked enough here? Is there not enough work for you to do here, but that you must go away from us to India? for it appears that you are going to that hot place, if I make out your bad handwriting rightly.

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"I am really, without any nonsense, unhappy at your going. But surely you are coming back soon."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*October* 27, *Sunday.*—The last Sunday before I sail has come, and it is almost the ending of the most joyous and most blessed time I have had in all my life.

"The work during these two months has been heavy. I have attended eleven meetings of some importance, and preached eight sermons for other congregations than my own; have had eleven district meetings of my people, at each of which I have given a long lecture on India; had the happiness of shaking hands with those who attended; have taught a communicants' class for five nights; have examined each of forty communicants; have given the communion at Mission Church, Barony, and Parkhead; have had sixty baptisms or so; have been at Balmoral; preached at Dundee; visited friends in Fife, Edinburgh, Helensburgh, and Shandon; have had two public dinners given me; have visited with my wife sixty families, and at least twenty others by myself; had Indian Mission and other meetings; and had a delightful lunch in my own house of thirty of my dear brethren; have finished my sketch of my father's life; written a month for 'Home Preacher' (four sermons, and very many prayers), besides collects and prayers, which have finished the whole; have written 'Billy Buttons;' have written 'A Pastoral,' and circular for India Mission; have this week got two licentiates for the Mission Church, &c., &c.

"In short, every day till two, sometimes three, sometimes four A.M., has been so fully occupied that I hardly know how I have a brain at all, for the above is but an outline of work—innumerable interstices have to be filled up.

"But what a time of joy and thanksgiving it has been. Take this last week as a specimen.

"Thursday the Presbytery of Glasgow gave me a dinner, with Dr. Jamieson* in the chair. He spoke like a Christian and a gentleman, and the whole thing was dignified, Christian, catholic, and good.

"Tuesday, the *soirée* of two hundred and fifty workers in the congregation.

"Wednesday a dinner given me by about fifty friends—such friends—with my good and true friend Walter Smith representing the Free Kirk; the Bishop of Argyle, a truly free man, gentleman, and Christian, representing the Episcopal Church. Dr. Robson represented the U. P. Church; beloved John Macleod Campbell (the first public dinner he ever was at!) representing no Church. There was a troop of dear friends around me.

"Thursday was the Fast; and a prayer-meeting was held in the evening by the Presbytery as a Presbytery, that crammed the Barony; Dr. Jamieson giving an admirable address, and my friends Dr. Craik and Dr. Charteris led the devotions. What a glorious sight of godliness and brotherly love! How truly I thank God for this for the sake of the Presbytery and Church as well as for my own sake personally, and as one of a deputation to India.

"On Friday, the presentation of portraits of myself, my wife, and my

* Dr. Jamieson had led the debate on the Sabbath question in opposition to the views of Dr. Macleod.

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mother, painted by Macnee, and a marble bust given by 400 of the working classes to my wife, and a cabinet coming. God bless them!

"This day I had in the Barony some 1,150 communicants; in the Mission Church 243; at Parkhead 85; in all, 1,478. Among these were my darling mother, my wife, John Campbell, Mrs. Macnab, my sister Jane, aunts—all beloved ones.

"I preached on Joy in God, and giving of thanks. It was not written; no vestige of it remains. But it was a great joy verily, and perfect peace to preach it. I never had such a day!

"The Mission Church was crowded in the evening. I preached on 'I know in whom I have believed.' A glorious text! Dear friends, Mrs. Lockhart, the Crums, Mrs. Campbell, were there, and Peel Dennistoun (my own son), who joined in communion for the first time to-day.

"Again I say what a day of joy!

"And now I retire to rest, praising and blessing God. Amen and Amen.

"30*th*.—This is my last night at home. I have finished my story of 'Billy Buttons'—how, I know not! I hardly recollect an idea of it. To-day visited sick, and baptized, &c. I have had a happy party with me: my darling mother—so calm and nice, my aged aunts, my brothers and sisters—my children! What a blessed meeting, finished by prayer. I wrote thirty letters last night, after meeting of Session, from 11 till 4 A.M.

"Thank God I wrote with a full heart a most cordial letter to Dr. Duff, but it grieves my soul to hear that they open the 'Free Barony' to-morrow, the day I leave, and that Dr. Duff opens it! Nine hearers only left the Barony twenty-four years ago and joined the Free Church; on the Sunday question not one, yet they build a Free Barony! *Free!* In contrast with the old? In Doctrine? Discipline? Worship? What?

"God sees all, and He is better than us all.

"I have left everything in order. I believe I shall return safe. But oh! those I leave behind. I joy in God! I know He is with me, and will guide me, and make me, poor as I am, advance His Kingdom. Amen!

"What more can I desire?

"I bless God for the manifold signs He has given me of His goodness. My Father, it is all between me and Thee.

"Father, I am Thy child; keep me as a child! Amen and Amen.

"31*st October*, 1 A.M.—P.S.—I must here record the pleasing fact that two engine-drivers from the Caledonian Railway called here to-day to express the wish of themselves and comrades that I would speak a good word to their brother engine-drivers in India! They were to send me the names of their friends abroad. This is very delightful and encouraging."

Before he left London a farewell dinner was given in his honour at Willis's Rooms, at which Dean Alford presided, and many friends, literary and clerical, were present.

The effects of the fatigue he had suffered during the last few weeks told visibly on his health. When he started for Paris, his limbs and feet were much swollen, and continued so nearly all the time he was in India.

His impressions of India have been so fully narrated in his "Peeps at the Far East" that only a few extracts from his letters are given here for biographical purposes:—

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To Mrs. Macleod :—

"We are running along the coast of Sicily. The day superb, a fresh summer breeze blowing after us, and every sail set, the blue waves curling their snowy heads; the white towns fringing the sea, the inland range of mountains shaded with the high clouds. No sickness; children even laughing. Nothing can be more exhilarating. I have been very well, though the limbs are as yet much about it. We have a very pleasant party on board. Such writing, reading, chatting, laughing, smoking, knitting, walking, lounging, eating and drinking on the part of the seventy passengers you never saw!

"I am getting crammed all day by a Parsee, a missionary, two editors, and a judge, and already know more than I knew before starting. Every hour brings a new acquaintance.

"Oh, that I knew that you were as I am! and my children. Had you only this blue sky and warm sun, and laughing sea! It is the ideal of a day. The sheep, and cocks and hens, and cow are all happy, and the boatswain whistling like a thrush.

"Tell me always about the congregation."

To the Same :— "The *Rangoon* Steamer,
18th November.

"Preaching on board has been a difficult task. The pulpit was the capstan, and it was intensely ludicrous to feel one's self embracing it with all one's might as the ship rolled to leeward.

"*Red Sea.*—I preached yesterday nearly an hour on deck, but had so to exert myself that I was quite exhausted. Old Indians ministered to me, and poured iced water over my head, and gave me some to drink with a little brandy in it, which quite restored me. But everything savours of heat. The sea water is hot. The crew are all Lascars or Chinamen. Punkas are kept going in the cabin, or it would be intolerable. But I just thaw on—laugh and joke, and feel quite happy.

"It was so odd to-day to see all the crew mustered—about fifty blacks in their gay turbans, like a long row of tulips, with half-a-dozen Chinamen with their little eyes, broad-brimmed hats, and wide trousers. They are most earnest at the wheel, and are the steersmen."

To the Same :—

"On the Indian Ocean.

"We were immensely gratified by the address* which was presented to us by the captain and officers and all the passengers. It took us quite aback—its spontaneity, his heartiness. I send you a copy as published in the *Times of India*. The original I shall preserve as one of the most precious documents in my possession. I told the passengers that I was pleased with it, were it for no other reason than that it would please my wife and mother, and congregation and friends at home. I preached to them with all my heart, on holding fast their confidence in Christ—and I felt the power of the gospel. It required all my strength to speak for forty-five minutes and the thermometer 85 deg., to about a hundred and sixty people, and to dominate over the engine and screw. But all heard me."

* See Appendix A.

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Letter from Dr. WATSON to Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"On board the *Rangoon*, on the Indian Ocean.
Monday, November 25th, 1867.

"We are here in expectation of landing at Bombay to-morrow, and all in a bustle of preparation. The fountains of the great hold of the ship are opened, and a score of fellows, black, brown, copper-coloured, of all dark hues, from soot to pepper and salt, are lifting the luggage on deck, from one tier to another. Some passengers are eagerly peeping down, to watch when theirs shall appear; others, like your husband, are busily arranging their cabin, and gathering together cuffs, ties, caps, coats, hosen and hats, that have been tossing about for nearly a fortnight. Norman, you must understand, has a cabin to himself, and this arrangement has developed his admirable habits of order. 'Come here,' he sometimes said to me as we were steering down the Red Sea, or in this pleasanter Indian Ocean, 'come here and see my draper's shop,' and there it was, like a village draper's, with all manner of clothes hanging from the roof—here a shirt hung up by a button-hole, there a neckerchief tied by the corner, bags, books, papers, forced into unwilling company and appearing uneasy in the society into which they had fallen. There was a decent black hat with its sides meeting like a trampled tin pan. 'Man,' says he, by way of explanation, 'last night I felt something very pleasant at my feet. I put my feet on it and rested them—I was half asleep. How very kind, I thought, of the steward, to put in an extra air cushion, and when I looked in the morning it was my hat!' To-day, however, everything is magnified in character a hundredfold. I have just stepped into his cabin, and the draper's shop is like a dozen drapers' shops; a lumber-room before a washing day; a travelling merchant's stall on the morning of a country fair; a pawnbroker's establishment in the process of dismantling will give you an idea of it. There is not an inch of the floor or bed to be seen, all covered with boxes, and the contents of boxes. You look up to the ceiling but there is no ceiling. Never did a public washing green show such exquisite variety, and for two yards outside of the cabin door are open trunks waiting like patient camels to be loaded and filled. 'Steward,' I hear him say, 'did you see my red fez?' 'Is it a blue one?' is the counter inquiry. 'No!' roars Norman, 'it's a red one. If you see it, bring it, and if any fellow won't give it up, bring the head with it.' 'All right, sir,' replies the obsequious steward. 'Any man,' I hear him say again, any man who tries to open a portmanteau when it won't open, or to shut it when it won't shut, for half an hour, and keeps his temper——' the rest of the sentence is drowned in the laughter of bystanders. Poor man, it is not for want of muscle and labour that these ill-conditioned portmanteaus misbehave.

"We have had a very prosperous voyage, and a very happy one. Long talks of our friends at home—now in merriment, and again pausing to let the corners of the eye right themselves—talks of what has been, and talks of what we expect to see and do."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"I was awakened at three on Tuesday morning by our guns signalling for a pilot. Soon the whole vessel was alive with excited passengers, and sleep was gone. The sun was rising as I went on deck, and never in my

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life did I see anything more gorgeous than the golden clouds, the picturesque hills, the splendid bay, and the palm-trees everywhere.

"My eyes are closing with sleep.

"I am writing all alone under the verandah in Mr. Crum's house. The shades of evening are rapidly closing, 'for in one stride comes the dark,' and the weather is hot, and the crickets are chirping, and the mosquitoes are buzzing, and the sultry air closes the eyes. I must sleep.

"The features which struck me most on landing, and when driving five miles or so to this, were crowds of naked men with thin lanky legs, some with huge earrings or huge red turbans, not a stitch on but a cloth round their loins, ugly, miserable-looking creatures; but the whole crowd, without the colour or picturesqueness of the East. They look black, ugly, poverty-stricken wretches; the native huts, such as one would expect to see in the poorest villages in Africa: the streets confused rubbish, unfinished, a total absence of order or anything imposing, huggery-muggery everywhere. The one good feature, until I came to Malabar Hill, where we live, is the glorious masses of cocoa-trees and palms, here and there, with houses or huts nestling near them, and troops of naked bronze children running about.

"*December* 3, *Tuesday*.—We have had a great St. Andrew's dinner. Morning meeting of missionaries of all denominations. Dr. Wilson most kind. I preached on Sunday. Such a crowd. The governor, commander-in-chief, and a number of high-class natives were present. I never saw such a scene. Had a long meeting with the Corresponding Board yesterday.

* * * * * *

"*Colgaum*.—As we left the village to return at eight, the scene was very striking. The huge red moon was rising over the village, between us and the sky was the outline of the temples, with banyan and other trees. Shepherds were driving in flocks of sheep and goats, while in the centre of the picture was the group of white-robed Christians, pastors, elders, and people, with the missionaries from the great Western world.

"The night will soon pass!

"At eight we returned to the same place, accompanied by ——, who, like most Europeans, knows nothing almost of the American Mission or any other; and though seventeen years in the district, had never visited or examined into it, and would have no doubt told the people at home that they were doing nothing. He confessed his surprise at what he saw. There were thirty Christians and about seventy heathens present. Psalms were sung in Mahratti, and the tunes Mahratti also, the precentor being a pastor, who accompanied the air on a big guitar, held vertically like a bass fiddle. Then prayer, then an address on Transmigration of Souls. Then one by a famous native preacher, intellectual, calm, and eloquent, Ramechuna, on the only true religion which, he said, was in accordance with the character of God, the wants of men, and was revealed in Scripture. Among other evidences he mentioned the moral character of Christians, and appealed to the very heathen to judge as to the difference between the native Christians and the native heathen. I gave an address on both occasions, which was translated, and so did Watson. They gave an address to us. The Moderator sent in his own hand-writing a letter after me, which I beg you to copy and keep as gold.

"I never spent a more delightful evening in my life! The Americans

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have six hundred members, seventy or eighty teachers, six native pastors, with excellent schools for Christian children only. Preaching is their forte.

". . . . It is one of the mysteries in this land to hear natives teach Christianity, who have been possessed of every argument in its favour, for years, but are as far from accepting it as ever. Their difficulties are not from immorality, for their lives are equal to the average of most professing, though not real, Christians at home. They are happy, on the whole, in their families, live all together, and are fond of their relations, and are sober, and, among each other, tolerably truthful and honest—and, on the whole, faithful servants, &c. Nor are their difficulties chiefly intellectual, though the Christianity which they oppose is often misapprehended—I fear, in some respects and in some cases, misrepresented—by missionaries with little culture. But their difficulties are social; they have not, as yet, the deep convictions and the moral strength to give up Caste. This would, in almost every case, imply the breaking up of their whole family life—parents, wife, children, and friends being separated from them as literally out-casts. But, nevertheless, I cannot comprehend the want of soul, the apparent want of a capacity to be possessed, overpowered, mastered by the truth. Many will fly round and round the light, but never see it. They will give the fullest account of Christianity, and say they disbelieve in all idolatry, yet every day perform at home their idolatrous rites—be almost ready for ordination, and take a whim to go as a pilgrim to the holy cities. Superstition and Fetisch live in them."

To the SAME :—

"BOMBAY, *December* 1.

"It seems an age since I left home. I feel as if I were an old Indian, and had become familiar with heat and heathenism. I have been very well. The swelling in my feet is as bad as ever, but I have no pain of any kind.

"As to our work here, everything has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectation. We have seen much, heard much, and, I hope, learned much. We feel that we have done good.

"I communicated yesterday with the native congregation of the Free Church. About eighty communicants."

From a letter of Sir ALEXANDER GRANT to a friend at home :—

"I had a select party of educated natives to meet Dr. Macleod. He talks to them in a large, conciliatory, manly way, which is a perfect model of missionary style. I had the most charming talks with him, lasting always till 2 A.M., and his mixture of poetry, thought, tenderness, manly sense, and humour was to me perfectly delightful. I had no idea his soul was so great. His testimony about India will be most valuable, for he has such quickness of apprehension as well as largeness of view, and has had such wide previous experience of all European Churches and countries."

To Mrs. WATSON :—

"BOMBAY, *November 29th*, 1867.

"If you are in the least degree inclined to pity your beloved absentee, to feel anxious about him, to imagine anything whatever wrong with him in soul, spirit, or body, or in his conduct to superiors, inferiors, or equals, I beg

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to assure you that all such thoughtful, spouselike cares are thrown away. He is, if anything, too much carried away by a sort of boyish enthusiasm for palm groves, and laughs too much at the naked wretches called Hindoos who crowd the streets. He is also very weak about his beard; it is growing so rapidly that it threatens to conceal his whole body, and to go beyond the skirts of his garments. All you can see in his face are a mouth, always laughing, and two black eyes, always twinkling. But for my constant gravity, he would ruin the deputation!

"Those who don't know him, as I do, are immensely taken with him!"

To his MOTHER :—

"MADRAS, *23rd December*, 1867.

"I have never forgotten this anniversary of the first break in our family.* It was a terrible time, but has passed away as such long ago, its memory associated with that of a saint in heaven, and many spiritual blessings to those who partook of the sorrow, and to myself especially. I have full faith that all my dear ones above sympathize with my work here."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"BANGALORE, *Last Sunday of* 1867.

"I have had a peaceful hour for devotion; and who but God can interpret my thoughts as on this day I recall all the way He has led me during those many years—thirty of which have been passed in the ministry—all ending in India, with the greatest and noblest work ever given me to do, a-doing! The whole review, with all its sin, its darkness, selfishness, vanity, the best hours how bad! and with all I have been, and have done, and have left undone, and all I am, with all the blessed God has been, and done, and is, and ever will be to me—all this finds expression in falling at the feet of my Father in adoration, wonder and praise; seeing the glory of salvation by grace, of justification through faith in my God, of the magnificent suitableness to all my wants, to all which *ought* to be towards God, in what was done by my Head, Jesus Christ, for me, and what He is doing, and will perfect in me. I have had great peace and joy in pouring out my heart for His grace and guidance that our time and talents may be used for His glory; in confessing our sin as a missionary Church, and praying that He Himself would build up our Sion, and bless us by enabling us to take a part worthy of a Christian Church in advancing His kingdom in this grand but degraded land; in praying for you and all my darlings by name, that they may not be merely well instructed, polished heathen, but truly attached to God in faith and love, which through the Spirit are in Christ Jesus; and that you, my own self, may be strong in faith and kept in perfect peace; and for my beloved people, that they may be ministered to by the Spirit this day and every day. May the Lord reward you all—family and people—for your love to me and prayers for me! But to my Mission work!

"I wrote to you up to Friday, 27th. That was a busy day! Eight A.M., till ten, visited Dr. Patterson's medical mission and hospital; eleven, a meeting till one, with about thirteen native pastors of all the Churches, in the presence of the European missionaries. Rajahgopal and others spoke as

* His brother James' death.

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well as I could. We asked, and got, information showing the great changes which have taken place in the native mind in regard to persecuting converts, &c. At half-past five we had a magnificent meeting in the great Memorial Hall, with the bishop in the chair. The Governor, Commander-in-Chief, present, and all the *élite* of Madras. I suggested the meeting, to tell on Madras and Home, and to *challenge contradiction on the spot* to the statements which each missionary gave of the history and condition of his mission. I spoke, and so did Watson. The Bishop is a most Christian man: his meekness makes him great. At eight, conference in our Institution; dinner at nine. Pretty hard day!

"*December* 31.—The last day of the year! It is impossible to write, I am weary of 'attentions'—people at breakfast, people at tiffin, people at dinner, people calling; then meetings, visiting of schools, &c., &c., so that I have not one second to myself. It is now two, and not a moment.

"We had about twelve yesterday here to breakfast—Wesleyans—one of whom came out the same year as Duff. We talked till one. Many of them did not seem acquainted with any difficulties. —— said, I go to a village, sit down, tell them they must live after death, and forever be in hell or heaven, and then tell them how to get out of hell by Jesus Christ.' Calvinism, and Plymouthism, and indifference, seem to divide the Europeans. There are noble civilians, and bad ones; fine, manly missionaries, and weak ones. We require a broad, manly, earnest Christianity, and not formal orthodoxy, weak 'Evangelicalism,' or sickly Plymouthism.

"We drove through the *Rettah*, or native town, with its crowded bazaars. The houses are low and the bazaars poor; yet many are very rich in it. Saw silk-weaving by the native loom. Saw the best female school I think to be found in India, taught by two truly noble women—so clever and energetic, such genuine ladies—the Misses Anstey. They have money of their own; their work is one of true love. What teaching! what influence! what power! The senior class of fifty girls; the junior, with two hundred or more. I could not puzzle the senior class on the Old Testament from Genesis to Samuel, nor on the New in the Gospels and Acts. All are Canarese; but my questions were interpreted. They do not yet profess Christianity, but never can these be idolaters; and whether they marry Christian husbands or heathen, they must exercise a leavening influence. My heart and eyes were full."

"*January* 1, 1868, *Bangalore*.—This is my first greeting for '68 Our plans are again changed, and instead of bringing in the year in the railway we are spending it calmly and quietly here. The fact is I took a disgust yesterday at travelling and work of every kind. We had intended to tour it very hard till Saturday, and to go over some hundreds of miles to see either Seringapatam or Tanjore. But because we had rested and did nothing yesterday we began to feel weary and to realise how we had been kept up by constant excitement, and that we required perfect quiet. So after our things were packed I took a fit of disgust at Idolatry, Missions, sight-seeing and everything, and saw but one paradise—rest—and so we return to Madras, where we shall have little to do till we sale on the 9*th* for Calcutta. I am glad we did so, as we are enjoying this cool, or rather cold, weather intensely, and doing nothing.

"We returned last night at 8, and here I am writing as well and hearty

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as ever I was in my life, actually enjoying the weather, so that I begged them at breakfast to stop the punkah, as it was making me sneeze. In fact, I am getting too fond of India. Take care you get me home, as they are spoiling me fast. Actually asked to a ball at the Governor's!!"

"CALCUTTA, *Jan. 23rd*, 1868.

"My only touch of illness since I left has been this week. I had my old gout, which quite lamed me and compelled me to keep my bed since Tuesday, and so I missed a state dinner at Government House, at which many were invited to meet us. I was all right except the heel. But you know my love for a day in bed. I had twelve missionaries in conclave around me. Church Missionary, London, Baptist, Free and Established. So I was honoured while on my throne. One old missionary was the friend of Carey and Ward. While I keep my leg up I am quite well, and shall be as usual to-morrow. I never enjoyed better health and spirits; but must take it more calmly. It is not away! A public dinner is to be given us on Friday week. We leave for Gyah on the 3rd. Like a school-boy I say, 'The month after next I hope to leave India for home!'"

"CALCUTTA, *31st January.*

"One line to say we are well and hearty, very hard wrought indeed, having had much care; but all things going on well.

"All parties strive to do us honour from the Governor and Bishop down to the Fakir. I have much to say."

From the *Friend of India*, Jan. 23rd, 1868:—

"The presence of Dr. Macleod has cheered many a worker and helped to enlighten many a doubter. More remarkable than his receptive powers, amounting to genius, which enable him to appreciate the merits of abstruse political questions; more striking than his marvellous conversational gifts; more impressive than his public speeches, have been his sermons. That is the perfection of art without art. Of his three sermons in Calcutta two were addressed to doubters, being devoted to a semi-philosophical exposition of our Lord's Divinity and Atonement. He spoke as a man to men, not as a priest to beings of a lower order; he reasoned as one who had himself felt the darkness, avowedly to help those who were still in the gloom. Affectation seems as foreign to the character as it is to the thought of this John Bright of the pulpit. The lesson taught to preachers by the crowds of high and low who flocked to hear him, was, as it seems to us, that truth and honesty, guided by faith and unconsciousness of self, and expressed in manly speech face to face, will restore to the pulpit a far higher function than the Press has taken from it."

His work in India reached its climax as well as its unexpected close in Calcutta. The reception there accorded to the Deputies was peculiarly hearty; but the fatigue and mental excitement produced by speeches, sermons, conferences, and addresses were excessive; and when, to mark the close of their three weeks' labour in the capital, a public dinner was given to them—the first which the Governor-Gen-

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eral ever honoured with his presence—Dr. Macleod made a speech which proved the last he was to deliver in India. From Dr. Watson's account of the work gone through on that single day, it is not wonderful that, at midnight, he found himself prostrated with illness.

"In the morning he drove from the suburbs, where he was living, to a meeting in the city, where he spoke about half an hour. From that he went to the General Assembly's Institution, and took an active part in the examination which was held of the various classes: this over, the advanced students of the Free Church Institution assembled along with the students who had just been examined; and in that great hall, which was full, and which accommodated about a thousand persons, he delivered a vigorous and stirring address, which lasted a full hour. When the proceedings came to a close, a large company were entertained to lunch by Dr. Ogilvie at his house, and then, of course, no one cared to hear anybody say a word except the guest of the day. When he reached home that afternoon, after a drive of five or six miles, he was in a state of sheer exhaustion; and though he was most nervous about the evening, he tried to snatch an hour of sleep; for he wished to do perfect justice to his work, and he felt that in one sense the work of his mission was to terminate with the dinner, which was arranged for eight o'clock that night, when every phase of English life in India would be represented from the Viceroy downwards.

"He had spoken often of his desire to give expression on this occasion to some of his strong convictions on the relation of India to England, or of Englishmen to India; and though he had had an opportunity at a large meeting previously, presided over by the Bishop of Calcutta, to speak on missionary affairs, he felt that the last occasion when he was to open his lips in public before he left Bengal, was one which necessitated a wider range of subject than any ecclesiastical topic, however interesting or important. His reception in the evening was most hearty. He rose with a heavy sense of what he was to say; and, as was often the case with him in his most earnest moments, he started with a few unpremeditated strokes of humour and homely words which touched all hearts, and in a minute or two brought himself into *rapport* with the audience and the audience with him.

"Only on one occasion, when he delivered his last memorable speech in the General Assembly, a few weeks before his death, have I seen him so agitated, and, to use a common expression, 'weighted' as he was then; and it was with a deep sense of relief that, towards midnight, he stretched out his feet and smoked his cigar before going to bed, having received the assurance, from those he relied on, that all his anxiety and care in regard to that last appearance in public in India had not been thrown away."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Calcutta, *7th February.*

"On comparing this date with that on telegram you will be surprised at

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my being here, especially if you have read the *Friend of India* and learn that I have been 'prostrated by fatigue' you will be in delightful anxiety, and my mother will have food for alarm until I return home.

"Just after the telegram was off I was threatened with dysentery. So the doctors gave me forty grains of ipecacuanha in two doses in a few hours. This was on Wednesday. I at once said Amen, lay in bed, obeyed orders, and slept all day, read newspapers, &c., when awake, saw no one, and thoroughly enjoyed the blessed rest. The complaint was checked yesterday, and between the perfect rest and medicines I feel gout all gone, and except the weakness of being in bed, nearly perfectly well, very jolly and not the least dowie, though very thankful indeed that I am so well. To show you how sensible and good I am, I have allowed Watson go off alone to Gyah, the only really rough and rude drive on our route, and I remain here doing nothing, seeing nobody, in the full rollicking enjoyment of idleness, till Tuesday or Wednesday. I am even now able to join him, but I take four days' holiday, though my not going to Gyah is a terrible loss and self-denial. This will prove to you what I always told you, that I would return direct home, if necessary, the moment any doctor said or believed I should do so. Are you satisfied? Don't you feel I am telling you the whole truth? Look at me! Don't I look honest?

"The fact is the back of the work is broken! It is, I may say, done, and well done, and all to come is plain sailing, so that if I did not go to Sealkote at all (but only went by rail to Delhi to see sights), I should feel a work was already accomplished far beyond my most sanguine expectations. It was not the work only, but the excitement that put me wrong. I never preached to such congregations. The admission was by ticket, and stairs and lobbies were crammed, and many went away.

"The Mission Meeting was a great event. Such was never before held in Calcutta, called by the Bishop, and attended by all denominations, and such an audience to welcome us.

"Then came on Saturday an evening meeting as great on City Missions. I was taken all aback. But it was a great success, and they tell me I have re-established an agency which was declining. The public dinner made me ashamed of having so much honour paid us, though it was given to us as deputies. The Viceroy had never gone to a public dinner in Calcutta, and to see such guests meet to do us honour and bid us farewell! It passed off splendidly!

"We have had many deeply interesting private meetings with missionaries—Zenana included, which I cannot dwell on; but one meeting I must mention. I addressed the lads attending our Institution, and at my request all the lads of the Free Church Institution, who understood English, came to hear me, and all the missionaries, as well as many of the ladies. They have met me with unbounded confidence. They are a nice lot of fellows. In one word, God has helped us, and helped us in a way that quite amazes and overpowers me. May He give me grace never to pervert those great tokens of His mercy to personal sectarian objects.

"The Bishop has been very kind, and Sir John Lawrence has acted like a brother to me; in fact, all have contrived how to please and oblige us."

"CALCUTTA, *Saturday, February* 9.

"Since writing to you yesterday, what a change has taken place in all

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my plans! I intend leaving this for home on March 3, so that as you are reading this I am on the ocean going home. Are you not glad and thankful? I, on the whole, am. It happened thus: last night Dr. Charles said, 'if you had asked me, I should have forbid your going to Sealkote.' 'Hallo!' I said; 'asked you?' 'Take my word I shall ask you, and that most seriously, and no mistake.' So I insisted that he, Dr. Farquhar, my old friend, and Dr. Fayrer, Professor of Surgery, should meet here to-day, and give an official opinion. They have done so.* They don't object to my going along the railway as far as Delhi, especially as the climate is better there than here, but object to dâk travelling,—*i.e.*, going in a cab and two horses as far as from Glasgow to London and back!—in my present state; and they object to my being later than the first week of March, as the climate might from present symptoms prove dangerous. I feel thoroughly well to-day, except weakish from so much medicine. I am quite lame again in the heel; but they laugh at that. Thank God the real work is done and well done! Had this come on one day sooner! As it is, I am full of gratitude for all that has been done, and bow my head for what I cannot accomplish. Dear Watson is thoroughly able to do it as well as I am, and since he is so well he will enjoy it as I would have done. Amen! Verily God's plans are not ours."

After a brief tour to Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi, he sailed from Calcutta on the 25th February. Owing to the kindness of Sir John Lawrence, his voyage to Egypt was made peculiarly happy and comfortable. Lady Lawrence was returning to England with her daughter, and was to sail as far as Suez in the *Feroze*, an old man-of-war, then used for the service of the Governor-General, and Sir John, with a friendliness which was heartily appreciated, asked him, as a guest, to share the ease which the roomy accommodation of the yacht afforded. The perfect rest and comfort he thus enjoyed proved most helpful to his recovery.

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"I parted with William Craik, whose kindness, constant, considerate, unwearying, was that of a brother more than a friend. I cannot tell you all he and his wife were to me. The Governor-General came down to the *Feroze* in his tug, and talked with me for about two hours in the frankest manner, giving me an immense number of most interesting facts about his life and government in the Punjaub, the mutiny, Delhi, &c. I was greatly touched by his goodness, and I loved him the more when I saw him weeping as he parted for one year only from his wife and daughter. I cannot tell you what kindness I have received. Sir William Muir came on Monday morning, to see me; and Sir R. Temple came the night before I left, drove about with me, dined at Craik's alone with us, all the while giving me volumes of information."

The only adventure which occurred on his voyage to Suez was a harmless shipwreck some twenty miles from port, caused by the *Feroze*

*See Appendix B.

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running on a sandbank, and having no worse consequences than the delay of waiting till a passing steamer took off the passengers. He was met by Mrs. Macleod at Alexandria, and they came home by Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, Civita Vecchia, and Marseilles. In spite of some benefit derived from the voyage, his strength was visibly broken, and his limbs betrayed increased liability to gout, accompanied by ever-recurring attacks of acute pain, which he called neuralgia, but which were really due to a more serious derangement of the system.

To Rev. Dr. WATSON:—

"*February*, 1868.

"We got on board the steamer—an old, broad-decked, strong-built, and high-masted man-of-war, with a huge steam-engine, and able to go when we started six miles an hour. India soon vanished into a few palm-trees rising out of the water in the horizon; and as I thought of all we had seen and done, and not seen and left undone, it appeared a strange dream, and I could not say whether shame and confusion of face for my wretched work, or great thanksgiving to God for His tender mercy, were most in my mind. Perhaps both alternated. Anyhow, I thanked God with all my heart for His having given you as my companion, for all you were to me, for His giving you the honour of completing the work, and for the happy, happy hours we had together, unbroken by a single shadow to darken our sunshine.

". . . . We have had a summer sea every day since we left. Some days a glorious breeze, and all sail set; other days very hot. I have never felt vigorous on board, and fear, unless it is this hot damp climate, that I am in for gout and sciatica for life, and that I never shall be fit for as much work as before. But we shall see. I have prayers and exposition every day, and find it pleasant. Sunday services as usual. Had a capital day with the sailors last Sunday."

To Mrs. MACLEOD:—

"*Sunday, March 8th.*—A glorious day. I have preached on the quarter-deck, and at four I met all the sailors in the forecastle, and read to them 'The Old Lieutenant' for an hour and twenty minutes to their great delight. The sun is nearly set; it goes down like a shot about six, and no twilight. The sea is blue as indigo, and the white crisp curling waves add to its beauty. Two white birds, 'boatswains,' as Jack told me, 'with their tails as marling spikes,' are floating in the blue, hundreds of miles from land; thousands of flying-fish skim the water like swallows, each flying about sixty yards or so. All the sailors are in their Sunday best; the Lascars dressed in white with red caps on, squatted in a circle mending their clothes. The half-naked coolies and firemen lounging and sleeping, or eating curry and rice, making it up with their fingers into balls and chucking it into their mouths. Old Pervo, the steward, dressed in pure white calico and turban, is snoring on his back on a carpet spread near the funnel; and I in my hot cabin writing to those I love, and wondering if I am indeed to have the joy of seeing them again, blessing God for the health and perfect peace He is giving me, and in heart trying so to adjust the difference of Longitude (71°) as to follow the Sunday services of my beloved people. Such is our Sunday at sea outwardly.

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"*Ceylon*—The foliage! The glorious foliage! Every kind of tree, palm and chestnut; bread-fruit tree, with its large furrowed glittering leaves—with the huge dark fruit hanging by strings from the bark; the graceful bamboo, whose yellow branches remind one of old-fashioned beds and chairs or sticks; the plantain, with its large green leaves; down to the sensitive plant which creeps along the ditches, while beautifully coloured flowers and creepers colour the woods. I missed the flocks of paroquets and bright-coloured birds one sees in North India, but the woods resound with the jungle fowl, and birds with sweet notes. Sunrise from St. Nicolas tower was glorious. The sun rose like a ball of fire out of the sea to the right, and his horizontal rays, shooting across the island, separated the many ranges of low hills, and brought out the higher hills to the north, up to Adam's Peak, fifty miles off. All those hills are covered with forests of palms and every splendid tree. A light mist lay between each ridge, and a sleepy radiance of wondrous beauty over all. The smoke of comfortable cottages, which nestle in the woods, rose here and there in white wreaths, giving a sense of comfort and of home to the scene."

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CHAPTER XXI.

1868.

HIS reception by the General Assembly, when he first entered it on his return from India, deeply touched him; the whole house greeted him with an enthusiastic outburst of welcome, which took him by surprise. On the afternoon of the same day he delivered, from a few notes, an address occupying two hours, in which he stated the chief results arrived at by the Deputation. The substance of this speech was carefully prepared for the Press during a period of leisure enforced on him by his medical adviser, and which was spent in the Highlands.*

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June 3rd, Cuilchenna.*—On my fifty-seventh birthday (entering my fifty-seventh birthday), and at Cuilchenna once more. I am silent. This is the first personal and private journal I have written since my last on the previous page, the night before I left for India. What months these have been to me! Is it all a dream—the voyage out with Watson and Lang, and the friendly passengers, Bombay and Poonah, and Colgaum and Karli, the voyage to Calicut, Madras, Bangalore, Vellore, Conjeveram, Calcutta, Patna, Allahabad, Benares, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, the *Feroze*?

"Then the remembrance of that meeting with my wife at Alexandria, and the good Cunliffes, and Cairo and its Oriental glories; the voyage to Malta, and St. Paul's Bay; then Sicily, Syracuse, Catania, railway to Messina, boat to Palermo, and the drive to Monreale; then the horrible *Carybdie* steamer to Naples; Naples and Madame Meuricoffer, and the Watsons, and Dr. Pincoffs, and Amalfi; Puteoli, Baiæ, and Rome! with Strahan and Signor Garofalini, and all the glories. Home by Civita Vecchia, Marseilles, Paris. God be praised—God be praised! What a time of joy and blessing!

"That night I returned was indescribable—so unreal, and yet so real. Never was there to me so dreamlike a thing as when dear friends, deacons, elders, and members of my church and working people met me at the railway, and shook me by the hand. Spectres could not have been more unreal. It seemed as if it could not be they, and that I was not myself and home again. India seemed to follow me up till that moment, and

* Those portions of his address which touch on the general question of missions are given in the Appendix B, to which the reader is referred for the results of his inquiries in India.

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Scotland did not seem real. The present was not as the past; and then the ever memorable supper in my own house, with my mother and aunts, and sisters and brothers, and children. What! was I at home? Was I alive? Had I returned? Perhaps the feeling of never returning to which I clung, somehow, as necessary for my peace, made the return the more strange and incomprehensible. I cannot describe the feeling. It was not excitement, but calm, dumb, dream-like wonder!

"And here I am with a full moon shining over Glencoe, and all as still as the desert—health restored, and all spared!

"O my dear father! how I thank and bless Thee, and record Thy goodness. But it is the old story of Love!

"I wish also to record the marvellous manner in which my people behaved in my absence. Everything went on better than before! Few things have helped more to bring about an answer to many a prayer, that I might be enabled to love my people with something of that yearning, motherly feeling, as if to one's own children, which St. Paul had in such glorious perfection. I feel this strengthening of the cords between us as a great gift from God. Our separation has done us both good!"

To Miss SCOTT MONCRIEFF:—

"Many, many thanks for your *chit* (I have lost my native language). I have so much to say to you and to your Indian staff, that I must be silent till we meet. I have verily had a memorable time of it. God has blessed us and our work. I have been wounded in the grand campaign, and the doctors say that I must go to hospital for months to come, and that, to prevent evil, I must be idle, as my brain cannot stand constant demands on it. At fifty-seven I am not what I was, but I may do work yet if I get rest. It was wild work in India! Do you remember the Sunday controversy, and how I was an outcast from all good society? Fancy me last night, chairman by request at a Free Kirk missionary meeting, in a Free Kirk, with a Free Kirk lecturer, and only Free Kirk ministers around me, and receiving Free Kirk thanks! I may live to be a Free Kirk Moderator till the next time I am called to stand alone, and then—woe's me!"

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"I deny the canon of criticism by which religious novels are condemned. It would exclude even Christ's teaching by parables, and would for ever preclude me or any minister from writing stories. 'I stan' on the head o' my fish an' wull maintain the flukes are fresh and gude,' as a Newhaven fish-wife said to me."

To his MOTHER, on his Birthday:—

"*June 3rd.*

"I am quite safe in saying that I have written to you, say forty letters, on my birthday; and whatever was defective as to number in my letters was made up by your love. Now I begin to think the whole affair is getting stale to you. In short, you anticipate all I can say, am likely to say, or ought to say; and having done so, you begin to read and to laugh and cry time about, and to praise me to all my unfortunate brothers and sisters, until they detest me till June 4th. Don't you feel grateful I was born?

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Are you not thankful? I know you are, and no wonder. I need not enumerate all those well-known personal and domestic virtues which have often called forth your praises, except when you are beaten at backgammon. But there is another side of the question with which I have to do, and that is, whether I ought to be so very grateful to you for the event with which June 3rd, 1812, is associated. As I advance in life, this question becomes more interesting to me, and it seems due to the interests of truth and justice to state on this day, when I have had fifty-six years' experience of life in its most varied forms, that I am by no means satisfied with your conduct on that occasion, and that if you fairly consider it, I feel assured you will justify me in demanding from you the only reparation possible—an ample apology, and a solemn promise never to do the like again! You must acknowledge that you took a very great liberty with a man of my character and position, not to ask me whether I was disposed to enter upon a new and important state of existence; whether I should prefer winter or summer to begin the trial; or whether I should be a Scotchman, Irishman, or Englishman; or even whether I should be 'man or woman born;' each of these alternatives involving to me most important consequences. What a good John Bull I would have made! what a rattling, roaring Irishman! what a capital mother or wife! what a jolly abbess! But you doomed me to be born in a tenth-rate provincial town, half Scotch, half Highland, and sealed my doom as to sex and country. Was that fair? Would you like me to have done that to you? Suppose through my fault you had been born a wild Spanish papist, what would you have said on your fifty-seventh birthday, with all your Protestant convictions? Not one Maxwell or Duntroon related to you! you yourself a nun called St. Agnese! and all, forsooth, because I had willed that you should be born at Toledo on June 3rd, 1812! Think of it, mother seriously, and say, have you done to me as you would have had me do to you?

"Then again, pray who is to blame for all I have suffered for fifty-six years? Who but you? This reply alone can be made to a thousand questions which press themselves on my memory, until the past seems a history of misery endured with angelic patience. Why, I might ask, for example, did I live for weeks on insipid 'lythings,' spending days and nights screaming, weeping, hiccoughing, with an old woman swathing and unswathing me, whose nature retires from such attentions? Why had I for years to learn to walk and speak, and amuse aunts and friends like a young parish fool, and wear frocks—fancy me in a frock now, addressing the Assembly! and yet I had to wear them for years! Why have I suffered from mumps, hooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, toothache, headache, lumbago, gout, sciatica, sore back, sore legs, sore sides, and other ailments; having probably sneezed several thousand times, and coughed as often since christened? Why? Because I was born! because you, and none but you, insisted I should be born! Why have I had to be tossed about on every sea and ocean, and kept in perpetual danger from icebergs, fogs, storms, shipwrecks? You did it! Why have I had my mind distracted, my brain worn, my heart broken, my nerves torn, my frame exhausted, my life tortured with preachings and preparations, speeches, lectures, motions, resolutions, programmes; with sessions, presbyteries, and assemblies; with all Churches, bond and free; with all countries from west to east, with good words and

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bad words; with Sunday questions and week-day questions; with all sorts of people, from Trembling Jock to the Queen; with friends and relations, Jews and Greeks, bond and free? Why all this, and a thousand times more, if not simply and solely because, forsooth, of your conduct on June 3rd, 1812? No wonder it is a solemn and sad day to you! No wonder you sigh, and—unless all good is out of you—weep too. I was told my poor father on the day I was born, hid himself in a hayrick from sheer anxiety. He had some idea of what was doing. But, dear soul! he always gave in to you, and it was in vain for either of us to speak. I am told I yelled very loud—I hope I did—I could do no more then; and I can do little more now than protest, as I do, against the whole arrangement.

"An American expressed to a friend of mine a great desire to visit Siam, as he understood its people were all twins! The thought makes me tremble. What if I had been born like the Siamese twins! Think of my twin brother and myself going as a deputy to India: in the same berth, speaking together at the same meeting, sick together at sea, or both suffering from gout, and you concerned and anxious about your poor dear boys! What, supposing my twin had married Mrs. ——?

"Mother dear, repent!

"One good quality remains: I can forgive, and I do forgive you this day, in pledge of which I send you my love, big as my body, yea without limit, as large a kiss as my beard and moustache will permit.

"This is a glorious Highland day! What delicious air! It blows and rains, and is as bitterly cold as the most ardent Celt could desire.

"The amusing prattle of eight children in the house, craving for excitement, with nothing to do, is truly soothing, and acts as balm to my nervous system. The sail yesterday was charming, and the canal boat with a crammed cabin and heavy rain, was too delightful for a gouty world.

"Glencoe, if you could see it through this thick rain, is grand, and the rattling of the windows from the wind quite musical. I am trying to cure my gout by walking in wet grass, so keep your mind easy!"

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"*Friday.*

"I send, for yourself only, the enclosed hints from ——. Now you know the real love that he has to us personally, and to *G. W.* I therefore value such hints, though I confess that I do not know to what he alludes. But to guard against the possibility of a single expression being printed by us which the weakest Christian could be pained by, I beseech you to let me see every MS. or proof before being printed off. I, as a minister, am more conversant than you can be with religious topics and the pulse of the religious world. Besides, as you also know, my chief delight in *Good Words* is its power of doing good. God knows this is more precious to me than all the gold and silver on earth could be."

To Miss SCOTT MONCRIEFF:—

"The past and the future seem to me to become every day more vivid, while the more immediate point is more confused and vanishing. The old home in Dalkeith Park is never empty, but always full to me with people who are always happy, and can never die. So are other houses of my friends.

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Thank God for memory and for hope! When these earthly houses are discovered by us at last to be empty, and all our thoughts about them dreams, then at the same moment we shall also discover that another home is inhabited by the same dear friends, and that our dreams cease only when we have awoke to and met with realities. My dear Norman has left us this morning to begin commercial life in Liverpool. He, and two of his sisters, joined us on Tuesday at our winter communion, but as I entered his bed-room after he was gone it was very dream-like—'In deaths oft.'"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Sunday, July* 19.—What are called innocent enjoyments, with much which makes up and adds to the happiness of life — poetry, painting, smiles, and laughter, the sallies of playful wit, or the quiet chuckle, the delightful emotions—half smiles, half tears,—created by humour, the family fun in summer evenings in the open air—all that kind of life which we enjoy and remember with such enjoyment (albeit mingled with sadness, not for what it was, but because it is not)—why is this not associated in our minds with saintship and holiness? Is it because those who are not holy possess it all? Yet this would only prove the liberality of God, and not the sinfulness of man—or any inconsistency in saints partaking of it. Is it that such happiness is sin? This cannot be. It would be a libel on all our instincts and feelings and the whole round of life as appointed by God. Is it that we have formed wrong ideas of saintship, and created, as in mediæval art, such notions as would make saintship impossible, or utterly *outré* and grotesque in the Exchange, or behind the counter, or on a Railway Board, or committee of Parliament? Yet it is in such places we need saints most. Or is it that we make such men as the apostles examples of what all men should be, and thence conclude that if so, the life I have alluded to must be wrong, earthly, and unworthy of men, as it could not be theirs? But, again, I look at the flowers Christ has made, and listen to His singing birds, whose bills, and throats, and instincts He has made, and con over all the gay and beautiful 'trifles' He has attended to as the Maker of the world, and which He called very good, and in which He has pleasure, and so the 'methodistical' view of life does not hold. But may not a life in harmony with this, in which the small flowers, and the small singing birds, and the perfumes, and the lights and shadows and sparkling waves, shall hold their own with the great mountains and mighty oceans, and intellectual and moral harmonies among God's great beings, be the normal state of things, and be reproduced in the new heavens and the new earth? The sorrows and sadness of Christ and of men like St. Paul would thus be abnormal, conditioned by the evil of sin. They would be as the sadness of a family because of a death and burial, but which was not their natural condition. The world's greatest men, in God's sense, God's own elect ones, the kings and princes of humanity, are thus necessarily the greatest sufferers. It is given them to 'suffer with Christ' as the highest honour, for it is the honour and glory of seeing things as they are in the true and eternal light which no mere man can see and live. But such men must die and be buried in the grave of sorrow, crucified by the world's sin.

"Yet let this occasion of sorrow be taken away, and why might not a St. Paul be a child again, and chase butterflies, gather flowers, and shout with

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joy among the heather? It is a great gift to be able to be happy at all, and see, however dimly, into life and death. Those who imitate these holy men only in their sadness and sorrow, practise a vain guise, like a mask, and fancy the signs of grief or grief itself to be a virtue, and not a misfortune, and glorious only as a sign of an inner love—the light which casts the shadow. Those who seek happiness for its own sake and call it innocent, and think it lawful without the eternal good, are vain as larks who would live only for singing, and silly as flowers who see nothing in creation but their own colours, and perceive nothing but their own perfume.

"A mountain once rebuked a rivulet for always foaming and making a noise. The rivulet replied that the ocean often did the same. 'Yes,' said the mountain, 'but the ocean has its depths and calms: you have neither.'"

"SUBJECTS FOR SONNETS SUGGESTED IN MY WALK.

"*Cuilchenna, July* 21.—The scenes of peace and beauty in Nature, resulting from the great cataclysms of the past; paralleled by the peace in the world and in the soul from the anguish of suffering.

2.

"The force of gravitation overcoming the storm and waves in carrying tiny bubbles out into the ebb tide; paralleled by the power of faith in the unseen, in those otherwise weak, as a power striving against and conquering apparently irresistible opposition.

3.

"The light, reflected by clouds, climbing a mountain side, illustrative of a pure mind rising over mighty heights of thought, and revealing their beauties."

"I see a field, one half is tilled
And may give something to the baker;
With weeds the other half is filled,
Not worth a halfpenny per acre.

"I won't admit that field is good
Because some good things grow within it—
I say 'tis bad for human food,
And getting worse, too, every minute.

"The owner of it is so lazy,
Yet most contented and pretentious,
His sense of duty very hazy,
And yet so very conscientious.

"He says 'he likes' one half to till,
He 'likes' what gives him little trouble,
He likes to follow his own will,
It is in short to quirk and quibble.

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"And now as I have told my mind
About one-sided plough and harrow,
The lesson is,—I never find
Men very good and very narrow.

"One half their lazy minds they till,
The other half is always weedy;
They worship idols, do their will,
Are often wicked—always seedy!"

To the Rev. Dr. WATSON :—

"CUILCHENNA.

"It is very difficult for me to write at present, as a nervous headache sets in always in half an hour, so that it is impossible to write. It goes off ten minutes after I stop, so that I can get on by fits and starts only.

"You must come soon again. I am wearying to have a talk in Sanscrit.

"'He who talketh Sanscrit talketh like a man, but he who talketh never (like me) is dumb.'—*Hindoo Proverb.*

"'He who is choked can never be hanged.'—*Hindoo Proverb.*

"'Heartburnings cause sourness, and sourness is never sweet.'—*A Scotticism.*

"My head gets so sore when I try to write."

To the SAME :—

"If we could only get half a dozen truly able and enlightened Christian native preachers, they would soon settle a creed for themselves. When we get freedom at home as to the subscription of articles, we shall be better able to work freely in India. The chief difficulty in the way of advancing Christianity in India is, unquestionably, that almost all the missionaries represent a narrow, one-sided Christianity."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"GLASGOW, *Wednesday.*

"I think this fit of sciatica is past. I had a queer night of it, between pain and sleeplessness.

"I employed part of my idle time after midnight in arranging the drawing-room. You would have laughed at me, as I did. But I could find no rest with that horrid neuralgia. It is gone to-day."

"*Friday.*

"I got sleep from seven to ten this morning, and I feel better than I have done for weeks. In short, after this I shall have a lease of good health.

"Kiss Cuilchenna for me.

"In the meantime, 'Good-night!'"

To Mr. SIMPSON, of Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers :—

"CUILCHENNA, *August 24.*

"I send you the last and concluding pages of my MS. The facts seems to me incredible, but it is true. I breathe more freely. My soul could transmigrate into 8vo., and lie for ages in a minister's library, unread and

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uncut like his own volume of sermons. Open the parcel, gently and reverently; 'there is a spirit in the leaves,' but one which your devils alone can comprehend. By the way, it may strike you that I say nothing against the devil-worship, so common among the aborigines of India. The fact is that I respect it more than any other form of heathenism. Its origin is literary. I have no doubt whatever that the original printers of the Vedas had some shocking MS. of Ram, or Kerishnu, or Dasaratha, or Ikshwaku, or Vishnu, to print, and they manifested such genius in deciphering it, such patience in printing it, such meekness in correcting it, that they became objects of worship. The 'Devil Dance' evidently originated in the joy witnessed among the printers when the MS. of the Ramayana or Manabharat was finally printed. I respect therefore all these types of the devils who lived in the days of Noah. They may have been the 'regular bricks' of Babylon, with their printed sides.

"The great Sancrit scholar, Dr. Muir, must know all about it. Was the corrector of the press originally the corrector of morals?"

To the SAME:—

"I should like to see final proof of that address.

"'To fight the battle of Waterloo,' remarked the Duke, with whom I humbly but firmly compare myself, 'was nothing. But to reply to letters, criticisms, &c., upon it, that was the work of real pain and difficulty.'

"The Duke, I feel, was right; but what was his work to mine?

"He got Water *loo.** I'll get water hot."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Cuilchenna, Sept.* 1.—This day ends my rest since I returned from India. I cannot tell what these months have been to me of quiet repose, of health almost restored, of blessed family life.

"I have not been idle, in the sense of doing nothing but amusing myself. I have hardly been a Sunday without preaching somewhere; once on the green, four times at Ballachulish, twice at Kilmallie, and once at Fort William. Above all I began and finished here my 'Address on Missions,' which has occupied more of my thoughts, and given me more trouble than anything I ever did. I have also written a chapter on 'Peeps at the Far East,' and a preface on the 'Characteristics of Highland Scenery,' for a Book of Photographs illustrative of the Queen's book, with some songs, and letters innumerable, besides preaching twice at home and attending all the meetings of the India Mission Committee.

"And then we had our evening readings from Shakespeare, or some other worthy book, and delightful croquet, and such evenings at fishing! never to be forgotten for their surpassing glory; and two happy visits from dear Watson, one of them with Clark of Gyah. It has been a heavenly time, for which with heart, soul, and strength I thank God.

"India, how dreamlike!"

"We need not build memorial cairns,
Ah no, my wife, I cannot do it;
For should we do so with the bairns,
Some day, my love, we're sure to rue it.

* *Anglice*, lukewarm.

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"If each dear hand lays down the stone
With love to all around to guide it,
Oh, who of us could come alone
In after years, and stand beside it?

"There's not a spot around this place,
There's not a mountain, glen, or river,
But shall recall each dear one's face,
And memories that perish never.

"On every hill-top we might raise
A 'holy rood,' though I would rather
We gave upon it daily praise
To Him who is indeed our Father.

"This time of joy in this dear place,
This Sabbath rest—to Him we owe it,
And not the least gift of His grace
That both of us have learned to know it."

"A word about politics. As to the Irish Establishment, I am on this point out and out for Gladstone. A nation must choose its own Church, and for all such practical purposes Ireland is as much an individuality as India. No idea can be right which practically is so offensive to common sense and to *fair play* as the Irish Establishment. Had the rest of Britain been Roman Catholic, how should we Presbyterians have liked the Establishment of a Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, with two millions of Presbyterians and one million of Roman Catholics? We drove out the Episcopal Protestant Church when it was out of harmony with the mind of the nation. To square the Protestant Establishment with Protestants won't do. It is an offence as a privileged Church to those subjects who do not believe in its teaching, and to whom it is no Church at all. If the Church of Scotland is in the same condition, which I deny, let it go. Justice must be done. The age of selfish monopolies of every kind is gone. Let it go. Christianity implies a giving all we can, a sharing all possible good with others. To fear Romanism! I am ashamed. Having ceased long ago to fear the devil, I can be frightened by nothing more. No evil need be feared, so long as good is loved. All evil is doomed; God is on the side of truth alone.

"All true politics should be in the line of making all the good possessed by the nation or in the nation, as much as possible a common good. No institution can be righteously defended unless it can be proved to benefit the country more than its destruction could do."

To Rev. Dr. WATSON:—

"CUILCHENNA, *September*, 1868.

"There is nothing I believe more firmly than that what is needed is that a man seek to know, believe, and act out the truth as he best can; and I rejoice in the thought that thus the great stones which build up the mighty Temple are cemented by thin layers, unseen by human eye, of ten thousand times ten thousand unknown but great, because humble, men and women.

"My highest ambition ought to be, and in a feeble sense is, to be a humble man, which I am not. Although, being not so, I would not like you to agree with me! I hope, however, by the grace of God, to be able at last to

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creep into a door-keeper's place in the house of God, or to be among the lowest guests in the lowest room. 'It will wonder me,' as the Germans say, should it be so in the end."

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Abergeldie, *September* 14, 1868.

"I am much the better for this trip. The air is cold and bracing. No strangers. All most kind. The Duke of Edinburgh is here.

"I preached happily. The Prince spoke to me about preaching only twenty minutes. I told him I was a Thomas à Becket, and would resist the interference of the State, and that neither he nor any of the party had anything better to do than hear me. So I preached for forty-seven minutes, and they were kind enough to say they wished it had been longer.

"The Prince's whole views as to his duty to Scotland and Ireland as well as England, were very high. He spoke most kindly and wisely of Ireland, and seems determined to run all risks (as he did) to do his duty to her."

From his Journal:

"The Moderatorship has been offered me by the Old Moderators, and I at first, by word and letter, out and out refused it. I did so chiefly on the ground of my desire for freedom in the expression of my personal opinions, without involving the Church as its representative, and as also a writer of whims, crotchets, songs and stories, and the editor of *Good Words*. But it was strongly represented to me by old Moderators that I ought and must accept—that it was a duty to accept, which is a very different thing from a mere compliment. Well, they know all about me, and the worst about me, and if, knowing this, they like to take me, it is their own look-out. I was free to accept it, which I latterly did, feeling very much the generosity of the Church in so acting to me. I feel that I won't betray them, as I have no object but the good of my dear Church, and, if possible, my still dearer country."

"*Nov.* 24.—My family left Cuilchenna at the end of September. I was obliged to leave sooner, and felt as stiff and gouty at the end as the beginning."

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CHAPTER XXII.

MODERATORSHIP AND PATRONAGE.

1869—70.

HIS unanimous election by the General Assembly of 1869 to the dignity of Moderator gave him no ordinary satisfaction. The event was gratifying in itself; but it was specially valued as a token of the liberality of the Church, which could bestow such an honour on one who had so recently fought for freedom at the risk of losing his ministerial position, and was highly appreciated as a mark of confidence in his personal loyalty and attachment to the Church.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*April 8th.*—It is a deep working out of love to say or do from true love that which may cause the object of love to manifest hate to us and yet to love him in spite of his hate.

"How wonderful is the love which can discern and accept of the love of God revealed in and by deepest suffering, and which rejoices in the love in spite of the suffering! 'He took the cup' and 'took the bread,' symbols of a broken body and shed blood, and '*gave thanks!*'

"Love is the only way along which the whole world may reach greatness. The proud despise it as too common and vulgar. They prefer to reach it by way of genius or talent.

". . . See clearly what you wish. Sincerely desire that others should see it also and seek it. Help to bring them into this mind by perfect truth and candour, patience, meekness, respect and tender consideration for their feelings and their prejudices. Never despair, and believing in God and His good-will to man, be sure that the right will come right.

"Deal with others as God deals with you, and all will be done with truth and charity and patience. Want of candour and want of confidence in our fellow-men hinder and weaken us.

"I believe we would always gain right ends sooner, whether political or ecclesiastical, if we openly declared what we wanted, and made no mystery of it. Wrong alone fears the light. 'Policy,' in most cases, if not in all, belongs to the devil and darkness. It creates the very suspicions which it endeavours to conquer."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"SHANDON.

"I have come here for a quiet day's work. I send you a morsel to keep your printer's devils going. I shall send as much more to-morrow."

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From his JOURNAL:—

"*May 18th, Tuesday.*—I record my gratitude to God for the quiet and comparatively unbroken fortnight I have had, and the measure of good health also given me, and the peace of mind to prepare my long address for the Assembly. I go to-morrow to reach the highest point in my public life. My mother, dear one! wife and nine children, aunts, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, and troops of friends to be with me. What a height of mercy! Oh, may this be a talent used lovingly, humbly, and unselfishly for His glory! Such is my earnest desire."

In giving the customary address at the close of the Assembly, he took the opportunity of uttering his convictions on several important matters of ecclesiastical policy. Among other points he noticed certain characteristics of the age of which he thought account should be taken by the Church.

"1.—The age in which we live is one of searching inquiry in regard to truth. We do not complain of this; for however perverted the spirit may sometimes become, and however much it may manifest mere discontent with things as they are, yet the spirit itself in its essence is good, and should be hailed by all who love the true and the right for their own sakes, be the consequences to themselves what they may.

"2.—Another characteristic of our time may be described as a jealousy of all monopolies, of all privileges which would secure good to the few, at the expense, directly or indirectly, of the many. And this is being applied to existing Church Establishments. Treaties of union, Acts of Parliament, and the like, however invaluable they may be, even as means of securing time for discussion, or as affording the strongest possible grounds for a patient and considerate policy, must ultimately yield to the prime question of political justice as decided by a national jury. The country will determine, wisely or unwisely, what it deems best, not for this or that class, this or that denomination, but for the general good. And I might add, that establishments of religion are henceforth likely to be dealt with, not according to an imperial policy which recognizes the unity of the State, but with reference to the wants and expressed wishes of each separate nationality, so to speak, whether of Scotland, England, or Ireland, in which they respectively exist. On this principle the Church of Ireland has been dealt with, not as an Establishment connected with the Church of England, far less as connected with the Establishment of Scotland, but merely with reference to its suitableness for Ireland, as determined by its past history, present position, and future prospects. And thus, too, must the Churches of Scotland and England in the long-run be tried, each on its own merits, each according to its adaptation to the religious wants of the country in which it exists. Now this is a principle of which national Churches should not complain, inasmuch as their power and efficiency are inseparable from the fact of their being acceptable to the nation as a whole. If by any fault of theirs they lose the confidence of the nation, or fail to recover it after a fair trial, their continuance is more than imperilled, seeing that they exist for the nation, and not the nation for them.

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"For myself," he said, in reference to the question of Subscription, "I confess that I do not see how the Church of Christ, or any section of it, as a society professedly founded on the teaching of Christ and His apostles, and having a history since the day of Pentecost, can exist without a creed expressed or administered in some form or other. As far as I know, the Church has always had some test for the doctrinal beliefs of its teachers and members, or for their beliefs of the historic facts of the New Testament which constitute the basis of objective Christianity.* Moreover, the theory held by us, as an Established Church, implies that the State ought to know what are the doctrines professed by the Church which it proposes to establish. Hence those doctrines when mutually agreed upon, become the law at once of the Church and of the State.

"What therefore in these circumstances can be done by our National Church? Shall we, for example, compel every minister under pain of dismissal, or of incurring charges of dishonesty, to accept every statment, every alleged fact, every argument for doctrine, and deduction from doctrine, and proof of doctrine to be found in the Confession? Is this what the Church really means before God when it uses the formula? And do we practically make no distinction between those things on which Christians, the most learned and the most holy, may and do differ in all Evangelical churches, and those doctrines on which, as a whole, all are at one? Possibly we may obtain honest agreement in minute details, but I fear it will only be on the part of the very few, of the very ignorant, thus necessarily creating the dead unity of a churchyard, rather than the living unity of a Church, and fostering a faith like that of Romanists, which rests practically upon the mere Church authority. It appears to me that the quantity or quality of any confession to those who thus receive it, is of no more importance than the quantity or quality of food is to a man who only carries it, but does not eat it. But on the other hand is it possible without running still greater risks for a Church to give official permission to any office-bearer to make this distinction between Essentials and Non-Essentials? Then where is the line to be drawn? And what value would there be in this case in any Confession at all? Might not the most dangerous and Anti-Christian opinions be preached in our pulpits, and the result be that to include sceptics we practically exclude true believers? It is so much easier for some to sneer at creeds altogether, and for others to raise a cry of horror as if God's Word was attacked when a doubt regarding them is expressed, than for both parties to carry the burthen of fair and candid men, seriously considering the difficulty and suggesting such a solution of it as may satisfy our sense of truth in regard to ourselves, and our sense of justice and charity towards others.

"And now let me ask with unfeigned humility and with a full sense of the difficulties which I have indicated, whether a practical solution, if not a logical one, may not, on the one hand, be found in common sense and spiritual tact and Christian honour on the part of those who, with doubts and difficulties, desire to enter or to remain in the Church, and that from no selfish motive; and, on the other hand, by the exercise of those same gifts and graces towards such individuals on the part of the Church? The minister can thus easily determine for himself how far he honestly agrees

* John ii. 10, 11; 1 John iv. 1; 2 Peter ii. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 8.

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with the teaching and doctrine of the Church, or cordially accepts it as that which has been recognised as constituting the essentials of Christianity by the whole Catholic Church from the days of the Apostles; while the Church, retaining her power to exercise discipline in every case of departure from the Confession, may also exercise due caution, charity, and forbearance."

The Dean of Westminster, who was present at several meetings of the General Assembly, afterwards addressed the following letter to Dr. Macleod as Moderator:—

From DEAN STANLEY:—

"DEANERY, WESTMINSTER.

"MY DEAR MODERATOR,

"I was obliged to leave in such haste on Friday, as to have had no time to thank you for the great kindness of the past week.

"It was a sincere grief and disappointment to me not to be able to be present to-day to hear your address, and to-morrow to assist at your dinner. Nothing but the call of imperative engagements here would have prevented it.

"Meanwhile I have had the very great pleasure and profit of having become acquainted, by personal intercourse, with your famous Assembly, and with the established organ of the Church of Scotland.

"I cannot bring myself to believe that an institution so represented is doomed to fall, or that the Scottish people will consent to the overthrow of a body which gives such pledges of dignity and progress to the whole country.

"If at your dinner you should think it worth while to refer to this humble expression of regard from a Presbyter of the sister Church, pray consider yourself af liberty to do so.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. P. STANLEY."

From his JOURNAL:—

"AIRD'S BAY HOUSE, *2nd August*, 1869.

"The Moderatorship was a time of great peace of heart. There was no *contretemps* of any kind. The house was very full, and every one was kind. Dean Stanley attended our Assembly, and visited the Free Church one also. He lived in the same hotel as we did. My address, which occupied two hours, was delivered to a crowded house, and was kindly accepted. It has since been published.

"After the Assembly, on the following Sunday I went to Balmoral; and at the end of June went with the Anti-Patronage Committee to London. The Scotch Members gave us a dinner. Had an interview with Gladstone, accompanied by twenty-seven M.P.'s. It was my own decided opinion that we should go to Government to do away with Patronage. If they refused to aid us, they could not accuse us of want of sympathy with the country; and if they aided us, they could not destroy us. They could not well order new clothes for a man, and then kill him.

"Some think that Gladstone, in his interview as reported, wished that in the memorial which he suggested, we should discuss the question of sharing endowments with other Presbyterian Churches. No one, at the time, as far as I know, believed this. Had I done so, although warned by several

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influential Members of Parliament not to discuss anything at that interview, and also feeling the extreme difficulty of my position as representing the Church, accompanied by a deputation with so many M.P.'s of different sentiments, yet I would have refused, without consent of the Church, to entertain and discuss the question of Disestablishment, when we were commissioned to consider Patronage only. But a leader in the *Daily Review* made me think that this meaning might be given to the words, and possibly truly, so I protested in a speech given in Glasgow, at my brother's induction dinner to Park Church, against what seemed to me the insulting idea of asking us to entertain such a question, although the Church might do it. This called forth an abusive article." *

Ecclesiastical policy was never congenial to him, and it is doubtful how far he was fitted to be in this sphere the leader of a party. He had strong convictions as to the principles by which a national Church should be guided, and drew a line, clear enough to his own mind, between the generous comprehension which he advocated, and the latitudinarianism which would override the limits of catholic belief. But he had neither patience nor taste for diplomacy, nor for the *finesse* required to "manage" a party. His special calling, in the circumstances in which the Church had been placed since 1843, had respect to her life and practical work; and he felt that in proportion as he helped to make her better he would also make her stronger. But, although he was not an ecclesiastical politician, he acquired an influence in the councils of the Church, and, what was still more important, an influence beyond her pale which was perhaps wider and more vital than that of any or all the leaders or parties.†

On this subject Dean Stanley wrote:—

"He was the chief ecclesiastic of the Scottish Church. No other man during the last thirty years in all spiritual ministrations so nearly filled the place of Chalmers; no other man has occupied so high and important a position in guiding the ecclesiastical movements of his country since the death of Robertson, we might almost say, since the death of Carstares . . . Macleod represented Scottish Protestantism more than any other single man. Under and around him men would gather who would gather round no one else. When he spoke it was felt to be the voice, the best voice of Scotland."

* Considerable difference of opinion prevailed as to the exact words used by Mr. Gladstone, but that Dr. Macleod had quite apprehended their purport, may be gathered from the following letter, written by Mr. Gladstone's Secretary to the Rev. Mr. Dykes, of Ayr:—

"Mr. Gladstone has no report by him of his conversation with the deputation that waited on him in the summer, and is unable, without that assistance to make any positive assertion on the subject; but according to his best recollection, he gave no opinion of his own on the proposal of the deputation, but inquired if it had been considered what view was or would be taken of the proposal by the other Presbyterian communions in Scotland, and what effect its adoption would have on the relation between those communions (regard being had to their origin) and the Established Church."

† I am reminded, that since the Disruption there have been no *parties* in the Church. This may be true in a technical sense, but practically, each Assembly has been divided on special questions; and these divisions have usually been determined by a general policy.

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It was fortunate, therefore, for the movement for the Abolition of Patronage, that when it first took definite shape, the Church was represented by one whose antecedents gave him claims to attention in professing to speak on grounds of public rather than sectarian policy.

His own views on the question of Patronage were sufficiently defined. He never for a moment imagined that it was contrary to Scripture; and, as actually exercised in the Church, he deemed there might be many advantages as well as disadvantages connected with its continuance. It was, however, on grounds of Christian expediency, and in view of the relation of the Church to the country, that he now supported its abolition. Even as early as 1843 he had foreseen the necessity of moving in this direction, and in his closing address as Moderator of the General Assembly he strongly urged the motives by which the national Church ought, in his opinion, to be actuated.

"By a national Church, I mean one whose clergy are secured a decent support out of certain funds set apart by the State for their use; a Church whose doctrines have been accepted by the State, as those which are henceforth to characterise the teaching of its ministers, and whose government and discipline are in their several outlines defined, recognised, and protected by law. Such an organization exists, not for the sake of the clergy, but for the sake of the country. The people do not thus belong to the Church, but the Church to the people. Our stipends are not given for our own sake, but for theirs. The Church is their property, and all her ministrations are established for their advantage. If this be so, then a national Church can never, without forfeiting its true position, regard what are called its own interests as being in any way independent of the interests of the country, but rather as subordinate to them.

"A Christian body, self-supported, whose members are united by a mere voluntary agreement, may exist for itself only, and teach as it pleases, being answerable alone to conscience and to God. Not so a Church which has had conferred upon it the privileges and consequent responsibilities of an Establishment. Every question which comes before such a Church for decision must be judged of with reference to the general interests of the nation. According to this principle, the views and wishes of Churches dissenting from our communion, on grounds which it may be possible for us to remove, and the beliefs even of those of our fellow countrymen who reject all Churches, demand from us earnest and anxious consideration. The office-bearers of the national Church are trustees of a property which is theirs only in so far as they regard it as a common boon, which all citizens are entitled to share. How many of our divisions might have been prevented, had all parties, acting on this principle, carried in common the burden of the Church, and endeavoured to make her claims harmonious at once with the righteous demands of the State and of the country! How much might yet be done if we would pass over all the narrow space bounded by Church party into the wider space limited only by Christian patriotism! We are thus bound, as far as is consistent with our existence as a Christian Church, to include within it as many, and to exclude from it as few as possible, of our countrymen. And in order, I repeat, to do this, we should

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weigh their conscientious convictions whether as to government, forms of worship, or doctrines of minor importance, in the light of that true Christian charity, which is at once the highest form of freedom and of restraint."

His anxiety was, if possible, to rebuild the Church on a foundation sufficiently wide to include the Presbyterianism of Scotland. He did not, however, delude himself with the hope of any corporate union immediately taking place with the Free Church and United Presbyterians, in consequence of the abolition of Patronage He knew too well their historical antecedents, understood too well the spirit which years of antagonism had created, and had weighed too carefully other practical difficulties to expect any such happy consummation. In reference to this he used to quote from "Christabel" these lines—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
* * * *
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

But he certainly dared to hope that, after time had exercised its healing influence, these Churches would be thankful for the preservation of the national endowments for religion, and appreciate the attempt now made to open the doors of the Establishment as wide as possible to all Presbyterian bodies. In these endowments he saw the only sufficient security for the existence of a well paid and well educated ministry for the nation. All he had seen and learned of Voluntaryism in America, and all he had known of its working in this country, had convinced him that, when existing alone, it was not only insufficient for the proper support of the Church in poor districts, but involved in its very nature elements of danger to the tone, independence, and liberty of the clergy.* It seemed to him therefore a betrayal of the interests of Christianity in Scotland, where the people were practically at one in their beliefs, to throw away the patrimony of the Church for the sake of a party triumph. He was therefore determined, as far as in him lay, to conserve the Church for patriotic ends, and, with this view, was anxious to bring her government as much as possible into harmony with the lawful wishes, and even the prejudices of the people.

* See his Speech on Patronage in the Assembly of 1870.

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"We must endeavour to build up a Church, national but not sectarian, most tolerant, but not indifferent—a Church with liberty but not license, endowed but not covetous, and which, because national, should extend her sympathy, her charity, if need be her protection, to other Churches, and to every man who, by word or deed, tries to advance the good of our beloved country."*

Some months after the deputation had waited on Mr. Gladstone, he wrote to the Duke of Argyll in the following terms:—

"*29th March*, 1870.

"No man realises more fully or intensely than I do the difficulties which surround us on every side in attempting to preserve the Church as an Established Church, or even to secure for Presbyterianism the ecclesiastical funds of the country. We cannot remain in our present position and receive an attack, for our doing so would provoke an attack, and justly too, as that would not be acting a worthy part. We cannot retract after the vote for movement in regard to Patronage. We must advance, stronger in numbers, in activity, in talent and influence, than during any previous period subsequent to '43; and stronger still I humby hope in an unselfish desire, as becomes a national Church, to seek the good of the country. And for this end we ought to be willing to share as far as practicable the advantages or the prestige of the Establishment, or at the worst, its endowments, with all who will receive them. I advance therefore to make honourable terms, not with 'the enemy,' or mutineers, but with those regiments who have left us, formed themselves into a Free Corps, and have weakened in so many ways the army which should be united against the common foe. Our attempt is not hopeless! No attempt can be so which, before God, seeks to do good. A higher blessing in some form must come than if no such attempt is made. I have faith in God. All will depend on the spirit which may actuate the Churches.

"The removal of Patronage, I am aware, is but one step, and not the greatest. But I fancy that if it could be enacted that induction should take place 'according to the laws of the Church,' leaving liberty to regulate from time to time the laws regarding the election, that the difficulty of 'spiritual independence' would be practically solved.

"The Free Church could not, without denying her principles and history, refuse at least to consider the question in the gravest manner, and the responsibility of refusal would be laid on her. A considerable party in that Church, and in the whole north of Scotland, which has declared against union with the Voluntaries, and mourns over the 'sad defection' of Candlish, Guthrie, and Buchanan, would gladly entertain the idea. The United Presbyterians, who in their political eagerness to join the Free Church, consented to let *the principle* of Establishment be 'an open question' could hardly make its practice (a mere £ *s. d.* affair) be a ground for rupture, and thus, if there was an Endowed Free Church in friendly co-operation—in unity, if not union—with those tender consciences which 'cannot touch the coined money,' we should have reform, in harmony with our past history, and not Revolution.

* Speech in Assembly, 1870.

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"In spite of all that Voluntary Churches have done, never were endowments, in addition to free gifts, more needed, if we are to have, beyond the towns, clergy who can hold their own among a cultivated and educated laity.

"There is a great fear on the part of some of our Broad Churchmen, least an immigration of barbarian races into the Establishment should extinguish all the freedom and break up the Church by a series of massacres, or force other and counter migrations to Independent or Episcopal Churches. They tell me I should be the first man to be shot! But I do not fear this. Indeed, I begin to fear much more lest liberty should degenerate into license: anyhow, I have confidence in truth, time, and public opinion.

'I write to you without reserve. I believe in your good-will to the Church, your love to your country. 'Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'"

To Dr. CHARTERIS:—

"There would be, on the one hand, great danger to fair and honest freedom by union at present with the Free Church. We should be terribly tried by a demon of Dogma, wandering in dry places, and no real man daring to pass that way. Even John Calvin would be strangled. Hymns! Organs! Simpler Creed! Simpler formula! Pfui! All gone, and the Church would soon follow.

"I see no chance of any legislation by which their idea of spiritual independence can be made possible. Do you? And if possible, desirable. Do you?

"But, on the other hand, I hold an endowed Church, according to all experience, to be almost essential to our possessing men of culture, and such are a great gift from God. We may do without them, but we shall do immensely better with them, and this leads to union, for the strengthening of the Church.

And again, bad as high and dry, tight-laced, hard, straight-line, orthodoxy is, there is something inconceivably worse, and that is cold, heartless, breathless, speculative unbelief. If I fear the Presbyterian Church of Scotland being frozen by orthodoxy into fixed and dead forms as respects thought, I fear a million times more her ministers and people being frozen into eternal lumps of ice.

"Lastly, if our Church in Scotland is to do the utmost possible work as a Church for Scotland, it must be by method, by the saving of waste power, whether of men or money, and by gaining more moral and spiritual power by means of fewer temptations to malice, envy, pride, selfish ambition, &c., and by affording greater inducements and opportunities to cultivate common sympathies and common affections in praying, preaching, and working together in advancing our Lord's kingdom. All this points to union."

From his JOURNAL:—

"AIRD'S BAY, LOCH ETIVE, 1869.

"At the end of June, I went with Watson and Strahan to Berlin. I fixed the missionaries to the Aborigines of India. We left Glasgow on Tuesday, and I was back on the next Friday week. I had a most uncomfortable journey, and was very wearied. I returned by Hamburgh; since that I have been here."

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To Canon KINGSLEY:—

"AIRD'S BAY HOUSE, *July* 24, 1869.

"Your note about Captain A— came when I was occupying the Chair of the General Assembly. After that I had to go to Balmoral; then London; then Berlin; all on public business. Now I am trying to rest beneath the shadow of Cruachan, and to pump out the letters which have nearly drowned me.

"What a glorious country this is! I think Loch Etive the finest loch in the Highlands. It worms its way like Olaf Tryggveson's snake-boat far up among silent hills for thirty miles, with branching glens going nowhere, here and there a hut like a boulder, ending with the shepherd's of Etive Glen.

"It is worth coming all this way to row up the Loch, for there is no road on either side, and its shores are unpolluted. No Murray knoweth them. The trail of the old clans has not been obliterated by foot of civilised man. An old seal raised his head and wondered if I was going to join Prince Charlie. The sheep stare at me. The hills seem to dress themselves in their best robes and colours to receive strangers.

"Well, Benares and Bunawe, Lucknow and Lorne are queer contrasts!

"What a glory before me is that Cruachan! For a week after arriving I was so fagged and out of sorts that Nature touched me only on the outside. My soul seemed nature-proof. It begins now to receive some of its beauty; and next to the Bible I find Nature the holiest teacher.

"It is fortunate for me that you will be unable to read this."

From his JOURNAL:—

"20*th August*, 1869.—I leave in an hour for Inverie, Mr. Baird's place in the north.

"I have had a wonderful time of happiness with all my dear children, all so well and joyous; one of those many times of heaven's sunshine on earth we have had together, but which cannot, in the transition period of education by trial, be repeated often.

"I preached every Sunday, except the one I was in Glasgow. I have written two 'Peeps'—Madras and Calcutta; also a long article in *Record* on the Aborigines, and at least two hundred letters. We have had little trips—on Loche Awe and Loch Etive—once with dear Shairp.

"I have been made Dean of the Thistle."

His former assistant and minister of his Mission Church, the Rev. Mr. Young, of Ellon, gives the following reminiscence of an evening spent at Aird's Bay:—

"The Doctor had retired early in the day into a quiet room for work, but as the day wore on, and he heard us at croquet, he left his letters and India Mission work and joined us for a while. He likes this game, for it brings him into the open air and the society of his children, and so enthusiastic does he get that he affects even to loose his temper as the play goes against his side. It was, however, only a brief interlude of relaxation, for he was soon at his writing again, and scarcely emerged till late in the evening. We had gathered in the drawing-room, and the music had just commenced, when a tap on the window outside summoned me to join him. He is tired after

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his day's work, and sits smoking under a tree. The solemn calm and beauty of the landscape, seen in the fast-fading light, have suggested a multitude of profound thoughts which he wishes to communicate. I sit almost speechless, for he discourses most marvellously about God's mercies and their varied effects on the grateful and ungrateful. There is a nervous eloquence in his words, and although it is very dark, I know that his whole frame heaves with emotion, as he pictures the hard struggle which the Christian has in acquiescing in the divine will when that will requires the surrender of some choice blessing. This leads to a touching autobiographical sketch, in which he tells of the deep waters he had some years before passed through during the time Mrs. Macleod was in fever. I never was so impressed as by that conversation. The sacred quiet of the late evening, the earnest pathos of the speaker, and the thrilling nature of the theme powerfully affected me. When he ended, we wiped the tears from our eyes, and joined the family in the drawing-room, and enjoyed music and singing the rest of the evening."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*December* 31*st*, 1869.—In a few hours the century will have lived its threescore and ten years! I question if since time began, with the exception of three or four great eras, such as the calling of Abraham, the Exodus, the birth of Christ, the Reformation, the invention of printing, or it may be, the breaking up of the Roman Empire, the birth of Mahomet, or of Buddah—such an influential period has existed. The invention of the steam-engine, the discovery of gas, telegraph, chloroform; with the freedom of slaves, the British acquisition of India, the opening up of the world to the gospel, the translations of the Scriptures, will make it forever memorable.

"It has been a happy year to myself, and some events in it have been to me interesting personally.

"I have collected some thousands for Retiring Allowance Fund: addressed very many meetings on Missions; founded and collected for Aborigines Mission; got free site for new Mission Church at Bluevale; aided in arranging plan for ten new churches. Written eleven articles for *Good Words*.

"*January*, 1870.—We had our old gathering on the first of the year at Shandon. My beloved mother, alive and hearty, at the head of our table! Such mercies are awful! And very rare it is in a man of fifty-eight to have such a mother—so grand and good, so full of love and sympathy—almost painful from its intensity—to be one with him from his infancy!

". . . . God Almighty, imbue us all with Thy charity! The longer I live the less do I desire to judge any man. There is no one but God can decide as to any man's character. This is a product of so many causes—temperament, the society into which he has been cast, intellectual capacity, the teaching he has received, whether from the books he has read, the clergy—perhaps bigots, ignorant men, superstitious dogmatists, mere talkers—he has heard, and a thousand circumstances—that we dare not condemn the man, though from the light God has given us we may say, 'to me this is right or wrong.' Many a so-called 'infidel' is nearer the kingdom of God than many an 'orthodox' minister. Many an unbeliever is a protest against those who in honest ignorance have, in the name of God, spoken what is untrue. What we all need is a child-like spirit to trust God, to

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hear God, to believe that there is a God who loves us, who desires our individual well-being, who can and will teach us, and lead us into all essential truth, such truth as will make us His children in teachableness and obedience.

"The clergy have often done great damage to the truth. They have sought more to fit in what has been proposed as truth to them, to a system of theology given them in the Divinity Hall, than to see it in the light of God himself.

"It is an awful thought that some men cannot bring God's own revealed truth into the light of reason and conscience. I have such profound faith in revealed truth *to* us as to rejoice that it shall be tried by what God has revealed *in* us. I would tremble for any truth that could be maintained by nothing more than by the authority of the letter, by an 'it is written.' Jesus used this argument; but it was to the Devil, who had no spiritual eye to see. So may we address his disciples, and leave them to think of it. Yes, and it answers to what is written in the soul, conscience, hopes, sorrows, joys, and expectations of humanity. I almost adore the Bible. The more I read it, without almost any thought of questions of inspiration, but simply as a record of fact, of precept and principle, of judgment and of mercy, of God's acts and 'ways' (*i.e.*, the principles of his acts), all culminating in Christ, as a revelation of what God is to man, and what man was created to be to God, the more my whole moral being responds to it, as being a revelation of God. The authority of the Bible is to me supreme, because it 'commands' my reason and conscience. I feel it is from God. It was once otherwise with me. It is so no more; and the older I get the more my spirit says amen to it.

"I feel a great difference from looking at revealed truth, not as it dovetails into a system of theology, but as it appears in the light of God, as revealed in Christ. A divine instinct seems to assure me 'this is true,' 'it is like God,' 'it is in harmony with all I know of Him.'

"I believe all our churches are breaking up. We have almost settled the questions of mere dogmatics. Calvinism, Arminianism, and all the *isms* connected with men have done their work in educating the Church. Rome tries by the force of numbers centered in Papal infallibility in regard to dogma, to hold the Church together. Protestantism is, in another form, trying to create unity by restraints that are also external. But what we crave for is the union of life, 'Christ in us,' which alone can convince the world that a new supernatural power has really entered humanity, a power which alone can produce in us a new character, and make us partakers of the divine nature. I think we shall be all *smashed* as respects churches and systems, and this, as a negative preparation for the second coming of Christ—not an objective coming, but one through the Spirit, as Christ in us, the whole life of Christ, uniting all who know Him, as the one hope of glory. May Thy kingdom come!

"The power of mere traditional views of so-called Christianity is to me utterly astounding. I heard an excellent young man preach last night. He logically carried out the asssumption that our Lord endured the very punishment our sins deserved. Hence, he said, the damned in hell alone could understand His sufferings! Yet such monstrous—shall I call it blasphemy?—never struck him. God forgive us clergy, who have made men infidels by all the 'hard speeches' we have in our ignorance uttered against Thee.

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"The Lord reigns! Let the earth be glad! Our hope is in Him who 'is able,'—who else can?—to give us light and life.

"My life is not what I would have chosen. I often yearn and long for quiet, for reading, and for thought. It seems to me to be a very paradise, to be able to read, think, pray, go deep into things, gather the glorious riches of intellectual culture, rise into the empyrean of abstract truth, write thoughtful and careful sermons, grasp at the great principles of wise statesmanship, master all the historical details necessary as data for future reference, &c., &c.

"God has forbidden it in His providence. I must spend hours in receiving people (not of my congregation) who wish to speak to me about all sorts of trifles; to reply to letters about nothing; to engage on public work on everything; to waste my life on what seems uncongenial, vanishing, temporary, waste. Yet God knows me better than I do myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings, and my weaknesses, what I can do and not do. So I desire to be led, and not to lead; to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He has thus enabled me to do a great deal more, in ways which seem to me almost a waste of life, in advancing His kingdom than I could have done in any other way—I am sure of that. Intellectually I am weak. In scholarship nothing. In a thousand things a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow men. How kind, how good, how compassionate, art Thou, O God!

"Oh, my Father! keep me humble. Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men—to recognise their several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents; and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if Thou art glorified! Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer! Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as All in All!

"*January* 17.—That which does not commend itself to the consience of the Church, *i.e.*, the true Church of men who reverence God, who seek Him, desire to do His will, and peril all in knowing Him, is not to be received. God himself challenges the response of the enlightened conscience—'Judge between me and my vineyard.'

"I thank God that He, not man's absurd arguments, can touch sinners and bring them to Himself.

"How often are men right in the thing, and wrong in the argument. How often right in the argument, and wrong in the thing! All-merciful, wise God, have mercy on us and teach us!"

To Rev. W. F. STEVENSON:— "*February*, 1870.

"I returned at the end of last week from England, where my wife and I spent ten days very happily. We visited, with our friends the Lumsdens, Oxford, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and, aided by a carriage and two horses, had a splendid day with the hounds, and followed them from the meet to the death. The clergy are too much Jacob all over, and might be improved by a little of Esau. What a fine man could be made out of them both—better than either!

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"I have too much on hand. I begin another new church for my poor people. But I am now as firmly convinced as Müller or you are, that whatever work God gives us to do will be done and finished, if done to Him and by Him! So I shall build my church—get £10,000 for my Retiring Fund, establish my Aborigines Mission, get fit men and money for home and abroad, and also become myself a better man—though last not least!

"I wish I had a long talk with you on public affairs. All is preparing, by bad as well as good, for the coming of Christ in us—to reign on earth."

He resumed once more the fatiguing labour of addressing Presbyteries and public meetings in different parts of the country on behalf of the India Mission; and while he was grateful for the personal kindness he always experienced and the expressions of increased interest on the part of clergy and laity with which these meetings were generally concluded, he had yet to deplore the absence of permanent results. The movement which was inaugurated, the resolutions that were heartily carried where he was present, were too frequently forgotten a few weeks afterwards. He was also not a little annoyed by the readiness with which many excellent ministers assumed an attitude of suspicion towards the Mission, lest it should be conducted on too 'broad' principles.

"This India Mission," he writes, "our only mission to the heathen, is on its trial. The deputation to India was but a prelude to the more difficult work of seeking to give life to this great, stolid, dull mass of clergy and people."

"I solemnly declare," he writes again to a respected brother clergyman who was standing aloof, "that except I am better supported by the clergy I will give it up. I have neither time nor heart for it. Last night, lame with gout, I addressed two thousand five hundred people in Perth. I have now been for four hours doing nothing but writing letters connected with another meeting—and this is but a drop in my bucket—and in the midst of this constant worry of mind to have cold water or lukewarm water thrown over me! The fire burns in my bones for a mission and a Church at the point of perishing. In God's name I will fight my gun till I die—but you must come into the battery."

From his JOURNAL:—

"Our India mission has never been so strong in point of agency since '43. But will the Church respond? The Lord knows! My terror is that she will not; and then God will in judgment take away that which has been given! How fearful! God's ministers to be the obstructions to missions! God's ministers to be the last! 'Then cometh the end!'

"May the Lord avert it! It is almost inconceivable into what a hard, formal state, even ministers may come! A sort of Protestant Pugi;* a Romanism of mere 'sound words'—forms; no life, no longing or yearning to win souls to Christ; no faith, but a conceited philosophism, a *puppyism* of would-be philosophical or evangelical cant, or an unbelief whose one end is cultivating popularity with farmers and parishioners.

* "Pugi" is the Indian name for ritual.

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"As to farmers, I was visiting to-day a working man's family from the country. What an account they gave me of the family life so often found in our Scotch farms! The indifference of the masters, the consequent ignorance, brutality, and moral filth of the servants—the atrocious selfishness of the whole thing! I have the poorest possible opinion of the morality, the common decency that is too frequently observed on the farms of Scotland. As Dr. Chalmers said of —— so I may say of a mass of our agriculturists—they are a set of 'galvanised *Divots*.'*

". . . There is a great talk about education. Well, I would prefer what is foolishly called 'secular education' (as if all truth was not from God, and therefore according to His will) to none. But why not religious instruction, if 'religious education' is too glorious a thing to aspire after. Surely the facts of the Bible, what it records and says (whatever value individuals may attach to them), should be given to our children? I think that the facts of Mahommedanism and even Brahminism, as well as those of Greek and Roman mythology, should be given to the citizens of a great nation which rules millions believing in both. How much more the facts of the Bible! As for the Shorter Catechism, I would not wish it taught in schools, or any catechism or abstract dogmatic teaching. Give me the alleged facts! I shall then have the skeletons which I can through the Spirit quicken into a great army!

"The ignorance of some critics on Scripture is wonderful! There is just as much bigotry, narrowness, and fanaticism in sceptics as in Christians. I have often marvelled at the ignorance of writers against the Bible in regard to facts, or as to what enlightened theologians have written.

"I don't believe one *fact* narrated in Scripture will be found, in the end, adverse to, but in profound harmony with science, reason, conscience, history, and common sense.

"Narrow-minded theologians have been the greatest enemies to the gospel. They are sincere, pious, devoted, but often conceited, self-willed, and ignorant, making their shibboleths inspiration. Pious women, good souls, have also played into the hands of infidels, and done them much service.

"Ignorant missionaries of the revival and extreme Calvinistic school have been great barriers in the way of the gospel in India.

"Why is it that 'liberal' Churchmen don't work? Why don't they take up missions, tract and other societies? They leave these to many old wives. The good and wise men among the 'Evangelicals' would be thankful for their aid."

"*March* 11*th*.—I have been astounded by a most influential member of the Church saying to me, 'What is it to me whether Christ worked miracles or rose from the dead! We have got the right idea of God through Him. It is enough, *that* can never perish!' And this truth is like a flower which has grown from a dunghill of lies and myths! Good Lord, deliver me from such conclusions! If the battle has come, let it; but before God I will fight it with those only, be they few or many, who believe in a risen, living Saviour.

"This revelation of the influence of surface criticism has thrown me back immensely upon all who hold fast by an objective revelation. Nothing can possibly move me from Jesus Christ, the living Saviour, the Divine Saviour,

* "Divot" is an expressive Scotch word for a turf—sod.

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the Atoning Saviour, whatever be the philosophy of that atonement. I fear, yet fear not, a great battle with all forms of Antichrist."

"*April* 6.—If the Church of Scotland will relax her formula, improve her worship, by using a liturgy as well as extempore prayer, prescribe a regular course of Scripture lessons for reading in Church, have good music and organs if need be, no patronage, a more careful superintendence of men, as was done by the old superintendents, establish a Central Sustentation Fund to support and stimulate Home Mission work—then we may be stronger than ever. We must be the Church of evangelical freedom and progress.

" . . . If the sorrows of Christ were the necessary results of His relationship to God and man, must they not continue? Why not, but in a form consistent with and modified by His present glorified and triumphant state?

" Our heaven is not a selfish one. It is sympathy with Christ. A part of its glory may be noble suffering such as a wise and a good man would prefer inconceivably to the spiritual self-indulgence of golden harps and enjoyment.

" Then cometh the end! When? But until then—what? What of the wicked? What of their education beyond the grave? What of the mission of the Church to them? May not our Foreign Mission last in the next world? What if tremendous self-sacrifice will be demanded of the Church to save the wicked, in every case where that is morally possible, and the death of Christ for sinners be repeated in principle?

"O blessed God! How beautiful is that blue sky seen through my small study window! What glory in Thy clouds? What calm and peace above this world of battle and of blood!

" We are made for society. God has implanted the social instinct in us, but the only bond of society is unselfishness."

From Sir ARTHUR HELPS:—

"COUNCIL OFFICE, 1870.

" You are a very foolish man in one thing; and, as a sincere friend it is my duty to tell you so. I have noticed this error in you more than once. You are by nature, and you cannot help yourself, however much you may try to fork Mrs. Nature out, an eloquent man in talk as in speaking.

" The good talk of others excites you, and you heartily respond to it.

" People never like you better than when you do so respond. And then, afterwards, you have qualms of conscience and worry yourself by saying, 'Was I not too tempestuous?'

" No, you were not; you were never more agreeable. I must, as a true friend, drive this silly notion out of your head.

" For example, the other day that clever Saturday reviewer who sat next to me was your most dire opponent. He fired arrows into you, sharp arrows. You went on, never minding. With the arrows sticking in your breast, you went on thundering at him, and being perfectly unconscious of the adherent shafts.

" Now that reviewer went away with me, and he expressed the most affectionate admiration for you.

"I declare to you, that vehement as you are (and I love your vehemence), I never heard you say a discourteous thing to your opponent whether he were present or absent, and the latter is by far the greater merit.

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"Never again talk to me about repentance in this matter. Sometimes I think you are too merciful to your opponents."

To PRINCIPAL SHAIRP :—

"*April* 23*rd*, 1870.

"Matthew Arnold is good, but I do not think that the inspiration, in any honest sense, of the Apostles is to be set aside and their testimony as to fact and dogma to be criticised as one would a lecture of Jowett or a volume of Rénan. He jumps also too rapidly from the position of not seeing a statement as true to that of rejecting it as if untrue, rather than to wait for light. I see also a tendency to deal with a spiritual machinery of motive, law, conscience, will, to the exclusion of a living personal God, just as men are doing with machinery of law in the natural world. But I did not mean to write an article. I believe the Bible from Genesis to Revelation will be recognized more and more as a revelation chosen and approved of by God, as the best possible, just as true science increases in breadth, unity, and depth. I despise and abhor that self-indulgence of whim, and measuring everything by the agreeable. I'd rather sweep chimneys and be a man, than a king and be a spoon."

To Mrs. MACLEOD :—

"BALMORAL, *May*, 1870.

"Yesterday was a day of battle and of triumph and no mistake for my friends the evil 'speerits.' Through the ignorance of that wretched 'Boots' I was kept hanging about the Perth platform from 12 noon-day, till 11.45 P.M. Think of it if you can, sleeping, walking, yawning, smoking, groaning, smiling and abusing! A train leaves Aberdeen at 3 A.M. while the Queen is here. I got it. Messenger's carriage full, of course. Had to hire another. Arrived here at 6 A.M. Have slept since, and breakfasted in my own room. Seen no one. Tired, but have been worse.

"On opening my bag found hair-brushes and comb left behind! Of course. Oh these wee deevils!"

To Rev. A. CLERK, LL.D.:—

"That early school of Campbeltown—boys first and lads afterwards—up to college days has had a deep effect on me. I am amazed as I think of the reckless and affectionate *abandon* with which I threw myself into it! My slap-dash manner and words are its result, and will stick to me more or less all my life."

To the SAME on the death of a very dear son :—

"GLASGOW, 1870.

". . . . I trust you and Jessie realise the truth of Adie's life and love to you all. He is not unless he remembers, and as he does he loves. I always think of him as received by his numerous relations, grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and uncles, and his little brother grown up and feeling so thoroughly at home, and rejoicing in life and in hope, and sustained by a great faith in the hope of meeting you all, and in you all pleasing God on earth as the highest of all. I preached lately on death in the light of Christ coming for us and taking us to Himself, and on heaven as a place prepared

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for us, *i.e.*, adapted in every detail to the feelings, associations, &c., of human beings, young and old, cultivated and ignorant. All this is necessarily bound up with the fact that He who was a child, as well as a man, who lived among and loved such persons as ourselves, must build, furnish, and adorn the house in a way suitable to all the members of His own family—the dear bairns most of all, for them He took to His own heart."

His summer quarters were fixed for this season at Java Lodge, in the Island of Mull, not far from the celebrated ruins of Duart Castle. The view from the coast was superb, including, what was to him of unfading interest—the hills of Morven and distant Fiunary, the scene of his earliest and happiest associations.

From his JOURNAL:—

"JAVA LODGE, *July* 17, 1870.

"The Assembly—for I must go back in my brief record of events—passed off well. Its characteristic was its treatment of questions chiefly bearing on the practical life of the Church. The Patronage question, though carried by a large majority, did not excite much enthusiasm; first, because there was no great hope of Government taking it up unless a strong political pressure was brought to bear upon it—this was not likely from the influence of political Dissenters on the elections in Scotland;—and, secondly, should it be carried, we felt no great security for better ministers being appointed than now, when the people have it practically all their own way, checked by Patronage. But the resolution of the Assembly put us in a better position with the country. Dr. Cook, almost the only statesman we have, acted a very unselfish and patriotic part, seeking the good of the Church, and not a party triumph.

"I spoke on Patronage, Christian Life, Home Missions, and India. I published my sermon given at the opening of the Assembly. But how can I publish as I preach?

"I have this moment heard that France has declared war against Prussia. It is awful to think of the thousands who are on this quiet Sunday, here all peace, marching to wounds and death. The Lord Jesus is over all! This is an end of the Napoleon dynasty, and an end of Rome for the Pope! So much for the dogma of the Infallibility.

"The Emperor is mad! He must fail. I argue that the French dare not cross the Rhine at Strasburg, as the Prussians will advance from Coblentz and Maintz—these being magnificent bases of operation—and they will thus outflank the French, and compel them to keep to Metz as their centre. They are outnumbered, and must fail.

"*August* 10.—Victory, victory for Prussia! *(Woerth).* We shall have the grand battle east of Metz. If the French gain, by dividing the Prussians, what then? It would be but momentary. To cross the Rhine is not impossible. But the French are outnumbered, and will receive a terrible smash! They will fall back on Paris, Paris will revolt, Napoleon will abdicate, and in three weeks be, with his family, in London. There will be a Provisional Government. All will be confusion. The Lord reigns!

"*Sunday, 27th.*—What a glorious day! I preached on Missions. These days of preaching make the little Highland churches the monuments to me

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of the most happy days of my sojourn. Never did the landscape appear more magnificent; the shadows and lights upon the hills were unearthly sheen. In glory, a rainbow rose—for there was no arch—up from the Buachaill Etive, and was such as the Shekinah may have appeared to the tribes who from afar looked on the encampment of Israel. The sea crisp with sparkling waves; the sky intensely blue, in great spaces between huge masses of cumuli clouds, with some more sombre; the distant hills were near and clear, as if seen through crystalline air; and then, the lights upon them! bright rays lighting up, below, yellow cornfields, and green pastures ten miles off, and above, sometimes a bare *sciùir* or deep corrie, or broad green hill-back, with heavy dark shadows slowly pursuing the sunlight over hill and dale. I beheld Morven along with Aunt Jane. We gazed together on the distant church, beside which as holy a family lie interred as I have ever known. I saw the trees which mark Samuel Cameron's house, where I spent such happy years, and received an education, the education of my beloved ones in Fiunary included, such as has moulded my whole life. I enjoyed one of those seasons of intense and rare blessing when tears come we cannot tell why, except from a joy that rises in silent prayer and praise to the Creator and Redeemer.

"Dear Dr. Craik is dead, and his funeral sermon has this day been preached. His illness and death—how real have both been to me! He was a good man, a great strength to the Church, and a most sincere friend, and I mourn his loss.

"Blessed be God for the gathering in and eternal union of His people. Our friends in heaven remain the same persons, with all their sinless peculiarities. They therefore remember us, and love us more than ever. Are they interested in us! perhaps concerned about us? Why not! The joy of the redeemed is not a selfish joy. I would despise the saint who enjoyed himself in a glorious mansion singing psalms, and who did not wish his joy disturbed by sharing Christ's noble and grand care about the world. So long as man, and my dear ones are in 'the current of the heady fight,' I don't wish to be ignorant of them on the ground that it would give me pain and mar my joy! I prefer any pain to such joy! I cannot think it possible that my heaven there shall be different from my heaven here, which consists in sympathy with Christ. If He has a noble anxiety, limited by perfect faith in what is going on upon earth; if human sin is a reality to to Him, if His life there as well as here is by faith in the Father; if He watches for the end, and feels human sin and sorrow, and rejoices in the good, and feels the awfulness of the wrong, yet ever has deep peace in God; why should not His people have the joy of sharing this Godlike burthen of struggling humanity? 'Then cometh the end.' But the end is not yet. The final day of judgment may be millions of years hence. Until then the whole Church may have its education of labour and teaching continued in mighty ventures of self-sacrifice, and in ten thousand ways put to the proof, in order to improve those talents of faith, self-denial, hope, acquired on earth. This might imply suffering; why not? Many picture a heaven which is a reflection of their own selfish nature. 'Don't trouble us;' 'Tell us no bad news;' 'We are saved, let others drown;' 'What is the earth to us?' 'It is past; give us fine music, fine scenery, and let the earth—shall I write it?—go to the devil!' That is not my heaven! I wish to know, I wish to feel, I wish to share Christ's sympathies, until the end comes.

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"The idea that Dr. Craik no longer cares about Missions to India, would give me a poor idea of a heaven of sympathy with Jesus Christ."

To Mrs. DRUMMOND, Megginch Castle:—

"ISLE OF MULL, *27th August*, 1870.

"I am in retreat, banished to a spot beyond space, and where time merges into eternity. Posts are rare. Their news is *post mortem*—dead—belonging to a past world history! Your kind note arrived here long after Dean Stanley had become Archbishop, and the Established Church destroyed. To have met him in your house would have been a true delight to me, but I was and am still in Mull, and where Mull is, no one knows except Sir Roderick Murchison, who knows everything, and he only guesses about it; so I can only express my great regret at having been so far away, and thus deprived of such good company. There was a foolish report spread here this morning about a chance whaler, that a war had broken out in Europe, that the French had taken Berlin, and, after landing at Aberdeen, were marching on Glasgow. If this is true, I won't leave Mull until peace is proclaimed; but if the news proves a *canard*, as I think quite possible, I shall return this week to Glasgow, which I hope to reach six weeks after the world, according to John Cumming, is consumed!"

To the Rev. THOMAS YOUNG:—

"*August*, 1870.

"As to sudden death I never could pray to be delivered from it, but only to be ready for it. God alone who knows our frame and temperament, knows by what death we can best glorify Him. Sudden death may to many be a great mercy."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"JAVA LODGE, *August*, 1870.

"What an evening of glory! The lights, the hills, the castled promontory are as of old, and years too have fled, and Ossian is old also.

"What a dinner awaited you! Flags flying, chickens delicate as sonnets of Miss———, vegetables as many as the articles on ———, and far more digestible. Champagne with a brilliancy and bouquet that rivalled the papers of the editor, rice pudding as pure and wholesome as ——'s sermons. While every hill looked down, and every coney opened its eyes, and the fish swam and the ocean murmured, and the red deer got white, all with excitement to see—what? Your arrival that arrived not. Oh, it was sad, sad!"

From his JOURNAL:—

"War! How strange that war has formed the subject of our oldest poems, paintings, and histories, that it is at this moment as terrible as ever! What does it mean? How can we account for its existence, its apparent necessity in the kingdom of God? It does not imply any personal hate whatever, no more than the execution of a malefactor does cruelty and love of blood. The bravest soldier is associated with the gentleman, and highest chivalry. It seems to me that lawful war, as distinct from war of passion, originates in what appears to be a social law. That as God wishes mankind

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to be divided into nations smaller or greater, and as no nation ought to exist in which there is not government, and as government implies power to protect life and property and enforce its laws, so must the more powerful govern for the greatest good of the greatest number. Who the most powerful are can be determined only by war, unless the weak give in. It is by this law of the weak giving way to the strong, by this sifting process of war, that our clans have been absorbed into a small nation, and small nations into a great one, strong enough to hold its own. Any race, or any people have, therefore, a perfect abstract right to assert its superiority, or independence, if it is superior; but war alone can determine that, if the fact is disputed. In the long-run as a rule, each successive great advance in the world's civilization and progress has been the result of war. Battles are great sacrifices preceding resurrections. What man designs is one thing, and what God brings to pass is another. This great war is really to determine not whether Louis Napoleon is to be Emperor, but whether the Latin or Teutonic race is to be strongest in Europe and the world!

"As to 'the inventions for murdering people'—this is all nonsense. Every contribution made by science to improve instruments of war makes war shorter, and in the end less terrible to human life, and human progress. Never was the ameliorating influences of education and Christian benevolence more visible than in this war. The more that kingdoms are much about the same strength, the less likely is war. And, by the way, it is an index of a time when one state will respect its neighbour, that the tendency of all improvements in guns, &c., is to make defence in an increasing ratio more powerful than attack. But the ultimate defence must be in man, for nations are really strong not in machinery but in man. Their manhood must alone or chiefly determine their freedom and independence.

"'Peace at any price' is but selfish indulgence at any price. Liberty and self-government at any-price! Life is of no value without freedom."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq.:—

"I so hate those eternal love stories, this everlasting craving after a sweetheart! I wish they would marry in the first chapter, and be done with it. Is there nothing to interest human beings but marriage? What a fuss to make about those two when in love!"

To A. STRAHAN, Esq:—

"Whatever may be my fault, it does not consist in my chariot-wheels tarrying; as the following statement will prove:—

"*Friday*, 31*st September*.—Left Glasgow for Aberdeen at nine, P.M., arrived at Aberdeen at three, A.M.

"*Saturday*, 1*st October*.—Left for Balmoral. Dined with Her Majesty.

"*October* 2.—Preached a sermon on 'War and God's Judgments,' which the Queen asks me to publish, and to dedicate to herself, as soon as possible—not a line having been written.

"*October* 3.—Joined my wife in Perthshire, dead beat.

"*October* 4.—Rested my chariot-wheels and greased them.

"*October* 5.—Returned to Glasgow, and answered twenty letters; wrote long Minutes for Sealkote and Calcutta; had prayer-meeting in the evening.

"*October* 6.—Commanded by the Prince of Wales, and left at seven, A.M.,

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for Dunrobin, 220 miles off. Dined at half-past nine, left the drawing-room at half-past one, A.M., and smoking-room at half-past three. Left per train at six, A.M., and never halted five minutes, being past time, until I reached Glasgow at half-past six, P.M.

"*October* 7.—A weary Saturday, to prepare two new sermons for Sunday amidst manifold interruptions.

"*October* 8.—Preached twice.

"*October* 9.—Again dead beat, and went to see my old mother the first time for six weeks.

"*October* 10.—Returned, and received a letter from a patient friend asking. 'Why tarry thy chariot-wheels?' !!!!

"Bother the chariot-wheels!

"I am as nervous as an old cat."

To A. STRAHAN, Esq :—

"I am more anxious about *Good Words* than perhaps even you are. It is one of my heaviest hourly worries, how little I have been able to do it. As a public man I am worked from 6 A.M. till 10 P.M., and if a man must be occupied twenty-four hours in killing rats or planting carrots it is practically the same to him, as far as time is concerned, as if he were attacking Paris."

To his ELDEST SON :—

"1*st December*, 1870

"I was very glad, my boy, to hear from you, and that you have told me so well and fully all you are about. I am quite satisfied with everything, and pray God that you may be able to form those habits of study and of mastering difficulties, and of persevering in what may be uncongenial but necessary for you, all of which is of such importance. You are, in fact, now moulding your whole future life. May it be worthy! Never, never forget your daily dependence on God and His interest in you. The Stockport panic might have had a fearful ending, but it was stopped in time—3,000, three stories up, and but one stair of outlet, with the panic of fire! *

"I am giving the last corrections to the sermon on war. When you read it, it will appear very simple to you, and easily written. But it may encourage you to know that this is the seventh time, at least, I have corrected it, and each time just as fully as the previous one. So difficult do I find it to write with tolerable accuracy. Begin soon!"

To Mrs. WARRICK, New York.

"*Glasgow, December* 15*th*, 1870

"I heard all about your great sorrow, all those pleasing yet harrowing details which make one realise the whole scene. Such an affliction is to us a profound mystery. This seems to me the lesson taught by the Book of Job, for Job never found out in this world why he had been afflicted, although he knew that it was not because of his individual sins (and he was right), but in order to bring out the reality of his life in God; yet he

* He refers to a panic which took place while he was preaching at Stockport on behalf of his Sunday School Union, when his presence of mind and calmness did much to preserve order.

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was left in darkness, and although sons and daughters were given him, the old dear ones were seen no more. And there are like times of darkness in which the servant of the Lord can see no light, but must be cast on the bare arm of God for strength, and on the heart of God for peace. Yet we can never be in such pitch darkness as Job was, now that we see God's own beloved Son as the man of sorrows; and in Him have the assurance given us of a Father who will ever act as a Father even in sending grief, who never acts arbitrarily, but who appeals to the heart of the most tender and loving parent to judge from his own truest affection towards his children, as to what He who is perfect love, feels towards themselves. Faith in this God is our only refuge and strength in times of dark and mysterious sorrow.

"I am utterly powerless to help —— at Chicago. I never directly or indirectly asked a favour small or great from court or government, and never will. I am tongue-tied and hand-tied; having so much intercourse with both, this seems strange, but it is a fact."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

1871—72.

THE last years of his life were marked by the manner in which both his character and convictions ripened. There was no diminution of the wealth of his humour, and his enjoyment of outward things was keen and fresh, though tinged with a certain pensive and recurrent sadness. But as his health became more broken, the sense of approaching age, the brevity of the time given him to work seemed continually present, and lent an increased earnestness and thoughtful care to the fulfilment of the most commonplace duty. He spoke and acted as one who knew "the time was short."

His health was gradually but decidedly becoming infirm. In the spring of 1871 he had so severe an attack of his old enemy that he was for some time confined to bed, and his strength was so much impaired that his brother, Professor Macleod, forbade his undertaking any engagements which implied fatigue. At the end of April, on Sir William Jenner's advice, he went to Ems, and for a time found much benefit from rest and from the waters of the famous Brünnen. In summer he and his family spent their holiday at Geddes, the early home of Mrs. Macleod, and doubly precious to him as associated with many memories of John Mackintosh. It was a happy time, and he regained so much of his old health and spirits, that on the return of the family to Glasgow he was able to enter with considerable vigour on his winter's work.

There were some things which specially coloured his later thoughts. He was deeply moved by the condition of religious belief in academic and literary circles. As he had opportunities possessed by few clergymen, of becoming acquainted with current opinion, not merely from books, but by intercourse with representative men, his interest in the religious difficulties of many scholars and thinkers was proportionately keen. His anxieties regarding such matters frequently found vent in lamentations over the ignorance or indifference of ecclesiastics in Scotland as to all questions except the most trivial. "They are squabbling about the United Presbyterian, Free Church, or Established when the world is asking whether Christ is risen from the dead!"

India and the condition of the heathen were subjects which he was never weary of pondering by himself, or of discussing with his friends.

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The impression his Eastern journey had made on him was profound, and showed itself latterly in an incessant study of the problems which the spectacle of so many millions of brothers and sisters living in heathendom suggested. He had not looked on these millions with the eye of a dogmatist who measures all he sees by the scale of a hard, scholastic theory. He did not ask how they stood related to some theological tenet, but rather "What are these men and women to the living God?" He had tried to understand the flesh and blood affinities, the prejudices, difficulties, aspirations of the Hindoo mind, and to comprehend as far as possible a humanity which had grown up under conditions so different from those which had moulded his own. The effect of all this was to lead him back to first principles, to oblige him to deal with the mind of the personal Saviour, as of more account than Church formularies. His theology had ever been centred in the character of God as revealed in Christ, and he instinctively now referred every doubtful question to this ultimate standard. "Do you think it would be like Christ so to act?" or, "From all you know of God, do you think it would be like Him to do that?"—with such questions, as many of his hearers remember, it was his habit to clinch many an argument when addressing his congregation in the Barony. To him therefore it was anything but glad tidings to preach to the educated natives of Hindostan that all their parents and ancestors were suffering the pains of hell because they had not believed in One of whom they had never heard, or to declare to them that their own ultimate salvation depended on their acceptance of some theory of atonement which was beset with intellectual and moral difficulties. On behalf of England's greatest dependency, he longed to see missionaries intent upon bringing these human hearts into living contact with the love, the holiness, the character of Jesus Christ, and who would let the New Testament speak its own language to their spirits, rather than through the medium of a system of theology. Such reflections on the state of the heathen, inspired, as they were, by love to man and firm reliance on the righteousness and goodness of God, opened up to him a new region of thought as to the character of the future state, and the possibility of a gospel being preached to those who, in this life, had never an opportunity of accepting or rejecting the truth as it is in Christ.

The following notes of a sermon preached in September, 1871, indicate the tendency of his views respecting the condition of the heathen beyond the grave:—

"What is to become of those who never have heard of, or have never had opportunities of hearing of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—who have never heard of that truth which to us is inseparable from all our thoughts of salvation? Of these there are millions upon millions, thousands of millions, who have since creation lived and died, and passed away into the unseen. There are hundreds of millions now alive in the same condition in the kingdoms of heathendom: more numerous than any human

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mind can conceive. In addition to these, there are millions in Christendom who, from the circumstances of their birth and up-bringing, are as practically ignorant, who never had the means of making any conscious choice between the claims of God on their affection and obedience, and the demands of sin and of every evil passion—to whose thoughts it would make no practical difference if all we know, love, and rejoice in regarding God was never heard or known: no more than the extinction of the sun would make any practical difference to a blind man's eye. Such a question is tremendous, painful, oppressive, often agonising—even when feebly understood. We are disposed, from our utter inability to take in its momentous importance, to make a positive effort to put it away. Such a fact as thousands of millions of human beings existing now, and existing for eternity, *somewhere*, makes hardly an impression upon our minds. We feel, in trying to realise it, as if the finite tried to comprehend the infinite, and so we dismiss the whole question. But when the complex idea is resolved into its details; when we think of one human being, with all our own powers and capacities for thinking, understanding, remembering, anticipating, hoping, fearing, rejoicing, suffering, being holy as a saint or wicked as a devil; a being made after God's image, and therefore so far divine; an object of more interest and importance to God his Maker than the material universe; and such a being growing up from infancy with as distinct and individual a history as ourselves, a being, too, who is for ever responsible, and can for ever please God and meet His wishes, or the reverse—then do we in some degree feel that any question affecting him is not a question regarding a mere thing, however interesting, like the preservation or destruction of a great picture, a grand column, or stately palace, but regarding a person, an immortal being, the noblest specimen of the art of God, the greatest building of His hands, and intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost. But much more does our interest increase if we are personally acquainted with such a being; if we have come into contact with him so as to realise fully our common humanity, and to sympathize with his bodily sufferings or mental sorrows. Yet what would our interest be if this person were a father, or mother, or child, or our individual selves! We could not then think of such an one's fate for ever, as we would that of a stone which, cast into the great deep, sinks and passes at once out of sight and out of memory. But what this unit is to us, each unit of the whole mass of humanity, from Adam to the thousands who have been born and died since we entered church, is inconceivably more to God. Not one is lost to his sight, not one ever becomes to Him of less importance as an immortal being; and just as we realise this, the question will press itself with increasing force on us, what is to become of them? We cannot get quit of it. We may do so in regard to the race, but we cannot in regard to those units of which the race is composed, and many a perplexed mind, and many a weary, anxious heart yearns for an answer.

"Many object to bring such questions into the pulpit at all. Is there not, it is asked, enough that is clear, simple, and of infinite importance, sufficient to occupy with profit the short time allotted on the Lord's-day for public instruction, and for the conviction and conversion of sinners now, without putting difficulties into people's minds, or raising doubts which it may be impossible to dispel? I deeply sympathize with this, and my

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whole teaching testifies to the sincerity of my sympathy, to the earnestness of my desire that it should be simple and practical, and to avoid as much as possible all doubtful disputations, and to aim constantly at one thing—to bring souls to God. And I know well how superficially any such questions can be dealt with in a sermon. But in these days men need not avoid going to church to avoid doubts being suggested. We have entered a period of active thought, such as has not existed since the Reformation. Theological questions on every truth of Christianity are, within the last few years, forced upon men's notice in every periodical down to the daily papers. Men cannot avoid them, but they may avoid church if no help whatever is given to them there to solve their doubts, and to guide them to truth, and to deal kindly and candidly and intelligently with their difficulties. For such difficulties many true Christians have little sympathy. They have sympathies with struggles against evil deeds or habits, but not with such doubts as bewildered the mind of St. Thomas when he refused to believe in the resurrection. These Christians, by the mercy of God, have been blessed with such a disposition, or have been placed in such circumstances, whether of early up-bringing, or of gospel preaching, as have enabled them to grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But there are others differently placed, and if a minister can help such inquirers; if he can show them that he understands their difficulties, if he feels with them as a brother, if he preaches not merely what is given him to utter, as if he were a machine, but what he believes and feels as one who has to work his way through difficulties like others; if he has felt 'the burden of the mystery;' if he can put them in the way of getting the truth; if, in short, he can strengthen their faith in God and in Jesus as their teacher, he will be of some use, and in spite of many defects and even errors, be a true aid to his fellow men.

"... To believe that God should create by His power millions of responsible beings, who are doomed to agonies for ever for not believing or not being what, from circumstances over which they had no control, they could not believe or be, seems to many earnest minds quite impossible.

"... Is there, then, the possibility of the education of human beings, of those at least who have never had the means of knowing the truth, and of choosing between light and darkness, of believing in or neglecting Christ, being continued after death? Whatever weight is attached to this reply, whatever deliverance it may afford to distressed souls, whatever light it may cast on the character and purposes of God as revealed in Christ (and it is held by increasing numbers of the best men in this and other ages of the Church), let us understand at least what it means. It does not mean that there is not to be a day of judgment, after which the fate of every individual of the human family is to be finally determined. But when is this period to dawn? It may be thousands, it may be millions, of years ere the end comes when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father. Whatever may be done towards such human spirits as we have spoken of, it is assumed to be before that. Nor does it mean that any man can be saved here or afterwards in a way essentially different from that in which he is saved now, except it may be by severer chastisement and a more trying discipline. It assumes that there is a connection unchangeable and eternal as the law or character of God, between sin and spiritual suffering.

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This must show itself in the want of peace, joy, hope, and all that glory of character of which man was created, and in the ravages of spiritual disease, in deformity of soul, in blindness, deafness, and moral decrepitude. Consequently, come when it may, in this world or the next; or how it may, by teaching or by chastisement; or when it may, in three score and ten years or in hundreds of years, there must be a conviction of sin as sin, a repentance towards God, a seeing His love, and a choice of Himself as God, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, before salvation is possible.

". . . But it is asked what there is in Scripture to forbid the belief which a sense of God's love of righteousness in them craves for, that, *may be*, the term of education with millions of the heathen, and of the ignorant, who have been neglected by selfish men, may not terminate with three score and ten years? It is not said that it must be so, but it is alleged that, for aught we know, it may be so. We are reminded that each person as he dies lives on—seen and known by God, and is the object of His interest somewhere—that wherever he is, he is as responsible there as here; and it is asked whether that, to us unseen,—but to them most real, state of being,—as real as if it existed in a material world like this,—is necessarily an abode of hopeless unmitigated woe for such persons as I have alluded to; whether God's infinite resources are at an end in regard to them, and whether truth may not be made known there which was never heard here—a God revealed who was unknown here, a Saviour proclaimed with a fulness, tenderness, love, and all sufficiency, who has never once preached to them here; and whether, as the result of this, the kingdom of God may not yet come in a way that we never dreamt of—and, alas! never in our wretched and degraded feebleness and unbelief ever laboured for?

"Many reject this thought. I remember the time when ministers could entertain the idea of God condemning an infant to eternal misery from its connection with Adam—an opinion which is as horrible as any occurring in Brahminism.

"Who would not wish the hope, whose character I have sketched, to be true? Who would not feel a great relief if they only saw that it may be true? . I have some sympathy with the fanatic Communist who calmly stands to be shot, shouting, 'Let me perish, if humanity is saved!' I may not see how, without faith in God the Father, or in Christ the Brother, he can obtain any true idea of humanity as a unity, or any real love to it; but still there is something grand in such an idea rising higher than his personal love of life. But where is there similar grandeur in him who, professing to have this faith, has not only lost all hope of humanity as a whole, but rests contented in his hopelessness; who seems to think that any such hope of the probable salvation of others through Jesus perils his own, and looks with nervous fear and jealousy at the thought of any future opening of the door of the awful prison-house to deliver a penitent soul, who never in life had heard of Christ, as if this made it possible that a door might be opened for his own fall; who, in spite of all his defects, all his sins, all his greed, all his heartlessness, all his selfishness, has hope through the long suffering, forbearance, and patience of God, and who yet feels indifferent or indignant at the thought of there being possibly ways and means for this same God acting in mercy to millions of miserable prodigals who never had His light—a man who cries out, not like the Communist, 'Perish myself, but live humanity,' but, 'Perish humanity, if I live myself!'

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"But the view I speak of may be dismissed by the one assertion that it is contrary to Scripture. If so, it is not worthy of the consideration of those who acknowledge, as I do, the supreme authority of the word of God. But Christian teachers hold it who would sooner give up their life than the authority of Scripture. They think that the passages which seem to forbid the thought have reference to what is to happen after judgment only.

"The possibility of such an education beyond the grave is also what the early Church and many since believed to be the only possible meaning that could be attached to the preaching to the spirits that are in prison, and which has found a place in the creed of Christendom in the article, 'He descended into hell,' to the unseen regions, or the world of spirits. . . ."

To Dr. Macleod Campbell :—

"*March* 16, 1871.

"It was so kind of you, and therefore so like yourself, to have taken the trouble to write to me. There is no one living who can so minister to me as you can. You always find my spirit, and enter *into* me, while others only touch me. I therefore feel towards you as to no one else, both as friend and teacher. If ever you have seed you wish to sow in a soil that will receive it and keep it, please cast it this way. Oh, that you sent me now and then a few life thoughts! How precious would they be!

"I have had a sharp and very painful attack of gout with sciatica as an interlude, and other pains for a change. This is the first day I have been out, for a drive; and the blue sky and budding earth came streaming in as a life-joy to my heart, which showed that the veil was lifted up which had been concealing from me things beautiful, 'for I saw nor felt how beautiful they were.' I cannot say that spiritual realities were vividly present to me during my illness; but I always felt God as a living atmosphere around me, and I was filled with peace. The lesson I think He is teaching me is to take more care in glorifying Him in the body, and to make my common life of work more religious by my living more quietly, patiently, and obediently. One result of this education is, that I have resolved not to go to Lord Lorne's marriage. This a great loss in very many ways to me, as I have been asked to be a guest at Windsor; but my brother George says 'No,' and so I say 'Amen!' and feel at rest. When the Communion is over, I shall probably go to some Spa abroad, and drown the enemy if possible. I am too easily bothered and upset by even trifling work. When I was confined to bed, I read and was fascinated by Hutton's 'Theological Essays.' To me, reading such a book is an era. He has such a firm intellectual grip with one hand of the true scientific aspects of questions, and with the other holds fast, with true spiritual insight, to his position of 'God in Christ.' With his anchor fast within the veil, he swings round and round with a long cable, but always round the centre. I think it is a great contribution to the times, but I cannot understand how he should not welcome your views of the atonement, as they seem to me to harmonize so beautifully with his principles and his views of truth. I am glad that he adheres to the fourth Gospel.

"What a mystery is this slow—to us slow—growth in the education of the world! It would be to me still more mysterious, if it were not to be continued till Christ delivers up the kingdom. 'Then cometh the end.' When—what? No doubt to the glory of God in a way and measure such

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as to overpower the minds and hearts of the whole family of God. I wait in the full assurance of faith. How strange, too—how long the clouds linger in the blue sky, which nevertheless are as surely passing away as the morning mists before His love. It is sweet to think that such darkness conceals us not from the Light of Life. But the common notion of the punishment of hell fire, and for all eternity; the punishment of all who have not been elected, and have, for Adam's sin, been justly left dead without an atonement; the atonement itself as explained by hyper-Calvinists; the utter impossibility of any teaching or salvation after death (how we may not see); these, and the whole complicated system of sacerdotalism and popery, seem to me a thousand times doomed. And yet, God is so wise, so charitable, so patient, such a Father, that even by these ideas, or in spite of them, He will educate man for 'the fullnes of time,' the grand 'end!' I feel more and more the simplicity and grandeur and truth of Luther's idea of faith—to be an out and out child; to be nothing, that God may be all, not only for us, but in us; and, perhaps more than Luther would admit, to choose this—and to choose it not only once for all (a mighty choice!), but always and in all things—what strength and peace! I know the lesson, but it seems to me that I have never learned it. And heaven would be heaven, were it nothing more than its being the finishing of our education by the perfect utterance of 'Our Father.'"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*April 9th.*—This is Communion Sunday—Easter Sunday. I conducted the service in the forenoon. I am at home for the rest of the day.

"The winter's work has been chiefly preaching. I exchanged with Donald, and preached the Temptation sermons in Park Church, he preaching for me five Sundays. Had pleasant district meetings, with a new plan of inviting the members to tea. This has helped to unite us. I have raised by personal application every farthing for Bluevale Church, now £2,100, and it will soon be the £2,500. I profoundly feel that this, like all done by me, is God's doing, certainly not mine. Our organ has been given by kind, good James Baird, and a memorial window by Mrs. George Grant. I am deeply thankful that the number of my communicants has been greater than usual, new ones eighteen, and among them my dear ——. Oh! what a joy it is to see my beloved children, one after the other, thus in simplicity of faith publicly accepting of the Saviour. God's Spirit has surely been with them since birth. I don't think they have been converted by any sudden change. They seem to me as growing up in the faith, being educated gradually by the Spirit. They are full of life, energy, and happiness, and will probably have to pass through trials in which their true life will be deepened. They little know how happy they are, and in what domestic sunshine they have lived. God bless them, darlings, in the bonds of Christ.

"I have published in *Good Words* my War sermon and my Temptation sermons. The Peace Society seem to dislike me. We don't comprehend each other. They think me blind, and I think them silly.

"I have been reading Hutton's 'Essays' with great delight. His great defect is ignoring the Holy Spirit, or not connecting Him, as he does the Eternal Son, with one eternal, abiding reality.

"I have been much distressed about our Indian Mission. Within a few

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weeks we have had many losses; But God will certainly provide. We are deep in debt. We want men and money; from whom but One can we get both?

"The war! the Reds and Assembly now fighting. Of course the Commune must go down, or France as a nation must. What next? Monarchy before long. But the Character of the people has been ruined and requires a national restoration of principle, of patriotism, of unselfishness; the destruction of a sensual, vain, irreverent, and cruel spirit. The French need to be Puritanised, if that is possible, or even Teutonised. It will take two generations of peace, education, and a firm, wise, truthful, and powerful government to do this. Where are the governors? Where are those who will be governed? Unless a nation is religiously educated, it is gone. I fear our own may suffer from secularists and Comtists."

The following letter was written in reply to some inquiries which were made regarding a young clergyman who was a candidate for a parish. Among other questions Dr Macleod was asked whether he had any faults.

". . . . Mr. ———, when with me, was very earnest in the discharge of his duties, remarkably successful in impressing the working classes, and in bringing very many not only to the Church, but I believe to God. . . . I do not say but that he may have defects which some nice critics might possibly detect, although they are so small as not to be worth mentioning; but if he were perfect, he would be more fit for heaven than the parish of ——."

To Mr. SIMPSON, at Messrs. Blackwood and Sons' :—

"*May* 8, 1871.

"I have the pleasure of sending you my first portion of MS. of the Indian Mission Report. A single glance will convince you of one fact, and to be assured of the truth of even one fact is in my opinion a great gain in these days, when a man is thought a conservative bigot who believes beyond doubt that $2+2=4$. The fact I allude to is, that my hand has not improved with age and experience. As Falstaff says, 'thou knowest thine old ward,' that is, my old hand, and it will be some advantage to the Mission if any of your devils share your knowledge.

"I know a man who was so disgusted with some 'proofs' which he had received, that he commenced a course of study on printing by ordering 'MacEwan on the Types.' I never heard what effect it had on him.

"I shall send you more as soon as possible—I mean MS., which might be interpreted, 'more scribbling.'"

To his MOTHER :—

'EMS, *May* 7, 1871.

"What misery you must be enduring, and no wonder! Here am I gone off for the first time in my life—poor little boy! and across the wild ocean, and to savage people, not to return for ten long, long years! Oh it's sad! sad!

"A sky of perfect blue, warm sunshine, but a chill in the shade, an east-

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wind feel, telling that summer is not yet begun. But the woods are green, the birds singing, and the cuckoo tolling through the glens.

"I don't feel better, for to tell the truth I did not feel ill immediately before leaving. But I feel well, peaceful, happy, and I believe after a month will return with good spirit for fair, honest work, not extra.

"I have finished 'Lothair,' which I have read for the first time. It is nothing as a story, or rather it is miserably ill put together, but it contains a series of most interesting pictures of life. I have no interest in the hero, he is a mere bit of fine red wax, impressed by every new seal. The best thing in the book is the exposure of the tricky and clever way of Rome in making converts.

"Now my dear, are you amazed we had no hurricane? No accidents? No sore backs or broken heads; but that we eat, sleep, and thoroughly enjoy ourselves, and have now but one wish, to be back soon among you all."

To his MOTHER :—

"EMS, *May* 17, 1871.

"It is interesting to see the wounded soldiers walking about here with their iron crosses. The leader of the band has one. He led the band of the Guards as they marched into battle at Gravelotte. A fine old fellow was drinking at the spring yesterday. A ball had passed into his breast and out at his back at Spicheren.

"A very nice fellow was dressed in faded uniform, sitting behind his counter, with such a blithe face. He had come back the day before to wife and children. His next neighbour, landlord of the Golden Vine, who was engaged to our landlady's daughter, lies buried where he fell.

"A noble-looking Uhlan officer who walks about was surrounded with his troop. The French officer ran a lance through his coat only. The lance broke, and he shot the officer, and he returned with the lance hanging in his clothes.

"I never saw more modest, unassuming men."

To Dr. WATSON :—

"EMS, *May*, 1871.

"I have been fairly settled here for two days only, living in lodgings, rising at 6.30, drinking, morning and evening, half-boiled soda water from a *Brunnen;* taking baths every second day, walking two hours, watching roulette, and rejoicing in the losses of the fools who stake their money; reading novels (Lothair for the first time), and all with balmy air and a quiet conscience. I am as yet much as I was when I left home, well, but heavy in the legs, and gouty. But I have no doubt I shall be all right and cheery yet.

"My great anxiety is our Mission.

"Holland is in a horrid state, a hundred and sixty-five parishes vacant, no clergy to fill them. Rationalism reigns. The national system of education is rearing a godless people. The teaching of national history even is forbid, as the history of the national struggles against Rome would offend the Papists. May heaven confound their politics!"

To the SAME :—

"Your letter did me more good than a hogshead of M's or N's water. A

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thousand thanks for it. Of course I am anxious about the India Mission Report. I may have to resign the Convenership. But I leave my honour in your hands, and give you full authority to give in my resignation when you give in your own. I will not carry out a different policy from the present. I could not. My judgment would not go with it. So far from losing heart, one result of restored health, should God grant it, will, I firmly and gladly hope, be to let me loose again for a season through the chief towns in Scotland, and to address the students, on behalf of the Mission. 'We believe, and therefore speak.'

"I deeply feel with you that unless we get such men as Jardine, Wilson, Grant, it will be vain to sow seeds in India which will produce the Church of the future. An American clergyman told me yesterday that Puritan (once) New England is now becoming the hot-bed for atheism and Popery. I pray God we may be able to help to save Scotland from a similar re-action, which the union of the F. and U. P. Churches would develop more rapidly. I don't fear disestablishment; but so long as there is a clerical order of men, who may beg, but are not allowed to dig, I fear an uneducated and low-bred clergy."

To his MOTHER:—

"EMS, *May* 31, 1871.

"I did not tell you I had crossed to London. I heard, *en route*, a night service in Cologne Cathedral. There were 2,000 people present, a mere handful in that huge pile. The sermon was quite like a Gaelic one, preached by a hot old Ross-shire minister, in which the glories of Rome took the place of the glories of the Kirk and its principles. All other parties were of course anathematised. The people were deeply earnest. After the sermon, a glorious simple hymn was sung, led by the organ, and by female or boys' voices only. The last rays of evening were lighting up the exquisite old windows high up in the nave, and casting on the pillars, whose tops were lost in darkness, marvellous colours of every hue; below was the dark, silent mass of worshippers. Lights were on the altar, above which was the tawdry image—so like India!—of Virgin and Child. Under the altar were the famous 'Kings of Cologne,' who had paid homage to Christ, the 'Magi,' all telling of mediæval stories, belonging to a world passing away; but all was lost to me in those angelic strains that warbled here and there as they seemed to wander along the fretted roof, coming you knew not from whence. An old priest before the altar then repeated various prayers, the commandments, &c., to which Amens were given, that were repeated like the murmurs of the sea, from the large congregation. The holy sacrament was exhibited, and all knelt in silent devotion, and then departed. What a strange world is this! Not one there ever heard of G—— or B——! and yet Scotland, if true to God, and not to its Church only, will help to blow up Rome, otherwise Rome will blow it up.

"I am not so very sad now. My spirits rise sometimes in proportion to real difficulties, and I feel anxious to enter on India Mission work with renewed vigour."

To Dr. WATSON:—

"EMS, *June* 5, 1871.

"I have been greatly worried day and night by the India Mission. What

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speeches have I made about it! And so it is that I have got the old gout back, and can hardly crawl. Why do I bother myself? Why do I think? It is in my blood—bone of my bone; it came with my father and mother and all my forbears, and must die with me; but it is not to every one I can lay bare my feelings. On thy calm, devoted head I can discharge my lightning, and roar like thunder, or bray like an ass. So I am thankful I was not in the Assembly. I would have gone wild, and been sorry for it next morning. The cause was in better and wiser hands when in thine."

From his JOURNAL:—

"GEDDES, *September* 14, 1871.

"Early in May we went to Ems by the advice of Sir William Jenner. The back-bone of that journey is recorded in *Good Words*. We were very happy. Dear Nommey went with us. The Van Loons were very kind to us. The General Assembly, and its ignorant treatment of the Indian Mission, has given me some trouble, and if God spares me, I shall in a long and possibly final speech in the next General Assembly, defend it with all my might from these attacks."

One of the few public meetings which he attended this year was the Scott Centenary, held in Glasgow in August. The address recently given to the British Association by its distinguished president—his esteemed friend Sir William Thomson—respecting the meteoric origin of the germs from which vegetable and animal life have been evolved, was then exciting considerable comment, and it provoked him to indulge on this occasion in some quiet banter, which no one of the audience enjoyed more than Sir William.

"It is not for me," he said, "to account for the genesis of that marvellous literature, so prolific as to have multiplied and replenished the earth. Instructed by science, I dare not seek its origin in the creative mind of Scott; yet, as it is a literature so full of life, it must, I suppose, have come from life somewhere. Will my illustrious friend, the President of the British Association—for whom my highest admiration and deepest affection are divined—pardon an *ignoramus* like me, if I start an hypothesis to account for those extraordinary phenomena? Is it not possible, I timidly ask, that some circulating library, or, more correctly speaking, some library circulating through endless space—some literary meteoric group of 'Mudies' and 'Maclehoses' was broken up—and that the shreds of the exploded leaves fell on Ben Nevis or the Braes of Lochaber, accompanied, perhaps, by the shivered fragments, from a distant Highland world, of bagpipes and claymores and 'spleuchans' and kilts, and that out of them sprang 'Waverley,' and that this product 'Waverley' selected, very naturally, the west of Scotland in which to evolve sundry other novels of that ilk?"*

* A friend who was an *habitué* of the "back study" relates, that shortly before the speech was delivered, the "meteoric theory" was there discussed, especially with reference to the reception it had met with from newspaper critics, who seemed to be unanimous in holding that it only removed the difficulty as to the origin of life a stage back. Norman's friend, in a note which he sent to a local journal, and which was read in the "back study," contended that this criticism was unfair, inasmuch as the difficulty was not only removed farther back, but removed out of this world altogether, and after

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From his JOURNAL :—

"GEDDES, *September* 14, 1871.

"Thank God for this peace! I have had a most blessed time here—the more blessed because, as I had anticipated, it made my own dear one so happy. No wonder! It has been like a resurrection of old friends of the family, rich and poor. The kindness of all has been quite overpowering. I thank God that my children, who have been all I could wish—have had proof of the deep affection and respect in which their grandfather and grandmother have been held. It is most touching, and immensely gratifying — a great reward for their goodness — to hear their praises spoken of by every one with a pathos and touching heartiness which is most pleasing. I cannot tell what a marvellous gift Geddes has been to me. It has made our own John literally alive again. I have preached twice here, and given an Indian address, and raised £40. I have preached with great delight twice in the School House. I wish daily to reveal the Father to His children. It is such light, such freedom, such a binding power!

"We have sung, danced, and played croquet. I have written 'Major Fraser.'

"God reconciles all in Himself.

"Oh, my Father, thanks—thanks be to Thee!

"We leave to-morrow. I lament nothing. I thank God for everything. His goodness is overpowering. I do know how good He is!"

While at Geddes the memory of John Mackintosh seemed continually with him as a sweet and refreshing presence. One of his first walks was to a spot closely associated with him, and he used to tell the overpowering effect it had, when, as he was sitting there wrapped in quiet thought, he heard the wild sad notes of the bag-pipe playing 'Mackintosh's Lament'—one of the most beautiful, as it was now the most appropriate of pibrochs. The family usually spent the evening in the hall, off which opened the door of what had been John Mackintosh's room; and when his children were dancing reels, he would often sit watching them, lost in quiet thought, the past and present mingling without discord, and feeling how 'God reconciled all things in Himself.' The following impromptu lines express the character of these musings :—

having bothered our savants for ages, would now have to be taken up by the Association for the Promotion of Science in one of the other planets. Tickled by this suggestion, and marching up and down the room, Norman dictated a P. S. to be appended to the note.

"Perhaps the men of science would do well, in accordance with these latest results, to re-write the first chapter of Genesis in this way :—

"1. The earth was without form and void.

"2. A meteor fell upon the earth.

"3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl.

"4. From these proceeded the British Association.

"5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good!"

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IN MEMORIAM OF "THE EARNEST STUDENT."

(IMPROMPTU.)

In the hall was dancing and singing,
My children were brimful of joy,
I sat there alone, and in shadow,
Near his room dreaming about him
Who there long had laboured and prayed,
Where angels saw heaven and earth meeting
In the heart of that true child of God,—
The bright, the unselfish, and joyous!
And the chill winds of autumn were moaning
Through the pines, down his favourite walks;
But the stars were out brightly shining,
And one brighter than all was above.
I dreamt of those last days of sickness,
Of his patience, his meekness, and love,
Of the calm of his summer twilight,
Of the midnight before the bright day.
As I gazed at that chamber, long empty,
In this home, his heaven when on earth,
It was strange, it was terribly awing,
To think of him now lying dead!
Dead as the granite that heavily
Covered him with the stones and clay?
That heart of the laughing and loving
In a cold leaden coffin lying still!
That heart to which all that was truest
And pure was a well-spring of joy,
Yonder twenty long years lying buried,
Yet for twenty long years still living
Elsewhere in the home of his Father!
Ah, where was he now, in what mansion,
In what star of the infinite sky?
Whom had he met since we parted,
Since the night when we bade him farewell?
What since had he seen, was he seeing?
What since had he done, was he doing?
With whom had he spoke, was he speaking?
Did he think of us here, and remember
Those he never forgot when on earth?
Was he here with the ministering angels
In the hall of his early dead home?
Ah, what would he think of our evenings
Our evenings so merrily spent?
Could his heart now feel holy sorrow,
With his faith and love perfect in God?
Could his heavenly sunshine be shadowed,
Beholding these forms of earth's gladness
'Midst the sin and the sufferings of life?
Would he wonder that we could be happy
And his and our Saviour still waiting
To see joy from his anxious soul-travail,
And the true life of God in the world?
Ah! that dear one would bear our weakness,
Our sleep 'midst the glories around,
Our blindness to all he rejoiced in,
Our slowness to learn from our Lord!
As I gazed at his room, now silent,
The sweet life he then lived recalling,
Him laughing and playing with children,

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Telling tales to them, singing them songs;
His true soul in harmony chiming
With all the arrangements of God;
I awoke from my dream, yet saying,
In anguish, "My love, thou art dead!
Thou art dead to us twenty long years!"
Then I said, "No, my love is living;
For is he not part of our being,
And with us wherever we are;
And are not all 'together with God'—
With Himself the life of the living!"
If we saw thee once more among us,
We would fly to thine arms entwining,
And thy smiles as of old would welcome
With the old voice of love only sweeter,
And the bright eyes of love only brighter.
All lovely I see thee among us,
And hear thy loved accents again;
In my calmed heart whispering gently,
"These joys are all gifts from our Father,
But our Father Himself is all."

Now all are at rest. It is midnight—
How dead is the hall and how silent!
The night winds still sadly are moaning,
But the stars are still brightly shining,
Still o'er all is the bright light of God!

To Mrs. Macleod:—

"Balmoral, *Oct.*, 1871.

"I preached extempore, on 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' and on the education of men beyond the grave. I fear I shocked not a few—I hope I did so for good.

"We have here Helps and Mr. Forster, M.P., and we have had tremendous theological talks till 2 A.M. I keep my own not amiss. I have the greatest possible respect for Forster's abilities and truthfulness. Would to God we could lose our Calvinism, and put all the teaching of Christ and His apostles in a form according to fact and not theory. 'Our Father' is the root of all religion and morality, and can be seen with the spirit, rather than the mere intellect.

"The Queen has asked me to remain till to-morrow. I hope to have another set-to with the M.P. He seems to expect the same, as he said 'Hurrah!' when I told him I was to remain."

From his Journal:—

"*January.*—I have lost much to my memory, already failing from a multiplicity of objects, in having recorded so little about '71.

"I have been very steadily at home since September, and my every day occupied with those details of public and private life which, although important at the time and demanding patience and forethought, and bringing usual cares and worries, soon pass, like the seas which a vessel meets every ten minutes, that hit her, splash over her, make her shiver, and are forgotten. My life is strangely broken into small parts, and as this is God's will, I must submit and make the best of it.

"Events! what are they? None! Addressing meetings and *soirées* in

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my own parish, preaching, finishing Bluevale Church, directing India Mission, writing letters innumerable, visiting sick, writing nonsense for *Good Words for the Young*—doing everything and doing nothing. Stanley has been with me."

The hymn 'Trust in God and do the Right,' which had been written in 1858, was not published in *Good Words* until January, 1872. On its appearance there a writer in a local paper charged Dr. Macleod with plagiarism from an American hymn-writer, stating that he had in his possession a volume, compiled by Philip Philips, of Hymns by American Authors, in which these words occurred; that this volume was in circulation a considerable time before this number of *Good Words* appeared. A friend having sent this criticism to Dr. Macleod, the following letter was sent in reply:—

"*Friday.*

"I received your note with extract from a Paisley newspaper last night on my return from Liverpool. I think the critic might have done me the justice of sending me a copy of his remarks. But this has too often been my experience of writers in newspapers. They seldom take the trouble to let you know what they have been publishing against you; I have seen letters and criticisms founded upon the most absurd assumptions weeks after they were published, and, of course, never contradicted. In regard to the verses in question it is quite clear that some Yankee in his zeal for hymnology has neither trusted God nor done the right, but trusted to a lie and done the wrong. These verses of mine were first published at the end of a lecture given to the young men at Exeter Hall in 1858. The music was composed by Sullivan expressly for the words. But it is perfectly possible that some spiritualist hymn-writer in America may have written the same words, composing the same music, using Mr. Philip Philips as his medium. After all, such barefaced stealing is too bad.

"Make any use of this you please."

As he had always practised strict reticence regarding all matters connected with the Court, and heartily hated that gossip which the public craves for only too greedily, he was not a little surprised and annoyed to find a few kindly words he had spoken off-hand at the laying of a foundation-stone at Lenzie, near Glasgow, made the occasion for a grossly personal attack on the part of some of the English newspapers. The insinuation as to his using flattery for selfish objects was too offensive to be publicly noticed by him, but he was none the less gratified by the manner in which he was vindicated by other representatives of the press.

To Mr. HEDDERWICK, Editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*:—

"*January*, 1872.

"I have just read your generous defence of me against the most untrue and malicious attacks of the newspapers. The fact is that during the thirteen or fourteen years in which I have been in close contact with the Royal Family, I have carefully avoided ever speaking about them in public, and

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in private only to intimate friends. Yet I have often felt my heart burning in listening to all the wild lies told about them. These, my only two speeches, were purely accidental, and almost forced upon me.

"At Lenzie I forgot there were reporters in the room, and was suddenly called upon by the chairman to confirm the account he gave of the Queen's health; and a minute before I spoke I had as much intention of doing so as of seeking to be knighted. So it was in the Presbytery—I was not aware the topic was to be introduced. Dr. M. was speaking about it as I entered. He stopped, and called on me to propose it, and I did so without one minute's preparation. To flatter majesty is gross impertinence. As to being knighted, thank God the Queen herself cannot bestow any honour of the kind on a Scotch clergyman. No possible favour can she grant me, or honour bestow, beyond what the poor can give the poor—her friendship.

"Yours gratefully,

"N. Macleod.

"I never asked a favour from the Queen or Government since I was born."

The improvement which his sojourn at Ems and the summer's rest at Geddes had wrought on his health was unfortunately of short duration. Before mid-winter was reached, and in spite of his taking the utmost care in avoiding unnecessary engagements, his work began to tell heavily upon him, and he assumed a wearied and broken-down aspect. Labour which before sat lightly on him, was now exhausting toil, and an increasing sense of depression weighed on his spirits. The most ominous and distressing symptom was the restlessness which he experienced whenever he retired for the night, and which prevented him enjoying sleep for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. Though happily unaccompanied by pain, this usually lasted till morning, and became so trying, that in order to humour it he generally passed the night on a sofa in his dressing-room. A volume of Alison's "History of Europe" and Gurwood's "Sketches" lay on the mantel-piece and the long hours, broken by brief snatches of sleep, were spent in reading the accounts of campaigns and battles.* About seven in the morning he would return to his room, and after an hour or two of refreshing slumber enter on the hard toil of the day.

He devoted much time during this winter to his pulpit, writing all his sermons fully out, and preaching not only with great delight to himself, but in a manner so instructive to his people that they look back to the teaching of these later months as more precious than any they ever received from him.

He went to London in February, on the occasion of the public thanksgiving in St. Paul's, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The gathering of the representatives of the British empire for such a purpose, the imposing ceremony, the spectacle of the vast cathedral

* This kind of reading had always a peculiar charm for him, so that not unfrequently after a day of unusual hard mental work, preaching or otherwise, he would have recourse to Alison's "History," or "Wellington's Dispatches," and find refreshment in giving entire change of thought.

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filled with its ten thousand worshippers, the music, the dignified service, all combined to impress him deeply. "I thank God," he said, to his brother who sat beside him, "for a National Church, without which we could not have such an expression of the national religion. It is all worthy and right. We could not do this in Scotland. Our Presbyterianism is too individual in its methods,—healthy enough as bringing the soul to deal with the personal God, but there should be room in a Church, which professes to be national and historic, for such a service as this." One feature in the assembly deeply affected him. There were near him a number of Orientals, Parsees, Hindoos, and Mahommedans, whose presence touched a sympathetic chord in his heart. In his speech to the General Assembly three months afterwards, he alluded to the impression that scene had made on him. "When these men," he said, "some of them representatives of sovereigns who once occupied the thrones of India, beheld the assembly, which, take it all in all, was one of the most remarkable ever gathered—when they beheld the Queen who now ruled over them, the legislature of Britain, old warriors covered with medals won in many a hard-fought battle in their own India, men of philosophy and science, men who had governed provinces far greater than England,—all bowing down in worship, and when they heard like a mighty breeze the prayer whispered from these ten thousand lips, 'Our Father which art in heaven;' what if one of these Easterns had risen and said, 'You have sent us laws, men of science, and warriors, but have never told us of that Father to whom you pray!' Could that be said in truth, then might a greater assembly still be summoned to ask God's mercy on a nation that had been so unfaithful."

The Scotchmen settled in Liverpool had always shown him affection, which was quite reciprocated by him, and as his eldest son was now there learning business, he determined on his way home from London to visit him, and beg for funds for his beloved India Mission. His method of approaching some of the merchants of the town greatly amused them. "If you treat me in Liverpool as well as I see you treat dogs I will be content," he said to one of them; and in answer to the puzzled look of inquiry, he added, "Merely that I noticed how a dog had carried off hundreds of pounds at a coursing match, and I think I am as good as a dog any day."

To GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq:—

"BROADGREEN, LIVERPOOL, *February*, 1872.

"Thanks for your £50. I will tell you a story—a rare thing with me. The beadle and gravedigger of Kilwinning parish, Ayrshire, was dying. One day his minister found him very sad, and on questioning him as to the cause of this unusual depression, he said, 'I was just countin' that since the new year I had buried fifty folk, includin' bairns, and I was hopefu' that I might be spared to mak' oot the hunner (hundred) afore the neist new year.'

"Do you see? That heart of yours is, I guess, even bigger than your purse. May both be bigger, if possible!

"I am trembling betwixt hope and fear for my Indian ark."

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On his way to Liverpool he received the tidings of the death of the man whom of all others he reverenced and loved, Dr. John Macleod Campbell. During the few previous months he had seen one after another of his friends pass away. Erskine of Linlathen and Maurice had just entered into their rest, and now Campbell, to him the greatest and best of all, had followed.

During the same month he visited St. Andrew's for the purpose of urging the claims of the Mission, and appealing to the students of the University for volunteers to go to India as missionaries. "We were all struck," Principal Shairp writes, "by his worn and flaccid look; he seemed so oppressed and nervous when he was going to address only a few hundred people in our small university chapel; and I well remember the close of that address. After describing very clearly and very calmly the state of the Mission and its weakness for want of both fit men and sufficient funds, his last words were, "If by the time next General Assembly arrives neither of those are forthcoming, there is one who wishes he may find a grave!" That was his last word, and it fell like a knell on my heart and on many more. So infirm was he that day, that though the college church is scarcely a hundred yards from our house, he had to be driven both there and back!

From his JOURNAL:—

"*March* 1.—What events of importance or interest to myself have been crowded into the months and days which have passed since these last words have been written! The Thanksgiving for the dear Queen and Prince this week in London—the grandest thing, morally, I have ever witnessed or can witness; and the death of my best of friends, and of the best man I have ever known on earth or can know—my own John Campbell!

"This last implies worlds to me as affecting my inner life. I might have added to it the crisis of the Indian Mission; yet I am so wearied in body and soul this night, that I cannot write about them, yet cannot be silent, but must mark this point and transition between my past and future, in which I am involved as a minister, a citizen, and a friend. Oh my dear, dear John! I left thee to-day in thy grave, and the world can never more be the same to me. Thy light, shining through an earthly tabernacle, is gone; my staff is departed; the arm on which I leant is in the grave; and my best and truest of friends is dead! Oh, how I loved him and adored him on this side of idolatry! He was my St. Paul. No words of mine can express my love to him. I took part with Story in the service; I lowered him to his grave; I cannot preach about him to-morrow; I hope to do so next Sunday. Till then, all things else depart."

To Principal SHAIRP:—

"*Saturday, March* 16, 1872

"MY DEAREST JOHN,

"More dear than ever, as friend after friend departs, and as we feel ourselves every year like the remains of an old Guard, whose comrades have almost all left us—all who could speak, not of the old wars, but of the old times of joy and hope, of struggle and of victory. The reason, perhaps,

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why I have not written to you, or indeed to any one who was one with me in devoted love to beloved John Campbell, was that I knew we had the same feeling, the same sense of loss, the same joy in his gain, the same everything! I heard of it in England. It was a sudden and terrible blow. As we praised God in St. Paul's, he, a king and priest, had entered into the joy of his Lord; and oh, John, what joy! You said truly to me that if there be a God, we as men are alienated from Him, and need reconciliation; and I add, if there be a God—shocking 'if' even to speak of—he is with Him. I returned home on Friday, and was in time for his funeral on Saturday. I took part in the services along with Story, and what that was to me you will understand, as I prayed in the church, near the head of his coffin. It was a wet and cold day, but there was a large attendance of ministers, and of men and women, who loved him as few were loved. Tuesday I spent with his wife and family, and heard all. Five days before his death, when very cheerie, he wrote his last and a most beautiful letter to comfort orphans. But he spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was like his life, an 'amen' to God's will.

"I preached a funeral sermon for him, which I will publish, that his dear Lord may be glorified in him, even through unworthy me. He has left a large collection of letters; many written to his father on the Mondays, giving an account of his teaching on the previous Sundays at Row; many to his brother and sister, both worthy of him; a series over ten years, to his son, on general subjects of Christian interest; all immensely valuable. Who will edit these? I know not. In spite of my dearest wish, it seems impossible that a man so poor in good as I am should be called upon to give an account of such men as our two beloved Johns! But the treasure is often committed to earthen vessels, that the power might be seen to be of God.

"My heart, dear, is very sore. The world and life look awfully serious to me. I feel as if the winding-up were coming soon, and I have a depressing sense, of which no one but God can judge, of a miserably improved life. But such feelings are for God, more than for man. They don't come from gout, as they are of late my habit; yet I suffer still from the enemy. God is my only light, and I seek to cast the burden of my soul, my life, my fears, my all on Him; and yet my very faith is so weak."

The sermon which he preached on Dr. Campbell was afterwards published in another form in *Good Words*. The privilege and responsibility of speaking regarding his lamented friend were so keenly realised by him that, before beginning, he wrote on the fly-leaf of his manuscript the following touching prayer:—

"May God the Father, whose glory my beloved friend ever sought, teach me, a miserable sinner, who am unworthy to speak of the holy ones in His presence, to speak of His saint in glory so as to give some true impression of what he was; that Jesus, who was and is his 'all in all,' may be glorified in and by him; and that, though dead, he may speak through my feeble lips! I begin with fear and trembling; yet, if I am every Sunday called upon to speak of Jesus, why should I fear to speak of one of His holy apostles? God help me in His mercy!

"*Saturday, March* 9, 1872."

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Similar prayers are of frequent occurrence on the first or last pages of his sermons, and there are sometimes brief notices of the events in his own life, which suggested certain lines of thought.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS DEATH

"I FEEL as if the winding-up were coming soon," he wrote to Principal Shairp, with little anticipation of how soon his words were to be realised.

As the spring wore on, the sense of feebleness and discomfort continued to increase; but his family physician, Professor Andrew Buchanan, after careful examination, discovered, at that time, nothing organically wrong with his heart; and believing that complete rest and freedom from anxiety would suffice to remove his ailments, he ordered him to give up the India Mission, leave his town-house and reside in the country, and, in short, confine his duties within the narrowest possible circle. Dr. Macleod at once acquiesced in these arrangements, and for a time found some enjoyment in planning a cottage which he thought of building on the slope of Campsie Fell, in a situation he had long admired, and he seemed almost happy at the prospect of renewing his early love of country life. The other direction of his physician made a greater demand on his feelings. He did not hesitate as to relinquishing the India Mission, but he determined that in doing so he would express, once for all, the conclusions he had reached regarding the manner in which Christian work in India ought to be conducted. For weeks he revolved the subject in his mind; for weeks it possessed his thoughts night and day; and, whether from the nature of the views he felt it his duty to propound, or more probably, from the exaggerated colouring which weak health imparts to coming difficulties, he somehow expected that his speech was to provoke a violent and painful discussion. These anticipations, natural to an invalid, although utterly groundless, had the effect of exciting his shattered nervous system, and of producing an anxiety and agitation which told with fatal effect upon him.

When he rose in the Assembly to address a house crowded to suffocation, his rapid breathing revealed the strain he was labouring under. He had written nothing beforehand except a few jottings on the fly-leaf of the Mission Report; and such was the impassioned and rapid manner in which, under the pressure of his convictions, he grappled with the points he wished most to impress, that the reporters were unable to take down even the meaning of a great part of the address—

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the most powerful and stirring he ever delivered. The speech is practically lost. Passages can be recalled; the general scope can be sketched; but there is no adequate record of the masterly handling of principles, the touches of kindly humour, the skill with which he conciliated his audience while urging views calculated to offend the prejudices of many, the overpowering earnestness with which he defended his own position and appealed to the Church for a generous and self-forgetful policy towards India. Those who were present may retain an impression of its power, but the speech itself has perished.

He had been labouring for years, with little effect, to induce the clergy to adopt efficient methods of raising funds, and had discovered how difficult it is in such matters to combat sloth, prejudice, power of custom. He had tried also to make the Church realise the nature and difficulty of the problems with which her Mission had to deal, only to find, however, that many good people withheld their sympathy, eyed with suspicion the education policy which formed an essential part of the Mission system, and cared little for any results except such as took the form of individual conversion. He deeply felt that—

"There was a sort of feeling of uneasiness and discontent throughout the Church in reference to his conduct of the Mission, as if they said, 'The Mission is excellent; God bless the Mission; let us support it; but—' and there was a groan or a sigh, a something he could not get at. It needed no power but that of thoughtlessness to destroy, but they must remember how difficult it is to restore. Any man could set a great building on fire; and a single word, or the shake of the head of a man in authority, might be very destructive to the work of the Committee. . . . . Did they realise," he asked, "what they expected the Hindoos to do, what they blamed them for not doing, or compared these expectations with what they were doing themselves at home? They were asking Hindoos, men of flesh and blood like themselves, and far more sensitive than Scotchmen, of great intelligence and culture, to give up hoary traditions, to cut down the tree of that religion under which they and their fathers had sat for teeming centuries, and to accept the religion of a people whose very touch was pollution! They were asking these men in many cases to give up father and mother, and brother and sister, and were much astonished they did not make the sacrifice! But suppose the Hindoos, who were observing and intelligent, were to turn on themselves and say, 'You are sending us Christianity, to believe which implies enormous sacrifices on our part, but what are your own clergy doing? You are asking us to sacrifice all our traditions, but you won't sacrifice the custom in your parishes that has been brought in by your venerable predecessors! What do you give for the salvation of souls? A pound or a penny, or, as is the case in one hundred and seventy of your churches, nothing at all? You call us deceivers; but we take you by appearances, and ask you to let us see what Christianity is in yourselves before you come to us.' . . . . He had yet to learn that it was the work of the Foreign Mission to make converts. He had always understood that the conversion of souls was in the hand of God. He was not speaking lightly of conversion—far from it; but their responsibility as a Church was to use the best means of converting,

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and to implore God's grace on the means. But he would ask those who judge the Mission by the number of converts, to find out how many conversions had taken place in their own parishes during the same time. Let them go down to the village, and entering a house, say they will not leave it till they bring the men and women to Christ. Let them go to the man of science, who had mastered many of the questions of the day; let them not call him proud, or sneer at him as a 'natural man,' for he may be most earnest, and may be sweating a more bloody sweat in seeking to come to the truth than they had done; let them go to that man and satisfy his doubts, meet him fairly before God, and when they returned from such a visitation as that, they would have more sympathy with missionaries dealing with educated heathens."

The chief purpose of his speech, however, took wider ground. He desired all Churches to consider whether the forms in which they were presenting truth, and the ecclesiastical differences they were exporting to India, were the best means for Christianizing that country. Was it right that the divisions which separated Churches in this country, and which were the growth of their special histories, should not only be continued, but be made as great matters of principle in India as in England or Scotland?

"When these Hindoos heard an Anglican bishop declare that he did not recognise as belonging to Christ's Church congregations of faithful men holding a pure gospel and observing the sacraments of the Lord; when they met others who said, 'You must accept all these Calvinistic doctrines;' and when the Wesleyans came next and said, 'God forbid! don't bring these things in;' and the Baptist came with his idolatry of sacrament, saying, 'You must be a Baptist, you must be dipped again;' and when the Roman Catholic came and said, 'You are all wrong together;' is it any wonder that the Hindoo, pressed on every side by different forms of Western Christianity, should say, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the good you have done me, but as I am sore perplexed by you all, take yourselves off, leave me alone with God, then I will be fairly dealt with.' It was a positive shame—it was a disgrace—that they should take with them to India the differences that separated them a few yards from their brethren in this country. Is it not monstrous to make the man they ordained on the banks of the Ganges sign the Westminster Confession of the Church of Scotland or the Deed of Demission and Protest of the Free Church? Was that the wisest, was it the Christian way of dealing with Hindoos? .... And were they presenting the truth to the native mind in the form best fitted for his requirements? The doctrines of their Confessions might be true in themselves, but the Confession was a document closely connected with the historical development and with the metaphysical temperament of the people who had accepted it, and might not be equally suitable for those who had not the same traditions and tendencies. Was it necessary to give these minute and abstract statements to Orientals whose habits of mind and spiritual affinities might lay better hold on other aspects of divine truth, and who might mould a theology for themselves, not less Christian, but which would be Indian, and not English or Scotch? The

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block of ice, clear and cold, the beautiful product of our northern climes, will at the slightest touch freeze the warm lips of the Hindoo. Why insist that he must take that or nothing? Would it not be better to let the stream flow freely that the Eastern may quench his thirst at will from God's own water of life? Would it not be possible for the Evangelical Churches to drop their peculiarities, and in the unselfishness of the common faith construct a Primer, or make the Apostles' Creed their symbol, and say, 'This is not all you are going to learn, but if you receive this truth and be strong in the faith, we will 'receive you so walking, but not to doubtful disputations; and, if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto you?' And they should make known the truth not only by books but by living men. Send them the missionary. Let him be a man who embodies Christianity; and if he was asked, 'What is a Christian!' he could answer, 'I am; I know and love Christ, and wish you to know Him and love Him too.' That man in his justice, generosity, love, self-sacrifice, would make the Hindoo feel that he had a brother given him by a common Father. Let them prepare the Hindoos to form a Church for themselves. Give them the gunpowder, and they will make their own cannon."

While advocating these catholic aims, he did not forget that spirit of ecclesiasticism, and those prejudices and bigotries he was offending. He rose into indignant remonstrance as he thought of how India might possibly be sacrificed to the timidity of some of the clergy afraid to speak out their thoughts, or, still worse, to the policy of others who, in the critical position of the Church at home, were cautious not to verify the accusations of latitudinarianism made against her by interested opponents.

"You must take care lest by insisting on the minutiæ of doctrine or government, you are not raising a barrier to the advances of Christianity. You must take heed lest things infinitesimally small as compared with the great world, may not be kept so near the eye as to conceal the whole world from you. A man may so wrap a miserable partisan newspaper round his head as to shut out the sun, moon, and stars. You must take care that your Cairns do not stand so near as to shut out Calcutta, and the *Watch-word* make you so tremble for petty consequences at home that all India is forgotten by you. I am not speaking for myself alone," he added, "for I know how these difficulties press upon many a missionary—and remember how more than one has taken my hand, and said we dare not speak out on these things, lest our own names be blasted, ourselves represented as unsafe, and all home-confidence be removed from us. But why should they be afraid of such reproach? Why should I be afraid of it? Am I to be silent lest I should be whispered about, or suspected, or called 'dangerous,' 'broad' 'latitudinarian,' 'atheistic?' So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me 'broad.' I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good; who hateth no man, and who loveth the poorest Hindoo more than all their committees or all their

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Churches. But while I long for that breadth of charity, I desire to be narrow—narrow as God's righteousness, which as a sharp sword can separate between eternal right and eternal wrong."

No one then present can forget the thrilling power, the manly bearing, the intensity of suppressed feeling, with which these words were uttered.

In a few following sentences he explained how he was compelled to relinquish all public work for the future, thanked his brethren for the kindness he had received from them, and bidding farewell to the Church he had served with life-long affection, he ended in accents broken with emotion, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

It was a last and fatal effort. The hearts of many present trembled for him as they watched the unnatural flush upon his cheeks, and marked the expenditure of energy the exertion cost him. To more than one of those whose eye wistfully followed him, as he left the house, the sad foreboding came that it was their last look of him.

"I was so glad," one writes, "I heard that magnificent oration. When it was over, I bowed my head in my hands, wishing to shut out everything but the solemn thoughts such words had conjured up. I felt how much too great the exertion had been for him. I took a long last look at him before I left—the conviction being somehow strong upon me that with my mortal eyes I should never see him again."

For the next few days he complained of uneasiness and unaccountable depression of spirits, but was able to preach in his own church on the afternoon of the following Lord's-day. It was his last sermon, and on the strikingly appropriate subject, "We have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have, therefore?" A sheet of note-paper contains all he had written beforehand, but it is enough to show that his last counsels to his people were strangely in harmony with the situation. His theme was the way in which Christ educated His disciples, and he urged upon his hearers the truth that if they were willing to accept His guidance every day, they would at last be prepared cheerfully to surrender life and all into His hands.

Next day, the 3rd of June, he was to enter his sixty-first year, and he had such a strong desire to have all his family with him on this birthday, that he brought his aged mother from the country and asked leave for his son to come from Liverpool. There was no foreboding in all this of immediate danger. He said and did some things which afterwards seemed to indicate a feeling of approaching death. When at Balmoral the previous week he spoke to more than one of its being his last visit, and in some of his letters there were expressions so solemn as to have startled the friends who received them. But he did not really think that his end was so near. A great sadness weighed on him, a weariness of the noise and disputings of men, of "the burden

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and the mystery" of life; and out of this arose a more childlike clinging to Christ and to the love and goodness of God. Deeply affected by the disturbed condition of opinion in the world and the Church, he cherished only a fuller confidence in order finally coming out of disorder; and feeling his own life-work was over, he entered the more keenly into speculations as to the character of the life beyond the grave. The future state, the society, occupations and joy of the blessed dead, had been a favourite theme with him for many years, but during the last few days of his life, it seemed to engross his thoughts. No friend could be with him for many minutes without his reverting to it. Under the influence of the same feelings he spoke of his death. "My father often took me at that time to drive with him," writes one of his daughters. "He talked, or rather thought aloud, almost always about death and dying—the dread every one has of the act of dying; and how merciful it was, that though a man in health fears death, yet when he is weakened by disease, he is indifferent to its terror; "above all, what a comfort it is to know that the *Man* Christ Jesus died!" On Friday after he was taken ill, I was sitting on his bed hearing how he was, and he said, "How dreadful it would be if a God of hate ruled the world; how he could torture us! For instance, he could make us die more than once, and each death become a dreadful experience. Let us thank God for His love. After all," he added after a pause, "death is a wrong name for it—it is birth into the true life."

The greater part of Monday, 3rd June, was spent by him alone in the outside study. He passed the day chiefly in writing letters to valued friends and in quiet meditation. One of his aunts found him reading the seventy-first psalm, and he at once made it the groundwork of one of those out-pourings of his deepest, most inward experiences which none who ever heard them can forget. In the evening all his family were gathered round his table.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 2.—To-morrow, if I live, I am sixty. I enter on the last decade allotted to man. I cannot take it in. In one sense I am young in heart. I dream, as I have, alas! done for many a year, of what I may, or might do—in literature, in practical work, in many a thing. While I dream life passes, powers fail, and I feel as one who had done nothing, and know that I have done little in comparison with what I could have done, had I only been self-denying and diligent in college and in riper years. I confess with shame my off-putting, my want of painstaking and earnestness in mastering difficulties and details, my indolence, and selfishness, and want of principle, in not attending each day, from youth upwards, in doing, to the best of my ability, that one work, whether of mastering a lesson or anything else, given me to do. It is no comfort to tell me what I have done, for it is false comfort. I feel it truer to confess what I have not done, what I ought to have done, what I could have done, and which being left undone has been a felt, real, and shameful loss to me all my life. Whatever a man's natural talent

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may be, whatever success he has had in the world, whatever good he has accomplished, it yet remains true that he would have been better, wiser, more influential, and glorified God far more if he had been a careful, accurate, diligent scholar at school and college, and acquired those habits of study, that foundation of knowledge, without which talent is stunted, and genius itself is very far from accomplishing that which it otherwise could do. God blesses the self-sacrifice of study, and that I never had in my youth, and for that I have suffered, and more especially as I have in later years become fully alive to its importance. Morally and intellectually I am a dismasted wreck, praising and blessing God if I get into the harbour, and reverencing those who are good men, because they have been all their lives dutiful.

"My life has been to me a mystery of love. I know that God's education of each man is in perfect righteousness. I know that the best on earth have been the greatest sufferers, because they were the best, and, like gold, could stand the fire and be purified by it. I know this, and a great deal more, and yet the mercy of God to me is such a mystery, that I have been tempted to think that I was utterly unworthy of suffering.

"God have mercy on my thoughts! I may be unable to stand suffering. I do not know. But I lay myself at Thy feet and say—not that I am prepared—but that Thou art good, and wise, and wilt prepare me. I am a poor, selfish creature.

"God is all in all.

"God is love. Amen.

"The doctors tell me I am in danger, and that unless I give up work I may not live. I have been ill for the last sixteen years. The doctors tell me that I must get quit of worry. I have, by their command, given up on Thursday last the Convenership of the India Mission. I feel this. I spoke an hour and a half on the subject, but the reports of my speech are fearful; empty of all I said that is worth anything, full of horrors and absurdities I never said."

To Principal SHAIRP:—

"*3rd June*, 1872.

"I am three-score years to-day!

"John, dear, I cannot speak about myself. I am dumb with thoughts that cannot be uttered.

"The doctors tell me that unless by rest of body and mind I can conquer incipient disease, it will kill me.

"So I am obeying to the best of my ability.

"As I feel time so rapidly passing, I take your hand, dear old friend, with a firmer grip!

"I have many friends; few old ones!

"Oh that I loved my oldest and truest, my Father and Saviour, better! But should I enter heaven as a forlorn ship, dismasted, and a mere log—it is enough—for I will be repaired.

"But I have been a poor concern, and have no peace but in God's mercy to a miserable sinner.

"I spoke in the Assembly on India Missions for an hour and a half. I will probably print it. It is my programme for India. It knocked me up."

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To Mrs. MACNAB (Sister of Dr. Macleod Campbell):—

"*3rd June*, 1872.
"*3rd June*, 1812.

"You did not intend it to be a birthday gift to the child you had in your arms sixty years ago! But so it is, and it is doubly precious as a pledge of a love that has remained ever bright for three-score years, and will be brighter still when time shall be no more. God bless you and preserve you to us on earth! I am dumb with a sense of awe, and full of thoughts that cannot be uttered. My only rest in thinking of the past and anticipating the future is in the one thought of 'God my Father.'

"I am so glad you would like me to re-publish my sketch of dear John Campbell. What would you say to putting in an appendix some extracts from his books, expressive of his leading 'views?' This might help some souls in perplexity, and induce them to read his books. They would be of use in India.

"As to his letters, &c., no one felt more strongly than John Mackintosh regarding biographies. The only thing which induced us to go against his expressed wishes was the conviction, that *now* he would wish to do whatever seemed best to others, whom he loved and trusted, for the glory of God. And surely the result justified us. It seems to me that the responsibility of not permitting men to speak when dead is as great as in enabling them to do so. How is it likely they would judge now? is a question I cannot help putting."

To Rev. A. CLERK, whose son, Duncan Clerk, was then dying:—

"*June* 3, 1872.

"It is very solemn and very affecting, and I need not say how deeply we sympathize with you. Yet there is but One who can do so perfectly, and give you and dear Jessie faith and strength at this terrible crisis. I feel how impossible it is to convey in words what one would like to say at such a time, if indeed silence does not best express the sense of darkness and oppression. I enter to-day my sixty-first year, and have my mother and all my family around me, and the contrast presented between my house and yours makes your affliction only more dark and solemn. We can only fall back on God to deliver me from a slavish fear of coming sorrows, and you, my dear Archy, from a want of faith in His constant and deep love to you and yours. What God may be giving you in this form, I don't know. But I am sure He is giving. Those He has taken, and seems to be taking, have been among His elect ones if any such there be on earth. A finer boy than Duncan could not be. Every one loved and respected him. He was a girl in purity, a child in humility, modesty, and obedience! Fit for Heaven! fit to join his sainted sister and brothers. You have both sent precious treasures there to be your own riches for ever, and I doubt not every soul in your house will get a blessing. A holy family! what an awful gift from God! I don't wish to speak about myself, but I am not well. The doctors have discovered symptoms so serious in me as to necessitate my getting rest for mind and body, and so ward off what would very soon kill me. So I gave up the India Mission, and am trying to sell my house in town, and get one in the country. All my lameness, weariness, all are from the same cause. I am utterly unable to stand fatigue, and I am still suffering from

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my long (one hour and a half) speech and probably my last in the Assembly I fear to attempt to go to you, as I believe I would add to your trouble, I get so prostrate. I am seriously alarmed for myself and see no escape at present."

To the MARCHIONESS OF ELY (then Lady in Waiting at Balmoral):—

"*3rd June*, 1872.

"MY DEAR LADY ELY,

"Whether it is that my head is empty or my heart full, or that both conditions are realised in my experience, the fact, however, is that I cannot express myself as I feel, in replying to your ladyship's kind—far too kind—note, which I received when in the whirlwind, or miasma of Assembly business. Thanks deep and true to you and to my Sovereign Lady for thinking of me. I spoke for nearly two hours in the Assembly, which did no good to me, nor I fear to any other! I was able to preach yesterday. As I have got nice summer quarters, I hope to recruit, so as to cast off this dull, hopeless sort of feeling. I ought to be a happy, thankful man to-day. I am to-day sixty, and round my table will meet my mother, my wife, and all my nine children, six brothers and sisters, and two aunts—one eighty-nine, the other seventy-six, and all these are a source of joy and thanksgiving. Why such mercies to me, and such suffering as I often see sent to the best on earth? God alone knows. I don't. But I am sure he always acts as a wise, loving, and impartial Father to all His children. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. God bless the Queen for all her unwearied goodness! I admire her as a woman, love her as a friend, and reverence her as a Queen; and you know that what I say, I feel. Her courage, patience, and endurance are marvellous to me."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*June* 3.—I am this day three-score years.

"The Lord is mysterious in His ways! I bless and praise Him.

"I commit myself and my all into His loving hands, feeling the high improbability of such a birthday as this ever being repeated.

"But we shall be united after the last birthday into heaven.

"Glory to God, for His mercy towards us guilty sinners, through Jesus Christ, His Son, my Lord.

"I preached at Balmoral ('Thy Kingdom come'), on the 27th May. The Queen, as usual, very kind. As she noticed my feebleness, she asked me to be seated during the private interview. When last at Balmoral, I met Forster (the Cabinet Minister) there. He and Helps and I had great arguments on all important theological questions till very late. I never was more impressed by any man, as deep, independent, *thoroughly* honest and sincere. I conceived a great love for him. I never met a statesman whom, for high-minded honesty and *justice*, I would sooner follow. He will be Premier some day.

"Dear Helps! man of men, or rather brother of brothers.

"The last Assemby has been the most reactionary I have ever seen; all because Dr. Cairns and others have attacked the Church for her latitudinarianism! The lectures of Stanley have aroused the wrath of the Pharisees, and every trembler wishes to prove that we are not latitudinarian, forsooth! If

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by this term is meant any want of faith in the teaching of Christ and His apostles, any want of faith in the Bible, or in the supernatural, or in Christ's person or atonement (though not the Church theory), or in all the essentials of the faith common to the Church catholic; then I am no latitudinarian. But if by this is meant that man's conscience or reason (in Coleridge's sense) is not the ultimate judge of a divine revelation, that I am bound to stick to the letter of the Confession, and to believe, for example, that all mankind are damned to 'excruciating torments in soul and body for all eternity,' because of Adam's sin, and the original corruption springing therefrom, and that God has sent a Saviour for a select few only, and that death determines the eternal condition of all men; then, thank God, I am a latitudinarian, have preached it, confessed it, and can die for it! Nothing amazes or pains me more than the total absence of all pain, all anxiety, all sense of burden or of difficulty among nine-tenths of the clergy I meet, as to questions which keep other men sleepless. Give me only a man who knows, who feels, who takes in, however feebly (like myself), the life and death problems which agitate the best (yes, the *best*) and most thoughtful among clergy and laity, who thinks and prays about them, who feels the difficulties which exist, who has faith in God that the right will come right, in God's way, if not in his, I am strengthened, comforted, and feel deeply thankful to be taught. But what good can self-satisfied, infallible Ultramontanes do for a poor, weak, perplexed soul? Nay, what good can *puppies* do who may accept congenial conclusions without feeling the difficulties by which they are surrounded? What have I suffered and endured in this my little back study, which I must soon leave! How often from my books have I gazed out of this window before me, and found strength and peace in the little bit of the sky revealed, with its big *cumuli* clouds, its far away *cirri* streaks, and, farther still, its deep, unfathomable blue—its infinite depths I could not pierce! yet seeing—in the great sunlight, in the glory of cloud-land, in the peace of the sky—such a revelation of God as made me say, 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!'

"The older I get I find more and more teaching from God's revelation in nature.

"The confusion that exists at this moment, and which began soon after the war of '15, and is as eventful as the Reformation, is most oppressive.

> "'Everything is sundering,
> And everyone is wondering,
> As this huge globe goes thundering
> On, for ever on.'"

"On the one hand, there is a breaking up of the old forms of thought about everything, social, political, scientific, philosophic, and theological. In spite of much foolish conceit and sense of power on the part of those who guide the battering-rams against the old walls, there is on the part of many more, a great sense of the paramount importance of truth and duty which, if piously considered, would but express faith in God, who is ever on the side of truth, whether Huxley, Darwin, or any other express it, albeit without sympathy for the speakers unless they be truthful. On the part of the defenders there are all shades of feeling. Not a few from faith in God and Christ, and in the verities of that moral and spiritual kingdom

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which, having in themselves, they know cannot be moved, accept of these attacks, not as from real enemies, but friends, because believing that Christianity will ever be found far ahead of men, will soon 'prepare a place' for all real truth, so that wherever Christ is, there it may be also. But others are in terror, and either refuse to look at what professes to be truth in the face, and only call its professors nick-names, or try the Romish Syllabus dodge, and gather into clubs, like Jesuits, and in vain, by assertion, try to stop the movement.

"So we are split up into fragments, and while Rome remains whole,—in its blindness swearing there is no light because it does not see it, and cursing all eye-doctors and spectacles.

"As for Scotland! The Church of the future is not here! We ignore great world-questions. We squabble like fishwomen over skate and turbot.

"Where is the germ of the Church of the future? In what Church? In what creed? In what forms of Government? It may come from India, as the first came from the East. But all our old forms are effete, as old oaks, although young ones may grow out of them. Neither Calvinism, nor Presbyterianism, nor Thirty-nine Articles, nor High Churchism, nor Low Churchism, nor any existing organization can be the Church of the future! May God give us patience to wait! It may be a thousand, or three thousand years yet, ere it comes, but come it will! I do not think any Broad Church can be *the* Church yet; it wants definiteness to meet the common mind of rough humanity. But in a Church it can modify and liberalise extremes, witness for individuality against any extreme views of the body, and so help to an ultimate solution of the problem between the individual and the Church. I shall see it from the other side; but not from this.

"I resigned the Convenership of the India Mission as I have said. I made a long speech not reported. Dear Watson has been rejected as Convener. Herdman appointed. This is of interest merely as showing the contest between the parties in the Church. These are the Ultra-Evangelical and the Liberal."

Thus ends the journal he kept so faithfully through his busy life.

On the same day his birthday festival was held with a joy that was shadowed by haunting fears of coming change. His worn and shattered aspect, and his sad, tender bearing, suggested painful forebodings to those who loved him, and who could scarcely refrain from showing their anxiety.

On the following Thursday he took his mother and aunt for a drive in an open carriage. The day was treacherous, and, before they returned, the bright sunshine, which had tempted them to go out, departed, and a piercing east wind came on. In his anxiety for his delicate aunt he wrapped his own plaid round her, and exposed himself to a chill, which, in his broken condition of health, proved fatal. When he came home he was seized with a shiver, followed by an intense pain in the chest, and for the next few days experienced extreme suffering, combined with overpowering attacks of sickness. He spent some hours that evening with his mother, and aunts, and sister, who

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resided a few doors from his own house. It was the day of a funeral of a favourite nephew, Duncan Clerk, and partly to comfort his sorrowing niece, who was present, as well as to give expression to thoughts of which his mind was full, he talked with more than usual power—almost with excitement—regarding the glorified life of those who had departed in the Lord. He recalled the names and characters of deceased relatives, and described the joy of meeting and recognising them. He spoke of his father, of James, of sisters and uncles who were dead, and of John Mackintosh; and when one of the party chanced to allude to their departure as a loss, he vehemently remonstrated against such a view. "Love is possession, love is possession," he repeated with an emphasis, which those who listened to him have since learned to apply to the separation they feared, but the imminence of which they did not then anticipate. Before parting from his mother that evening—the last they were to spend together on earth—he poured out his soul in a prayer which melted every heart. It was a triumphant thanksgiving to God, which recalled his own past history, and the history of the family, revived the names of many dear ones who had entered into rest, and concluded with a glorious profession of gratitude, confidence, and joy.

His restlessness night and day became dreadful, but as the symptoms seemed to arise from indigestion, for a time no strong measures were taken. In order to alleviate this, and to give him greater freedom, Mrs. Macleod removed his bed to the drawing-room. The pain gradually lessened, but his strength went visibly down, and his brother, Professor Macleod, who had been out of town, was, on his return, so much struck by the change in his appearance, that, though not anticipating any immediately fatal result, he suspected the imminence of graver complications. In order to secure complete rest for him, arrangements were made for his giving up every kind of work for six months. This fact was communicated to him on Tuesday the 11th, and was received with perfect composure; but when his brother left, Mrs. Macleod found him in the drawing-room deadly pale and nearly fainting. The proposal had shocked him more than he knew, as indicating the cessation of his active life; but he revived after a little, and spoke of how delightful it would be to take all his children to Cannstadt, and how he would enjoy six months' rest with his family and his books.

The rapid sinking of his strength, the increasing tendency to faintness, the casual rambling of his thoughts, showed, however, too plainly the severity of the attack, and his medical attendants held a consultation on Thursday, in which Professor Gairdner joined. Their examination showed that rapid effusion had taken place into the pericardium.

That morning, when one of his brothers saw him, he described a dream which seemed for the time to fill him with happiness:—"I have had such a glorious dream! I thought the whole Punjaub was suddenly Christianised, and such noble fellows, with their native churches and clergy."

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The next day he was very weak, but on Saturday the doctors found him considerably better. The birth of his brother Donald's eldest son, which occurred that morning, took a strange hold of his mind, and when the father called for him he found him filled with solemn thoughts suggested by the gift of this new life. He was seated in a stooping position, his elbows resting on his knees, to relieve the pain in his chest, and while he spoke his eyes overflowed with tears, as with broken utterance he touched on what had always been a congenial theme:—"Christ spoke of the joy of a man-child being born into the world. He alone could measure all that is implied in the beginning of such an existence. A man born! One that may know God and be with Him forever. A son of God like Jesus Christ—how grand—how awfully grand!" *

That evening he was so much better as to enjoy music, and his daughters played and sang some of his favourite pieces,—the "Marche Funèbre" of Beethoven, with a part of the Sonata; Mozart's "Kyrie Eleison;" "Ach wie ist es möglich!" "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He was greatly moved by Newman's well-known hymn, "Lead, kindly light," which, strange to say, he had never heard sung before. Every word seemed so appropriate that he made his daughter sit beside him that he might hear her more distinctly, and he shook his head and bowed it with emphatic acquiescence at different passages, especially at the lines,—

> "Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
> The distant scene: one step enough for me."

On that night, as well as on the previous one, his brother George sat up with him. On the Friday night he had suffered extremely, but he was now slightly better. He had snatches of sleep, often rose and walked through the room, sometimes indulging in bits of fun, and shaking with laughter at sallies of wit which were evidently intended to relieve his brother's anxiety. Sometimes his mind slightly wandered. More than once he engaged in silent prayer, and after one of these still moments he said, "I have been praying for this little boy of Donald's—that he may live to be a good man, and by God's grace be a minister in the Church of Christ—the grandest of all callings!"

He described with great delight the dreams he had been enjoying, or rather the visions which seemed to be passing vividly before his eyes even while he was speaking. "You cannot imagine what exquisite pictures I see. I never beheld more glorious Highlands, majestic mountains and glens, brown heather tinted with purple, and burns—clear, clear burns—and above, a sky of intense blue—so blue, without a cloud!"

He spoke of an unusual number of friends, and remembering that the Queen was then leaving Balmoral for Windsor, he prayed aloud for her and her children.

* The same newspaper which announced the birth of this boy, Norman, contained the news of his uncle's death.

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Seeing that his brother was anxious that he should sleep, he said, "Tell me about the Crimea, and what you saw there. There is nothing I like so much as stories of battles. If you tell me what you saw you will soothe me to sleep like a child. I never could well make out the position of the Flagstaff battery. Now, just go on!" Once, during the night, he asked his brother, with great tenderness, to kiss him; and at another time, when awaking from sleep, he held up his hands, as if pronouncing the benediction in church, and said with much solemnity, "May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen." So passed his last night on earth, troubled, yet peaceful, and full of the unselfishness and simplicity of his life.

On the morning of Sunday, the sixteenth of June, he was so much better that his brother left him in comparative comfort, and when Professor Andrew Buchanan saw him some hours afterwards, he was surprised at the great improvement which had taken place. He felt so refreshed after taking some food, about seven in the morning, that he asked his wife to sit beside him while he told her the deeper thoughts that were possessing his soul. "I believe I will get better," he said, "but I wish you to record for my good and for our good afterwards, that in this hurricane I have had deep thoughts of God. I feel as if He said, 'We know one another, I love you, I forgive you; I put my hands round you,' just as I would with my son Norman," and here he laid his own hand tenderly on his wife's head. "I have had few religious exercises for the last ten days. If my son were ill I would not be angry with him for not sending me a letter. But I have had constant joy, and the happy thought continually whispered, 'Thou art with me!' Not many would understand me. They would put down much that I have felt to the delirium of weakness, but I have had deep spiritual insight." When he was speaking of God's dealings, the expression of his face and his accents were as if he was addressing one actually present. Still more intimately, it seemed, than ever, his fellowship was with the Father and the Son. He again repeated that he believed he would get better, and that his latter days would be more useful than any former ones. "I have neglected many things. I have not felt as I ought how awfully good God is; how generous and long-suffering; how He has 'put up' with all my rubbish. It is enough to crush me when I think of all His mercies" (as he said this he was melted in tears), "mercy, mercy, from beginning to end. You and I have passed through many life-storms, but we can say with peace, it has been all right." He added something she could not follow as to what he would wish to do in his latter days, and as to how he "would teach his darling children to know and realise God's presence." He told her once more to write down all he had said, that it might do her good when her own day of sorrow came. He frequently said that this visitation was quite unexpected.

Some hours afterwards two of his daughters came to kiss him before

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going to church. "He took my hands in both of his," one of them writes, "and told me I must come to see him oftener. 'If I had strength,' he said, 'I could tell you things that would do you good through all your life. I am an old man, and have passed through many experiences, but now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of Heaven that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe.' I kissed him on his dear forehead and went away, crying only because he was so ill. When I next saw him he was indeed 'in perfect peace and perfect calm.'"

The church bells had for some time ceased to ring, and the quiet of the Lord's-day rested on the city. His wife and one of his sons were with him in the drawing-room, where he remained chiefly sitting on the sofa. About twelve o'clock Mrs. Macleod went to the door to give some directions about food. The sudden cry, "Mother, mother!" startled her, and when she hurried in she saw his head had fallen back. There was a soft sigh, and, gently as one sinking into sleep, his spirit entered the eternal rest.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE FUNERAL.

"HAD I a wish on so solemn a subject, I would be disposed to choose a sudden death." So had he written some years before; and those who knew and loved him best, when their grief was so far assuaged as to allow them to judge calmly, thanked God for the time and manner in which it pleased Him to take His servant to Himself. His death came when his work was in a sense complete. He had all but accomplished his plans for meeting the spiritual necessities of his great parish.* He had borne his last mature testimony on behalf of India; and his work in the Church and in the country had, in many ways, reached its fulness. Had it pleased God so to order it, he would doubtless have meekly accepted the burden of an enfeebled old age spent in retirement, or, by divine grace, would have patiently endured protracted suffering, and watched with fortitude the slow approach of certain death. But neither of these experiences—both so trying to a temperament like his—was allotted to him. His active nature did not survive its usefulness; and instead of being kept under what, to his vivid imagination, might have been the appalling consciousness of life slowly ebbing away, his spirit passed, without a struggle, into that Presence in which his thoughts and affections had long made themselves a beloved abode.

The news of his death passed with extraordinary speed through the kingdom, and everywhere produced a profound impression. No man, since Chalmers, was so much mourned in Scotland. People who had never exchanged a word with him felt and spoke as if a personal friend had been taken away, and those who had deemed it their duty sometimes to oppose him even with bitterness, were the foremost to pay honour to the rich humanity and religious nobleness, which had raised him above the influence of all party strife.

A vague rumour of his death having reached the Queen she at once telegraphed for information, and with that ready sympathy which has so endeared her to the nation, she addressed the following letter to his brother:—

* What remained to be done was rapidly executed after his death. Three of the Mission Chapels were endowed as parishes by three of his friends—Kelvinhaugh and Bluevale (the first and the last he built) being severally endowed by Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. James Baird, and his own Mission Church erected into what is now called "The Macleod Parish," by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth. The congregation of the Barony completed in like manner the remaining parochial appliances which he had projected, and built a Memorial Missionary Institute in a destitute part of the parish.

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"BALMORAL, *June 17th*, 1872.

"The Queen hardly knows how to begin a letter to Mr. Donald Macleod, so deep and strong are her feelings on this most sad and most painful occasion —for words are all too weak to say what she feels, and what all must feel who ever knew his beloved, excellent, and highly gifted brother, Dr. Norman Macleod!

"First of all, to his family—his venerable, loved, and honoured mother, his wife and large family of children—the loss of this good man is irreparable and overwhelming! But it is an irreparable public loss, and the Queen feels this deeply. To herself personally, the loss of dear Dr. Macleod is a very great one; he was so kind, and on all occasions showed her such warm sympathy, and in the early days of her great sorrow, gave the Queen so much comfort whenever she saw him, that she always looked forward eagerly to those occasions when she saw him here; and she cannot realise the idea that in this world she is never to see his kind face, and listen to those admirable discourses which did every one good, and to his charming conversation again!

"The Queen is gratified that she was able to see him this last time, and to have some lengthened conversation with him, when he dwelt much on that future world to which he now belongs. He was sadly depressed and suffering, but still so near a termination of his career of intense usefulness and loving-kindness, never struck her or any of us as likely, and the Queen was terribly shocked on learning the sad, sad news. All her children, present and absent, deeply mourn his loss. The Queen would be very grateful for all the details which Mr. D. Macleod can give her of the last moments and illness of her dear friend.

"Pray, say everything kind and sympathising to his venerable mother, to Mrs. N. Macleod, and all the family; and she asks him to accept himself of her true heart-felt sympathy."

Among many valued tributes of respect paid to his memory, but which it would be superfluous to mention here in detail,* there was one that, for many reasons, has a peculiar interest.

* Among these may be mentioned the touching allusions made on the Sunday after his burial in so many of the pulpits of all churches in the kingdom; and of these there were none truer or more beautiful than those spoken in the Barony by Dr. Watson of Dundee, and Dr. Taylor of Crathie. Many kind notices of his life appeared at the time in the Press, among which was an exquisite sketch of his career and character, contributed to the *Times* by Dean Stanley; and similarly affectionate and appreciative papers were written by Dr. Walter Smith in *Good Words*, and by Mr. Strahan in the *Contemporary*. Addresses of condolence were sent to his family from such public bodies as the Presbytery of Glasgow, the India Mission, the Barony Kirk Session, the Barony Sabbath School Association, the Bible Society, the Sunday School Society of Stockport, the Scottish Amicable Insurance Society, of which he was a director, the Sons of the Clergy, and several others. A tablet to his memory has been put up in the Parish Church of Loudoun, where his early labours are still cherished in the affectionate memory of the people, and a statue is about to be erected in Glasgow. At Crathie, two stained windows have been placed in the Church by Her Majesty—the one bearing a figure of King David, and the other one of St. Paul—representing the gifts of poetry and missionary zeal. On the former there is inscribed:—"In Memory of the Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., Dean of the Most Noble and Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, a man eminent in the Church, honoured in the State, and in many lands greatly beloved;" on the

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The Archbishop of Canterbury, with characteristic catholicity of spirit, thus addressed the Moderator of the Church of Scotland :—

"LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON, *June 19th*, 1873.

"MY DEAR MODERATOR,

"Will you allow me to express to you officially the deep feeling of sorrow with which I have heard of the loss that has befallen the Established Church of Scotland by the death of Dr. Norman Macleod? He was so widely known in England as well as in Scotland, and, indeed, wherever our mother tongue is spoken, that his death seems a national loss. So zealous, large-hearted, and gifted a pastor could ill be spared at any time to the Christian Church. While his own people lament that they no longer hear his familiar voice, winning them by his wise-spoken counsels, his written words will be missed in thousands of homes in every quarter of the world; and the Established Church, over which you preside, will deeply feel the removal of one who held so high a place amongst its wisest and most strenuous defenders.

"Believe me to be, my dear Moderator,

"Your faithful servant,

"A. C. CANTAUR."

It is unfortunately so seldom the representatives of the National Churches of England and Scotland exchange official communications, that this letter becomes the more remarkable as indicating at once the wide influence exercised by Dr. Macleod, and the reality of that unity in virtue of which, if one branch of the Church suffers, the whole Church suffers with it.

His funeral took place on Thursday, the 20th, and was celebrated with a solemnity unparalleled in the history of the city with which his labours were so long associated.

The day was of heavenly beauty, seeming the more beautiful that it had been preceded and was followed by days of storm. There was a private service at his own house, for the members of his family, at which his friend Dr. Watson officiated, and from his house to the Barony church, where his remains were first borne, the streets were lined with an observant multitude. The Barony church was filled with the members of his own congregation, and of his Mission churches, and the venerable Cathedral seemed doubly solemn from the reverent throng of mourning friends and representatives of public bodies gathered there to do honour to the dead.

Among those present were Dr. Robertson, Queen's commissioner, sent by Her Majesty to represent Herself and the Prince of Wales, and the Hon. E. C. Yorke, who acted in a similar capacity for the Duke of Edinburgh.

other, the text—"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3. Several months after his death, his family were surprised and gratified by finding the competency he had provided for them largely increased by those who had loved him; and this was done in a manner so delicate, as to make the mention of it here a privilege.

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The service in the Barony was conducted by Dr. Burns, the minister of the Cathedral, and by Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free Church, while Professor Eadie, of the United Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Smith, of North Leith, officiated in the Cathedral.

When the solemn services were concluded, the cortege was accompanied to the outskirts of the city by the magistrates of Glasgow, the sheriffs, the representatives of Royalty, the senate of the University, and by other public functionaries in their official robes; by clergymen of all Churches, gathered from many districts of the country, and by the members of various religious and other societies with which he had been connected. These preceded the hearse, and behind it and the mourning relatives there followed a long line of nearly three thousand persons of all classes of the community. This demonstration of respect was the more gratifying that it was entirely spontaneous. As the great procession moved on to the sad music of the "Dead March," it was watched along the whole route by a vast multitude, occupying every available position from which a view could be obtained, and showing by their saddened aspect how deeply the hearts of the people had been touched. One of the most remarkable features in that crowd was the large proportion of workmen and of the poor, who came to pay honour to the memory of him who had laboured so earnestly for their good. More than one touching testimony was audibly expressed by these onlookers to the benefit they had received from him. "There goes Norman Macleod," a brawny working man was heard saying, as the dark column moved past; "if he had done no more than what he did for my soul, he would shine as the stars for ever."

As the funeral approached Campsie, it was not only met by many friends, but as business had been for the time suspended in the town, and the shops closed, the entire population united in paying respect to the honoured dead, whose ashes were to rest in the old parish where his early life had been spent.

He was laid beside his father, and as the grave which was prepared for him was discovered, unexpectedly, to be that of James, the two brothers, whose lives had been linked by the holiest of all ties, were thus united in their last resting-place.

Ere the coffin was lowered, three wreaths of *Immortelles* were placed upon it. The first bore the inscription, "A token of respect and friendship from Queen Victoria;" the second, "A token of respect from Prince Leopold," and the third, "A token of respect from Princess Beatrice."

The spot where he sleeps is a suggestive emblem of his life. On the one side are the hum of business and the houses of toiling humanity. On the other, green pastoral hills, and the silence of Highland solitudes. More than one eye rested that day on the sunny slope where he had so lately dreamt of building a home for his old age—more than one heart thanked God for the more glorious mansion into which he had entered.

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APPENDIX.

A.

In a series of autobiographical reminiscences which he dictated in old age to one of his daughters, Dr. Macleod's father gives, among others, the following amusing and characteristic pictures of his youth:—

"I received the rudiments of my education in the Manse of Fiunary from tutors who were hired by my father from time to time; but we were often for months without any instruction, except the little we could receive from himself when his time, which was very much occupied with parish matters, could permit. He generally spent three or four days of the week on horseback, and always came home much fatigued; but he usually contrived to give my elder brother and me a lesson. He seldom shaved above twice in the week, except something extraordinary came in the way, and it was during the process of shaving, which generally exceeded an hour, that we were drilled in our Latin lessons. He was an admirable Latin scholar, and had a great portion of the Latin classics—Horace, Virgil, and Ovid—committed to memory. He was very partial to Buchanan's Latin Psalms, a portion of which we generally read on Sabbbath morning. My father was unfortunate in most of his tutors; one of them, a monster in temper, came to us from Aberdeen. I shudder at the recollection of his cruelty. My brother Donald, one of the most amiable and interesting fellows that ever lived, was an excellent scholar and superior to his tutor, who, I suppose on that account, formed a fearful prejudice against him, and chastised him unmercifully, and often without cause, and that in remote places where there was no one to witness his conduct. His savage treatment of this dear lad brought on a spitting of blood, from which he never recovered. I was not a good scholar, and was much more given to play than to study, yet I received my full share of flogging! This cruel man had a wonderful power over us, and took solemn promises from us that we should not tell our parents of his conduct. A singular circumstance, which deeply impressed me at the time and which I cannot forget, brought his conduct to light, and caused his dismissal from my father's family. He asked us to accompany him upon a Saturday to the house of Killundine, where one of his pupils then lived, and who is almost the only one of my early companions still alive. We went to Killundine, by the shore, on the line where the new public road now runs. I was dressed in a kilt, but had no hose or stockings on. We came to the cave below Laggan, known by the name of 'The Dripping Cave,' which could not be entered but through a wild jungle of briars, thorns, and nettles. It was said that this cave was the abode of some wild man of the wood, and that he had lately been seen at the entrance of it. I admitted to my tutor that I believed this story; on which he ordered me to pass through this thicket and enter the cave, in order, as he said, to disabuse my mind of such a belief in the superstitions of the country. I remonstrated as to my inability to do so in the dress which I then wore; but he cut a rod in the wood, with which he compelled me to proceed. I did so, while all my feet and legs were torn and bleeding from the effects of the thorns. On reaching the entrance of the cave, what was my horror on observing the figure of a tall, old, grey-headed man rising from his bed of straw with a scarlet night-cap on! But he, hearing my cries and sobs, addressed me in the kindest manner—naming me, for he recognised me at once. This dispelled my fear, and I resolved to abide with him in the cave rather than return to my companion. I told him all that had happened to me. He roared after the tutor, and vowed vengeance against him. He informed me that the tutor had taken to his heels in the direction of the Manse. The good old man carried me in his arms out of the brushwood, and insisted that I should go on to

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Killundine, accompanying me himself a great part of the way. This venerable man had been unfortunate in his money transactions as a cattle dealer, and was concealing himself for some time, till an arrangement should be made with his creditors. I reached the house of Killundine in a sorrowful plight, where the thorns were extracted from my limbs, and where I remained for the night. Thus were the cruelties of our tutor brought to light, his conduct to my brother became known, and he was dismissed. The only apology that can be found for him was, that he was labouring under mental disease; he died soon after in the lunatic asylum. My father continued to give me lessons when his time admitted of it (especially during shaving times). He followed a practice, which I at the time abhorred, of making me translate the classics into *Gaelic*. He himself had an exquisite taste in the selection of vocables, and thus I became a good Gaelic scholar.

"In the summer of 1799 the late General Norman Macleod (grandfather to the present chief) came to the Manse of Morven, on his way to the Isle of Skye. My father had been for some time tutor to this brave and talented man, who was a distinguished soldier in the American War, and obtained great renown afterwards in India during the conflicts with Tippoo Sahib and other chiefs. He was frequently and severely wounded. Macleod insisted that my father should allow me to go along with him to Dunvegan; and I was delighted at the prospect of visiting the place of which I had heard so many traditionary legends. There were no steamers at that time, and we took our passage in a small wherry from Oban.

"Macleod was accompanied by Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan, his man of business, and Mr. Campbell of Combie, his commissioner. We arrived at Loch Bracadale next day after leaving Morven, where we found horses and carts, with crowds of people waiting our arival; we reached the old Castle of Dunvegan, where many of the gentlemen tacksmen of the Macleod estates were waiting to receive us. Macleod was welcomed to the castle of his fathers by Captain Donald MacCrimmon, the representative of the celebrated 'MacCrimmon pipers,' who had for ages been connected with the family. This Captain MacCrimmon had acquired his commission, and no small share of renown, with his chief, during the American War.

"I can never forget the impression which the whole scene made upon my youthful mind as MacCrimmon struck up 'Failte Ruairi Mhòir,' the favourite tune of the clan. Dinner was laid in the great dining-room; the keys of the cellar were procured, and a pipe of claret was broached, and also a cask of Madeira wine of choice quality, brought from India by Macleod; the wine was carried up in flagons to the dining-room, and certainly they were very amply used in the course of the evening. A bed was provided for me in a small closet off Macleod's room, and I can never forget the affectionate kindness which my greatly beloved chief showed me while for three months I remained in his castle. The number of visitors who came there was great—Maclean of Coll, Grant of Corrymony, Mr. Grant, the father of Lord Glenelg, Principal Macleod, of Aberdeen, Colonel Donald Macleod, father to the present St. Kilda, were, with many others, among the guests. I formed a special regard for Major Macleod of Ballymeanach, who had been a distinguished officer in the Dutch wars, and who kindly entertained me with many interesting anecdotes regarding the warfare in which he had been engaged.

"One circumstance took place at the castle on this occasion which I think worth recording, especially as I am the only person now living who can attest the truth of it. There had been a traditionary prophecy, couched in Gaelic verse, regarding the family of Macleod, which, on this occasion, received a most extraordinary fulfilment. This prophecy I have heard repeated by several persons, and most deeply do I regret that I did not take a copy of it when I could have got it. The worthy Mr. Campbell of Knock, in Mull, had a very beautiful version of it, as also had my father, and so, I think, had likewise Dr. Campbell of Killninver. Such prophecies were current regarding almost all old families in the Highlands.; the Argyll family were of the number; and there is a prophecy regarding the Breadalbane family as yet unfulfilled, which I hope my remain so. The present Marquis of Breadalbane is fully aware of it, as are many of the connections of the family. Of the Macleod family it was prophesied at least a hundred years prior to the circumstance which I am about to relate.

"In the prophecy to which I allude it was foretold, that when Norman, the third Norman ('Tormaid nan' tri Tormaid'), the son of the hard-boned English lady ('Mac na mnatha Caoile cruaidh Shassanaich'), would perish by an accidental death; that when the 'Maidens' of Macleod (certain well-known rocks on the coast of Macleod's country) became the property of a Campbell; when a fox had young ones in one of the turrets of the Castle, and, particularly, when the Fairy-enchanted banner should be for the

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last time exhibited, then the glory of the Macleod family should depart—a great part of the estate should be sold to others, so that a small 'curragh,' or boat, would carry all gentlemen of the name of Macleod across Loch Dunvegan; but that in times far distant another John Breac should arise, who should redeem those estates, and raise the powers and honour of the house to a higher pitch than ever. Such in general terms was the prophecy. And now as to the curious coincidence of its fulfilment. There was, at that time at Dunvegan, an English smith, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me, in solemn secrecy, that the iron chest which contained the 'fairy flag' was to be forced open next morning; that he had arranged with Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan to be there with his tools for that purpose.

"I was most anxious to be present, and I asked permission to that effect of Mr. Buchanan, who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform any one of the name of Macleod that such was intended, and should keep it a profound secret from the chief. This I promised, and most faithfully acted on. Next morning we proceeded to the chamber to the East Turret, where was the iron chest that contained the famous flag, about which there is an interesting tradition.

"With great violence the smith tore open the lid of this iron chest; but in doing so a key was found, under part of the covering, which would have opened the chest, had it been found in time. There was an inner case, in which was found the flag, enclosed in a wooden box of strongly scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.

"On this occasion, the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod, reached the castle. 'Norman, the third Norman,' was a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Queen Charlotte*, which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time the rocks called 'Macleod's Maidens' were sold, in the course of that very week, to Angus Campbell of Ensay, and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of a Lieutenant Maclean, residing in the West Turret of the Castle, had young ones, which I handled, and thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled, although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prophecy accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected."

He also gives an account in these reminiscences of some of his experiences while endeavouring to establish schools in destitute places in the Hebrides:—

"In the spring of 1824 a contention, carried on with great party warmth, took place among the leading men in Edinburgh, about the election of Moderator to the ensuing General Assembly. When Principal Baird, Dr. Inglis, and others (the leaders of the Moderate party in the Church) applied to me for my support and influence, I replied that I could on no account support them as a party, for they had never given me any support in matters connected with the Highlands, which I had repeatedly brought under their notice, and they had declined in an especial manner to assist the efforts which were then being made to obtain a quarto edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, although it had been repeatedly brought under their notice; and that, after explaining to them the grievance of having only a Bible of so small a text as a 12mo edition, which no one advanced in life could read, I received for answer from the leader of that party (on whom I thought I had made some impression as he walked in his drawing-room before breakfast): 'That is the breakfast bell; just advise your Highland friends to get spectacles.'

"The subject came under discussion again that day, and it ended by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge most generously coming forward and offering to give us the long wished for Quarto Volume, to our great joy, and somewhat the annoyance of our opponents.

"Dr. Stewart of Luss was appointed Convener of the Committee chosen to carry out the resolution, and no better man for the purpose could be found in the Church. I and several others were associated with him in the work, and I did my best to aid him; but to him belongs the praise for the perfect manner with which it was executed.

"It was during the sittings of this Assembly that I resisted all the applications made to me by Principal Baird to throw in whatever little influence I possessed in support of the

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Moderate interests, unless he and his party would aid us in promoting the education of the people in the Highlands and Islands, where a melancholy destitution of the means of education prevailed.

"We got up a public supper, at which all the members, lay and clerical, from the Highlands, were present. We drew up an address to the Principal and his friends, in which they were requested to institute a scheme for the promotion of education in the Highlands and Isles.

"As several overtures to that effect had been forwarded to the Assembly, and would be discussed in the course of the following week, when Dr. Inglis was to bring forward his motion in reference to the India Scheme, the worthy Principal instantly consented to be chairman in an Educational Scheme for the Highlands and Islands, but with this condition, that he should not be asked to speak in the General Assembly. As I was in possession of all the facts connected with educational destitution in the Highlands, he put into my hands the "Educational Statistics" by Lord Brougham, which were voluminous and valuable.

"I at once agreed to the request made me by the Principal andseveral of my Highland friends, that I should bring this matter under the notice of the General Assembly. I locked myself up for several days, and with great care prepared the speech I was about to deliver before the General Assembly on this important subject. When the day fixed for the discussion arrived, the overtures relating to the Indian Scheme and to the Highland Scheme were read, when a controversy arose as to the priority to be given to either. Dr. Cook, of St. Andrew's (the disappointed candidate for the Moderatorship, but a most deservedly popular leader in the General Assembly), insisted that the Highland Scheme should be discussed first, while on the other hand Dr. Inglis and his friends insisted that preference should be given the Indian Scheme.

"After a lengthened discussion, it was agreed that I should be first heard. I was accordingly called upon to speak, when I stated that out of personal respect for Dr. Inglis, who was my senior and a father of the Church, I should give precedence at once to him, provided that the Assembly came to no resolution about the Hindoos till it had heard what we had to say about the Highlanders.

"After the worthy Doctor had concluded his able speech, I brought forward our case at great length, which was heard with the most marked attention, and our statements enthusiastically cheered. Never did any one enter upon the duties he had undertaken with more enthusiastic ardour and devotion than did our venerable chairman, nor did his efforts for one moment cease till the hour of his death. I had great cause for thankfulness that I had been enabled to bring this most important subject under the notice of the Church.

"It was agreed that the convener of the Committee for Highland Education, the secretary, and I should visit the Highlands and Isles early in the course of the following summer. An application was made to the Treasury for the services of a revenue-cutter, to convey us. This was very readily granted. Captain Henry Beatson, of the *Swift*, was directed to hold himself in readiness to convey us, and to take in stores for our use; with this latter part of his orders, Captain Beatson most amply complied, as he took on board at Greenock provisions that would have served for a voyage to Australia.

"We first visited the Island of Islay, where we experienced princely hospitality from Walter Campbell, to whom the island at that time belonged. From Islay we proceeded to Jura; from thence to Oban, Lorne, Appin, and Lismore; there we waited upon the Roman Catholic Bishop McDonald, who received us with great cordiality, and gave us letters to all his priests in the north, recommending us to their special attention. We explained to him at great length the nature of our Education Scheme, assuring him that the inspection of our schools should always be open to the Roman Catholic Priests, and that no books should be given to the children who were members of his Church except such as he should approve of. Wherever we stopped on our delightful voyage, fowls, vegetables, milk, cream, and butter and cheese were sent on board, and, where they were not so sent, Captain Beatson was not shy in asking them.

"We visited Coll and Tyree, and from thence to the Western Isles, visiting all the parishes as we went along, and, after consulting with the proprietors and clergy, and ascertaining all the statistics connected with the various places, we did not meet with one heritor who did not grant ground for a school-house and garden in the locality fixed upon. In Skye I went from Portree to the parish of Dunvegan to attend the Communion, which was administered in a field close to the burial-ground of Kilmuir, where some of my ancestors and many of my relatives are interred. The scene on this day was

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most impressive and solemn. The place chosen was singularly fitted for such an occasion, being a natural amphitheatre, around which the people sat. It was calculated there were upwards of three thousand people present; and a more attentive and apparently devout congregation I have seldom witnessed assembled together. There was a large tent, formed of spars and oars covered with sails, erected for the minister and his assistant, while some of the better class erected other tents for their own use. The church-bell rang for a quarter of an hour, during which time not one word was spoken by any one in this great congregation.

"The day was most beautiful, a lovely summer day; the place of meeting was admirably chosen, there being a kind of ascent on the field, which made a raised gallery. Several small, romantic glens led to it, by which the people came to the place of worship. The sun shone brightly, the winds were asleep, and nothing broke the solemn silence save the voice of the preacher echoing amidst the rocks, or the subdued sighs of the people. The preacher, on such an occasion, has great power over his audience. The Gaelic language is peculiarly favourable for solemn effect. The people seem enfolded by the pastoral and craggy scenery around them—the heavens over their heads seem emblematic of the residence of the God whom they worship and of the final home they are taught to hope for. They delight to hear the voice of prayer ascending from the place where they stand to that throne above from which nothing but the blue sky seems to divide them; and when all the voices of such a vast congregation are united in religious adoration, the whole creation round seems to be praising God. I have indeed witnessed the effect of Gaelic preaching and of the singing of the Psalms in that language, such as would now appear almost incredible.

"Standing among the thousands on that day assembled round the old churchyard of Kilmuir—a place hallowed by many tender associations—I never did feel more overpowered.

"In singing the last verse of the seventy-second Psalm in our own beautiful Gaelic version, the vast crowd stood up, and repeated the last stanza and re-sung it with rapt enthusiasm. On this occasion the first sermon was preached by the minister of a neighbouring parish.

"There were but two Table Services, at which a vast number of communicants sat. The tables, and places for sitting, were constructed of green sods, decently covered. I had the privilege of addressing one of these tables, and of preaching at the conclusion a thanksgiving sermon from the words, 'Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.' When the whole service was over, many old people, who had known my father and grandfather, came to offer me their affectionate blessing.

"The appearance of Loch Dunvegan that evening, covered with small boats conveying the hearers to their homes, and the crowds of people winding their way among the dark mountains, was singularly striking.

"I feel assured that such a scene as the Communion Service that day at Dunvegan has never since been witnessed in Skye, and I greatly fear never will be again. A gloomy fanaticism followed the breaking up of the Established Church, and perhaps in no part of the country did this bitterness exist more strongly than in the Western Islands. In Skye especially it led to dividing families and separating man from man, and altogether engendered strife which, I fear, it will take years to calm down.

"I returned to Portree to join the venerable Principal and my other friends."

B.

A Crack aboot the Kirk for Kintra Folk.

First Crack.

Saunders. Are ye gaun to lee' the Kirk, John?

John. Deed, Saunders, I am no vera keen about it; are ye gaun to lee't yoursel'?

S. No yet, I am thinkin'; what for should I? I ha'e been an elder in't for twenty years come the winter sawcrament, and it's no a waur Kirk but a hantle better ane syn' I cam' till't, and until it gets waur, I'll bide and end my days in't, and *if* it *gets* waur, I can aye lee't whan I like.

J. Ye'll no ha'e heerd the deputations I'se warrant?

S. Wha me? Did I no! if we are no wise it's no for want o' tellin.' It puts my auld head in confusion a' this steer!

J. They're surely desperat' keen o' the fechtan thae ministers wi' a' their crack about brotherly love and peace!

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S. Ye may say sae John, but ye ken, as the auld sayin' haes't, "the best men are but men at the best."

J Na', that's a truth! But pity me, could they no maun to reform the kirk withoot sic a bizz? sic a fetchin' in sessions, presbyteries, synods, and assemblies. Na, tha'll no do, thae maun ha'e a Convention like the Chartists.

S. A Convocation, John.

J. Weel, weel, it's no the richt Parliament, that's a'. And that's no eneuch, for they maun haud meetin's every ither day in their ain parishes, and ower and aboon, they maun tak' their neebours' parishes in hand. Na, they're no dune yet, for they maun ha'e committees o' a' the impudent, speaking, fashious, conceited chiels, that are aye first and foremost in every steer; and tae keep them hett, they're aye bleezing at them wi' circulars, newspapers, and addresses, and gif ony o' them change their mind, be he minister or man, or daur to think for himsel', he is cry'd doon for a' that's bad and wicked! Na, it's desperate wark, Saunders!

S. Deed, John, the speerit that's abroad 's gien me unco concern for the welfare o' the Kirk o' Scotland, but mair especially for the Church o' Christ in the land. It's richt that men should ha'e their ain opinions, and if they think them gude, to haud them up and spread them in a richt and Christian way; but this way the ministers ha'e enoo o' gaun to work, I canna persuade mysel' is in accordance wi' the speerit o' the apostles, wha gied themselves wholly tae prayer and the preaching o' the word, and were aye thankfu' whan they had liberty to do baith, and wha said that "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle towards all men," and "that tho' we should gi'e our bodies to be burned, we were nothing, unless we had that love that thinketh no evil, that beareth all things, that hopeth all things."

J. They put me in mind o' bees bummin' and fleeing aboot and doin' little wark, and makin' nae kame in their ain skaip just afore castin', or like thae writer bodies at an election gaun gallopin' aboot the kintra, keepin' the steam up wi' speeches, and newspapers, till the poll be bye.

S. I canna weel understaun't, for there are gude gude men amang them. They are surely sair mislaid! for nae doot they think they're richt. I think that pledging way is a sad snare tae the conscience; it baith keeps a man frae seein' that he's wrang, or when he sees himsel' wrang, frae puttin' himsel' richt.

J. It wad be Faither Matthews, maybe, that pit that plan in their head?

S. Oo, the men are perfect sincere, and gaun aboot, doubtless, to pit folk in mind o' what they think their duty, and o' their richts and preeveleges.

J. Sincere! It's nae comfort tae me tae tell me whan a man's gaun to cut my throat that he's sincere; and as tae stirrin' up the folk to mind their ain richts, they needna think that necessar', for if the folk are wranged, they'll fin't oot wi'oot the ministers tellin' them. If a man has a sair leg or a sick body ye needna keep prokin' at him and roarin' in his lug a' day that he's no weel; or if he's in jail, or turned oot o' his hoose tae the streets, ye needna be threepin' doon his throat that he canna be comfortable. he kens that better than you; but if ye get haud o' a nervish fleed waik body a doctor can persuade him that he's deean, and mak' him ruin himsel' wi' pooders and bottles; and if he's hett tempered and proud, a Chartist can, maybe, persuade him that he's a slave, and bound wi' airns. Noo, a' this mischief comes frae gabby speakers wha mak' the evil, and then lee' decent folk tae reform it.

S. Ye're ower hett on't yerself, John, *I* con see gude on baith sides, and difficulties on a' and muckle tae reform, tho' no eneuch tae destroy; but here comes the Dominie and Will Jamieson, the tailor, alang the road, and ye's get it noo, lad, for ye're in the hands o' the Philistines.

J. I am but a plain weever, Saunders, and no fit tae argue wi' the Dominie, tho' I carena about stickin' up tae Will, for him and me has mony a fecht at meal hours about this Non-Intrusion; but ye're an elder o' the kirk, and should staun' up for't. Let us sit doon on the brigg here, it's a grand place for a crack.

Dominie. Good day, Alexander—good day, John.

S. & J. Gude day tae ye baith.

Will. Ye'll be at yer auld wark, nae doot, haudin' up the Kirk?

J. An' ye'll be at yer auld wark, pullin't doon?

S. Indeed, John and me war' jist cracking aboot our auld Kirk, and he thinks ye're gaun tae ding it doon a' thegither.

J. Na, I ken naething about it, Maister. Am unco concerned for its walfare, and me and Saunders are muckle o' ae mind that there's something far wrang whae'er haes the blame

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D. You may say so, John; they are surely far wrong when Ministers of the Gospel can be forced upon reclaiming congregations against the will of the people; when the civil power can interfere with the Church in the discharge of her spiritual duties; when the State, not Christ, assumes to be head of the Church. When all power of exercising Church discipline is taken from her, surely, then, Ichabod, "the glory is departed," may be written upon her walls!

Will. An' the ministers maun gang noo tae the Court o' Session tae get a text for their sermons, and tae sea wha's tae be let into the communion table, for nae minister nor elder can cheep noo unless wi' their bidding, and—

J. That's a wheen blethers, Will! an' it's aye your way to run aff wi' the harrows.

S. Stap noo lads, dinna begin the fechtin' like twa dogs ower a bane. But I wad like, Mr. Brown, tae hear your opinion anent this question. Ye ha'e mentioned mony a bad thing (as ye say) that's come tae the Kirk, an' it's no easy to pick a' the threeds out o' sic a ravelled hank, but gif the tae half was true o' what ye say, I wadna stay in the Kirk anither sabbath, unless we could get things mended! But either o' us are far mistaken. But first o' a', what think ye o' the Non-Intrusion question?

D. I think that no man should be minister in any parish contrary to the will of the people. I thought this question was settled in the mind of every good man.

S. Do ye mean that nae man should be a minister o' a parish if the folk jist say they'll no ha'e him, wi'oot gi'en rhyme or reason, wi'oot sayin' why or wherefore, wi'oot sayin' black's yer e'e or ought against him!

D. Just so, if the Christian people say no—no it must be. For who dare say yes?

S. That was aye the opinion o' the Dissenters, but I ne'er kent that it was the law o' the Kirk, so that it couldna be a Kirk at a' wi'oot it.

D. It *is* the law; read from First and Second Books of Discipline.

S. I ha'e read them, an' I couldna see that law in them; at least, if it was in them I ne'er kent the state had agreed till't.

Will. Tak' oot yer Books o' Discipline, Maister, and read the bits tae Saunders, he an' the like o' him are keepit in darkness.

J. He canna be in darkness wi' sic a new light as you, Wull; tho' I am afeard ye'll pruve but a penny dip after a'!

D. Here are the Books of Discipline. Let us look at them; there is the first book, chap, iv.,—"It appertaineth to the people and every several congregation to elect their minister."

S. There was nae Pawtronage then at a', it seems.

D. No, there was not in the Protestant Church, and the people had a right to elect their minister; but, if within forty days they did not exercise this right, the superintendent and his counsel—

J. He was a kind o' Bishop, I tak' it.

D. Never mind—but he presented, after examination, a minister to the vacant congregation. Now, observe these words,—"altogether this is to be avoided, that any man be violently intruded or thrust upon any congregation;" there, ye see, is the Non-Intrusion in the *First* Book of Discipline.

S. Let me see't, sir. But what say ye, Mr. Brown, to the rest o' the passage? It's no fair the way you Non-Intrusionists aye stop at that part o' the sentence, for it gangs on to say,—"But violent intrusion we call not when the counsel of the Church, in the fear of God, and for the salvation of the people, offereth unto them a sufficient man to instruct them, whom they shall not be forced to admit before just examination." An' quite richt that, but see, they daurna reject this man wi'oot "just and sufficient reason," for it says, "that they shall be *compelled*, by the censure of the counsel and church, to receive the person appointed and approved by the judgment of the godly and learned."

J. That's no your kind o' Non-Intrusion, Will; there can be nae *reasons* in your liberty-line?

S. But they tell me this First Buke o' Discipline was ne'er agreed tae by the State: that it was just made by the Kirk whan she was in the voluntary way, an' whan she might mak' what laws she liked wi'oot losing her Establishment, for she wasna established at a'.

Will. Tak' him, Mr. Brown, then, tae the Second Book o' Discipline, if this ane fli no please him.

D. Yes, there can be little doubt what the mind of the Church was in reference to Non-Intrusion when that book was composed. In chap. xii. it is declared "the liberty of the election of persons called to the ecclesiastical functions, and observed without interruption so long as the Kirk was not corrupted by antichrist, we desire to be restored.

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and retained within this realm. So that *none be intruded upon any congregation* either by the Prince or any inferior persons without lawful election, and the assent of the people over whom the person is placed, as the practice of the apostolical and primitive Kirk, and good order, craves. And, because this order which God's word craves *cannot stand* with patronage and presentation to benefices used in the Pope's kirk, &c., &c., and for so much as that manner of proceeding *has no ground in the word of God*, but *is contrary* to the same, and to the said liberty of election, they ought not now to have place in this light of reformations." So, you see, that patronage is "against the word of God," "flows from the Pope's church," and cannot stand with the liberty of election and of *consent* which the people should have."

Will. That'll dae ye surely, Saunders?

S. I see the *teetle* o' that chapter is "Certain special Heads o' Reformation which we *crave*." But I ha'e been telt, and ne'er heard it contradicted, that the State ne'er gied them this they craved.

D. The Second Book of Discipline was agreed to by the State.

S. But no *this* bit o't, for surely wi' a' they say against pawtronage they tuik it?

J. I'se warrant they wadna tak' Kirk wi' sic an unholy thing,—did they, Maister?

D. Why—why, I believe they did.

J. Did they fac! an' yet they say that what ye ca' Non-Intrusion couldna staun' wi't!

Will. But do ye no see that if they hadna ta'en the Kirk wi' patronage then, they couldna ha'e got a Kirk established at a'?

J. I see that as weel as you. I see they couldna keep Non-Intrusion in ane hand and Establishment in the ither; that these couldna staun' thegither; but were they no gleg tae haud a grip o' a' gude establishment wi' manses, glebes, and stipends, wi'oot Non-Intrusion, than to ha'e a voluntary Kirk wi'oot patronage,—that's what they should dae yet.

D. They *cannot* do it; for even though Non-Intrusion (as it is in the Books of Discipline) might not have been agreed to by the State,—tho' I say it was—it is yet in the Word of God, and that is enough for me,—for the Church rests her claims, not on her Books of Discipline only, but also on the immovable foundation of the Word of God.

S. I am verra dootfu' aboot this way o' fatherin' ilka thing that comes into ane's head on the Word; I ne'er could see ae way o' Kirk government in the Word o' God.

D. What! you an elder who have in the most solemn manner declared that you believe the Presbyterian form of Church government to be agreeable to the Word of God! you to speak thus?

S. Aye! agreeable tae the *speerit* o' the Word, but maybe no found in the *letter* o' the Word.

D. But can you think that the great Head would leave no directions to His Church as to its government?

S. Directions! there's nae doubt he has left directions; he has telt us that the field o' our wark is the world, that the seed is to be sawn, and he has appointed ministers and office-bearers for the sawing o' the seed, and all is to be dune that *much* fruit may be brought forth to the glory o' God; but I quastion if He has gien verra precease directions aboot the way the workmen in the vineyard are to be appointed, or aboot a' the various kinds o' instruments, the pleughs, the harrows, that are to be used for cultivating the field, or for workin't, sae that it may bring forth a gude crap.

Will. That's queer doctrine! Did he no tell Moses that *a'* things were to be made accordin' to the pattern gien him on the mount?

J. Wha's speakin' aboot Moses, Ise warrant *he* was obleeged to mak' a' things accordin' tae the pattern because he got ane! aye, a pattern o' the verra candlesticks, and o' their nobs! And doe ye no think that God could hae gien as precease a pattern o' the Christian Kirk if it had been his wull, that there should be ae form for the whole world? or as Saunders would say, If every field and every soil was just to be ploughed, harrowed, and sawn doon in the same way?

Will. I would think, John, the truth wad be truth in every part; that if a thing was true in Scotland, it wad be true in every ither part o' the world.

J. I would think sae tae, Will, but we are no speakin' aboot the truth, but *aboot the way o' getten't*, and it doesna hinder a man to get the truth as weel as you, tho' he doesna clap on your specks *tae see't!*

D. But, Alexander, I think it is hardly possible for any unprejudiced man to read the New Testament, and not to see clear intimations of the will of the great Head of the Church, in reference to the right inherent in its members to elect their pastors; or at all

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events, to exercise such an influence in their selection, as to prevent anyone being placed over them without his first being tried by the people.

S. I canna say, Mr. Brown, that I ever saw that very clearly set doon in the word o' God; whar do ye find't?

D. In the history we have of the election of an Apostle, and of a Deacon, and in the commands which are given to the Christian people, to beware of false prophets, to try the spirits; examples which if followed, and commands which if obeyed, are utterly inconsistent with any view of Church Government but the one recognised by the popular party in the church of Scotland.

J. That's a' verra full text that ye hae, maister.

Will. Break it doon for them, and gie them't in parts then; begin wi' the election o' the Apostles and Deacons.

D. That's easily done, and I candidly think ought to convince. We have an account of the election of an apostle in the first chapter of the Acts. It is there said, "And they appointed two, Joseph called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place. And they gave forth their lots: and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles." Is not that popular election?

S. I candidly tell you that I'm verra doubtful about it; for ye'l notice, in the first place, when it's said "*they* appointed two," and "*they* prayed," and "*they* gave forth their lots," it doesna say *wha* did this, the people or the apostles. Then see again it wasna them that selected but Christ; "shew whether of these two *Thou* hast chosen," for He had chosen all the others; and lastly, the mind of Christ was found out by lot! My opinion is, that this was a *supernatural* way o' choosin' out an office-bearer,—ane that's no in the Christian Church at a' noo, viz., *an apostle*.

Will. It proves to my mind that folk should hae a say in the election o' a minister.

J. It proves jist as weel vote by ballot!

D. I am merely stating you my opinion, and you have a perfect right to state yours. I think of course that the election of Matthias is intended to guide the Christian Church in all ages. This opinion is confirmed by what took place in the electing of a deacon.

J. We hae nae deacons at a' noo; the only ane I ever kent was auld Jock Morton, the deacon o' the tailors.

S. Whist, John, wi' your nonsense; mony o' our Kirks hae deacons, and we would hae them here if the office o' the deacon wasna performed by the elders, and I think the two offices should be distinct in every Christian congregation.

Will. And elected by the people.

D. *That* I think is intimated very clearly and beyond all doubt, in the history given us in the sixth chapter of the Acts. There can be no doubt that they were elected by the people, for we read that the twelve *called the multitude* and said, "wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you men whom we will appoint over this business, but we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word," and it is added that the saying pleased the people, and that they elected the deacons accordingly; what can be plainer?

S. But a deacon's no a minister, he doesna teach—but looks after the poor; and it was but richt and fair that the folk that subscribed the money should elect frae amongst them, them that were to pay it awa; and when the people pay their ministers it will be time eneuch to question whether they should elect them.

J. It's my mind, frae readin' that history, that had it no been for the grumbling o' the Grecians against the Hebrews, for their widows no gettin' their ain share o' the puir's money, there wad hae been nae deacons at a'! There's twa things, hoo'ever, gien us plain there, namely, that the kirk had deacons *then*, and that the ministers gied themselves wholly to prayer and preaching o' the word *then*, but I canna see thae twa things in the kirk *noo*, and surely thae things are plainer than Non-Intrusion.

D. If the people then were enabled to judge of men having such high qualifications as these "Men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," I think they can hardly ever be called upon to judge of higher. Would that they had a body from whom they could make such noble selections!

S. Ye may say sae, maister! and would that we had sic' a body o' communicants as electors, and that we had sic a presbytery as the apostles to chack their election! that's what I say, *that things that might work weel eneuch then will no dae noo.*

Will. I'll ne'er agree tae that! There's naething surely should be in the Christian

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Church noo that wasna in the Christian Church then ; if there is, it canna be accordin' to the word o' God.

J. Naething in the Christian Church noo but what was in't then ! Whare will ye get parishes, and parish Kirks, and stipend, and glebes, and heritors' meetings in the early Christian Kirk ? I wunder, Will, hoo ye ever cam intae the Kirk o' Scotland wi' that wheen nonsense ? If ye hadna some scent o' sense in ye, I wadna wunder tae hear ye propose that a' the communicants noo should kiss ane anither, as they did then.

Will. The matters ower serious for that jokin'; ye're frightened for the argument aboot tryin' the speerits ; that's aye hair in yer neck.

S. I wish ye would baith tak' an example frae Mr. Brown, wha states his arguments calmly and decently, and then lets folk judge it. What's your mind on that passage aboot tryin' the speerits ?

D. The passage is this, "Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone into the world." These are the words of the beloved disciple, who probably had in his eye the equally clear commandment of his master, "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves."

S. And what do these passages, do you think, prove ?

D. They prove that "the spirits," "the prophets," or "ministers" are to be tried by the *disciples :* that this is not a privilege conferred upon them by the Church, which they may or may not exercise, which the Church can give or take away ; but that it is a solemn duty which the Christian people must perform, as they shall answer to their great Head ; now our Kirk, believing that the Christian people had during the sway of moderatism been deprived of this right, and desiring to legislate according to the word of God, did in 1834 pass the much abused veto-law.

J. A lang text again, Mr. Brown ! but I dootna Saunders would gie a gude comment on't.

S. It seems tae me verra doobtfu' what is meant by the command "try the spirits." Some commenters think that it was an extraordinary gift o' the Speerit which the early Christian Church had—this power o' discernin' the speerits o' ither men—tae ken whether they should be admitted as church members, or tae ken whether the prophets were tellin' the truth or tellin' lies when they were foretelling things to come. But even grantin' that the meanin' o' the passage is such as you mak' it oot, what's tae hinder the disciple frae trying speerits noo as then, and frae being beware of false prophets ? Every disciple in the parish Church should try the speerit of the parish minister, and if he doesna think that he is guided by the Spirit of God, that he's no preaching the gospel, he should try the speerit o' anither minister.

Will. But what if ye hae nae ither minister tae gang till ; I maun tak' the parish minister though ye dinna like him, or else want.

S. A sair, sair business, black business, if a presbytery o' ministers meeting in the name o' Christ, pit in a man that doesna preach the glad tidings o' the gospel fully and freely ! Sic things may be, but we are a' sinfu' men, an' there's nae system perfect ; and even if there war popular election, we read o' a time when they wull not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap tae themselves teachers, having itching ears, and they shall turn away these ears from the truth, and shall be turned into fables ; and I'm auld eneuch tae ken that there's as muckle pawtronage, o' as tyrannical a kind as e'er was in the Kirk, among mony dissenters—that they're no a bit better pleased, nor sae weel pleased mony o' them, wi' their ministers, than we are wi' ours, and they hae nae cause tae be sae.

Will. But ist no an unnatural thing pawtronage ?

S. It may be unnatural tae see a German lad and an English lassie owre the great British empire, but like pawtronage, it works maybe better than if the King was tae be elected.

J. But do ye think, maister, that a Kirk canna be a Kirk o' Christ unless the folk hae the power ye speak o' ?

D. No Church can be a Church of Christ unless it obeys Christ's commands.

J. Dootless ; but then ye see a' the dispute is aboot what the commands o' Christ are, an' if they be what ye mak' them oot tae be, if the people maun a' try the speerits o' their pastors, what becam' o' the Kirk o' Scotland up tae 1834 ? Wha tryed the speerits o' thae ministers that are crying oot sae muckle aboot the richt o' the people tae do sae noo ? Wha tryed the speerit o' that lang-legged chiel, wha d'ye cae him, wi' the spats and umberella, that cam' here wi' the deputation ? I am telt there wasna twenty signed his call.

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Will. The pastoral relation canna be formed without full consent, for he that cometh in, ye ken, by a wrang door, is a thief and a robber.

J. Sae be it; but if he comes in by the wrang door, and stays in, he is a thief and a robber, till he gangs out and comes in by the richt way; but will ony o' ye tell me what way the Kirk o' Scotland was before the passing o' this veto?

D. For 112 years she was under moderate rule, and the rights of the Christian people were trampled upon.

Will. The Christian people couldna cheep, they had nae power at a', and the kirk wasna gaun accordin' to the mind o' God, but clean against.

J. We hae surely been in a desperate state.

Will. We couldna weel be waur.

J. I'se warrant the Kirk o' Scotland couldna be a Kirk o' Christ then.

Will. Deed she was far frae't.

J. I canna thole this nonsense! If she wasna a Kirk o' Christ, hoo did a' they ministers that are bleezing against her come into her at a'? hoo did ye become a communicant in her? hoo did God bless her, and mak' her a blessing? And if she *was* a Kirk o' Christ without your vetoes, would she no continue a Kirk o' Christ tho a' your vetoes were done awa' wi', and a' this stramash put an end to, and she to gang back to what she was before 1834?

S. Tae gang back, but in truth tae gang forward! for *I'se desperate keen for gude reform*, and wad like the folk had mair power; but I wad like to get it in a legal way; I would like *to improve the machine*, put in new screws, and mend what was awanting, and gie't plenty o' oil; but I'm *no for breaking down the machine a' thegither* that has done sae muckle gude, because it's no fashioned to the pattern o' this man or that. It was that veto law played a' the mischief!

J. Wi'oot even being agreeable to the word of God! according as Mr. Brown lays't doun.

Will. It *was* agreeable to the word o' God.

J. Was't? ye tell us that a' the disciples should try the speerits—that a' the disciples should hae a say in the election o' a minister; noo ane wad think that the Kirk would gie us popular election after that. Na, says the Kirk, nane o' the female disciples—and the female disciples were among the greatest ornaments of the early Kirk—nane o' them are to hae a say—nane o' the young men are to hae a say—nane o' the servant-lads are to hae a say—nane but the male heads are tae cheep—as if a' the sense o' the congregation was in their heads; and little sense after a' maun be in them! for it's no expected o' them that they can hae sense eneuch tae gie reasons; but just tae say, No! That's a droll way o' trying the speerits, and being ready to gie a reason for the faith that's in them tae every man. Noo the veto was nather agreeable to the word o' God as it's laid down by you, nor was it agreeable to the law o' the land as laid down by all the judges. And, if she has got into this scrape it wasna for want o' tellin' and warnin'. Mony a time it was said in the Assembly that a' this mischief wad come. Even the gude Dr. M'Crie, I'm telt by Mr. Struthers, said before the House o' Commons afore it was passed, that the Kirk had nae powers tae pass this law, and that it wad bring us into confusion.

S. I am clear about its unlawfulness, and that when the Kirk passed that law she took the first word o' flyting, and that her determination to keep that law, tho' it has been declared illegal, has been the grand cause o' her late troubles.

Will. There ye gang with your Erastianism, putting the law o' the land higher than the law of God—putting the ceevil courts aboon the Church of Christ—making the king the head o' the Kirk.

J. Hae *ye* got into this line, Will, o' calling your neighbour nicknames; and cramming doon folks' throats opinions they abominate, and putting sentiments in their tongues they never uttered? It's no fair.

D. Neither is it fair for you to assert that the church disobeys the law and is a rebel?

S. Does she no disobey the law?

D. No! for she denies that it *is* the law.

S. But haena the ceevil courts declared that the Kirk broke the law, and broke her bargain wi' the state, when she passed the veto; that she interfered wi' the ceevil richts o' pautrons, and that as lang as she keeps the veto she's breaking the law?

D. Yes, the civil courts have declared so, but the Church Courts have declared otherwise. Now the Church Courts are as much courts of the country as the civil courts are, and have an *equal* right with them to interpret law as affecting the church; you surely do not think that the civil courts should have the power of laying down the law to the Church; as to what her duty is in spiritual matters; that would be subjecting the Church to the State with a vengeance!

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S. Na! naebody that I ken thinks sae, and Mr. Simpson tells me that the ceevil courts intend nae sic thing, but only lay doon the bargain the Kirk made wi' the State tae keep her till't. Let me speir at you, Sir, are there ony laws o' the State aboot the puttin' in o' ministers at a'? or has the State left the established Kirk to mak ony law she likes—tae hae patronage or nae patronage—election by the male heads—an election by the communicants, just as she pleases—tae try what man she likes for a parish or no tae try, or are there ony Acts o' Parliament or ony laws o' the land aboot thae things?

D. There have certainly been many Acts of Parliament about these matters.

Will. That's whaur the Voluntaries say we are wrang, tae hae thae things in Acts o' Parliament at a'!

J. An ye would like tae hae Acts, and no tae be bund by them! But what I say is this, there's nae harm to be bund tae a thing we hae agreed tae, nor to be bund doon tae dae what's richt, and tae walk in ae road when it's for the gude o' the hail community, it's better this than tae hae a voluntary liberty o' loupin ower hedges and dykes.

S. You twa are desperate keen for a colleyshangy, ye're aye interrupting me and Mr. Brown. Ye were saying, Sir, there were different Acts aboot the puttin' in o' ministers; noo wha passed thae Acts? and for what Kirk?

D. They were passed of course by the British Parliament, for the protection of the Church of Scotland.

S. The British Parliament! is that a ceevil body?

D. Undoubtedly it is! you cannot suppose it an ecclesiastical body?

S. Weel, surely the Acts o' a ceevil body are ceevil Acts, and whatna court but a ceevil court should explain them?

D. But you will observe that these Acts refer to spiritual and religious matters.

J. Sae do the Acts aboot the Sabbath-day; for wasna Tam Speirs, that ne'er-do-weel, afore the Shirra, Friday was aught-days, and tried by him for breaking thae Acts.

D. You observe, Saunders, what I before said was, that while the civil courts should interpret these Acts, the Church Courts should interpret them as well.

Will. And that's but fair play. If twa folk war disputin' aboot a march dyke, it's surely richt that the ae man should hae as muckle say aboot it as the tither; and sae whan the Kirk and State differ aboot *their* march, it's but fair the Kirk should hae a say aboot it as weel as the State.

J. Aye, Will—and baith should gang tae a third pairty—the ceevil courts, that explain a' bargains, and refer the matter tae them. But ye wad like the Kirk tae draw her ain march wi' the State, and naebody tae challenge't wi'oot his being caad an enemy tae the Headship!

S. Weel! I hae nae objections as an elder, that the ceevil courts should hae the *sole* power o' sayan—no what a *Kirk o' Christ* should teach or do, *that* nae power on yirth can say—but o' declaring what preeveleges the state has promised tae gie the Kirk o' Scotland *as an establishment*, and what she has pledged hersel tae dae *while established*. I ken mysel that I haena the education nor the knowledge tae ken law—far less tae gie a vote against the judges and the lord chancellor aboot the law o' the land. Nor do I think I'm gaun against the headship in this; for I ne'er kent that tae explain Acts o' Parliament was ane o' the preeveleges conferred on me as a Christian man. And let me ax—if the twa courts hae the richt tae explain the verra same Act—what's to be dune if they gie twa meanings tie't? they maun baith be law? hoo can a man serve twa maisters?

J. Na, that's a truth. If the ceevil courts say the Act means sae and sae, that *the craw is black;* and if the Kirk Courts say it means sae and sae, that *the craw's white;* and if I maun obey the law, and if my gude name, and my comfort, and the comfort o' a' my family; na, maybe the peace and welfare o' the community and kirk depends on my sayan whether the craw's white or black, what i' the world can I do, when I want tae dae what's richt?

D. Let the Church Courts follow out their interpretation with spiritual effects, and let the civil courts follow out their interpretation with civil effects, and this prevents all clashing.

S. It's a guy confused business! and I wunder hoo folk are sae mad at one anither when they differ on't, and hoo some o' the lassocks and lads are sae gleg sure aboot it; and abune a' hoo they would ding doon a Kirk aboot sic difficult questions. But yet I canna see hoo your way can keep the twa Courts sundry; for what if each o' them bid a man do the same thing? And I'm tel't that this is just what they did. The ceevil courts in explaining the law, said tae the presbyteries o' Strathbogie and Auchterarder, "Gude or bad, *the law is* that ye are tae try the presentee and no the folks, and if ye

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think him fit for the place *the bargain is*, ye are to put him in; *the craw's black!*" Then the Kirk Courts said: "The law is that the *folks* are tae try him, and if *they* are no pleased, ye are tae hae naething tae do with him; *that's the law; the craw's white!*" "Black it is!" says the Presbytery o' Strathbogie. "Gif ye say sae," says the Kirk Courts, "doon wi' your lishences, and awa oot o' your parishes." "We say sae," says the presbytery o' Strathbogie, "for we think the ceevil courts hae alane the richt tae tell us what's the meaning o' an Act o' Parliament." "Richt," says the ceevil courts! "and we'l protect ye in your parishes, and no let ye be put to beggary for obeying the law." "*The craw's white!*" says the Presbytery o' Auchterarder, "and we'l no try the presentee." "Wrang," says the ceevil courts, "we'l fine ye for no doing your duty, and for keeping a man unlawfully frae the parish." "Richt," says the church courts, "and ne'er gie in that the craw's black, for if ye dae ye'll be enemy tae your Kirk." Say what ye like it's a bothersome business!

D. But I have a practical question to put to you, Saunders. Supposing the civil courts were to command you to do anything contrary to the law of God, would you as an elder or a member of the Church obey it?

Will. Ay, that's the question.

S. Hoo *can* it be a question with a Christian man? Surely even a babe in Christ kens that it is his duty, first and foremost duty, to obey God rather than men, tho' these men should be members of Parliament, or members of Assembly, statesmen or churchmen.

J. Weel done, Saunders!

D. And what would you do then, if you were put in this position, the civil courts telling you that, as an office-bearer in the Establishment, you are bound to do something, which you think contrary to your duty to Christ?

S. I would leave the Kirk, I wadna try and break the bargain; but I would say tae the state, The bargain's a bad ane, and I'll leave your service and be a Voluntary, and then I can mak a law the day, and change it the morrow.

D. Leave the Church! when you are acting agreeably to the mind of God, and obeying his most holy word! Is that not giving up all spiritual independence, the right to act in spiritual matters, uncontrolled by any power in earth.

S. I believe the Kirk has perfect liberty and spiritual independence to do the wark she promised to do, to teach the doctrines she agreed tae teach *as an Established Kirk*, but that she has nae power tae gang beyond that without becoming a Voluntary Kirk.

D. You surely don't mean to assert that a Church of Christ on becoming Established can give up a particle of that liberty which essentially belongs to her as a Church of Christ!

S. Certainly not! but it's maybe no easy to say what liberty *essentially* belongs to a Kirk o' Christ; but I ken this, that there's mony a thing she might do as a *Voluntary* Kirk, that's completely oot o' her power to do as long as she is an *Established* Kirk.

Will. I think ye'll no mak that oot, Saunders.

S. It's no ill tae mak that out. Hae we spiritual independence to change ae doctrine in the Confession of Faith? hae we spiritual independence tae put awa patronage? tae gie the election tae the people? tae put down ony o' the Kirk Coorts? or tae pit up ony mair? Hae the ministers power tae draw their stipends, and tae preach whur they please?

Will. We surely hae.

S. We surely hae na *as an Establishment*: nae doubt the Kirk o' Scotland might mak' a' thae changes the morrow, but she would be nae langer *the Kirk Establishment.* She maun gie up her connection wi' the State, or be bound wi' the Acts that made her an established Kirk; gie up her bargain or keep it.

Will. But if the Church cam' to the opinion, that ony Act was against the Word of God, would she no be bound to disobey that, or would she hae nae leeberty tae change it?

S. No! she would hae liberty *to become a Voluntary Kirk*, but she could hae nae liberty *as lang as she remained in connection with the State to change the bargain without the State agreeing.* Do ye think, that if the State had agreed to the veto law, that the Kirk could hae changed that law the week after and gien the power the folk to elect the ministers? if the Kirk can do this, I kenna what's the gude o' bothering itsel' to get Acts o' Parliament at a'.

J. There's a hantle o' talk aboot the Kirk said this and the Kirk said that; but after all, I'm thinking it just means, that some ministers in Edinbro' said this and that, and they seem tae think their mind must be aye the mind o' Christ; as far as I can see what they're wanting is, that the State should gie them their manses and glebes and power, and to pass an Act tae *let the Kirk do whatever she pleases.*

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D. I must confess, Alexander, that I think you are wrong in regard to spiritual independence; the Church of Scotland should be every bit as free as a Voluntary Church.

S. I canna see hoo it's possible as lang as there's ony Acts o' Parliament aboot her. I'll tell you in ae word my mind on't. I hired a servant on Friday last, and I made a bargain with him, that in winter he was to thrash sae mony hours in the day; he agreed to this, and I hae the bargain in my pouch; noo maybe some day when he's thrashing, some o' the tramping chiels will come smoking their pipes aboot the barn-yard, and say, "Ye're a poor slave, thrashin' awa' there instead o' walking aboot the kintra and enjoying your freedom like us;" noo I kenna what the lad might say; as he is no wanting in gumption, may be it might be this, "Lads! I was ance independent like you, but I had nae clothes and nae meat, and was aboot tae wander frae place to place tae mak' a fend, but *o' my ain free consent*, I made a bargain wi' the farmer to do a particular work ilka day, and *I am independent na langer* except to keep my bargain; for I bound mysel' by it, and if this be slavery, I would advise you tramping chiels tae be slaves as fast as ye can!" This would be speaking like a man of sense, but maybe his acquaintance might put clavers into his head, and he might come to me and say, "I'll no trash in the barn ony mair." "What for?" quo I. "Because," says he, "I'm no independent! I canna do what I like!" "I ken that," says I, "but it was yoursel' agreed to the bargain." "It's a bad ane," says he. "Bad or gude," says I, "a bargain's a bargain, and ye maun keep it or lee my service." What would you think o' him if he would say, "I'll no lee your service, I'll eat your bread, but I'll no do your wark!" And this just explains the sang aboot the spiritual independence o' the Kirk; the feint the hate do the ceevil coorts do, but explain the bargain and mak' the Kirk *do it's work, or gang oot the house*; and naething else does the Kirk do than say, "*I'll neither do the tane or tither.*"

D. But granting, Saunders, for the present, that the civil courts have the power of *interpreting* the bargain, is it not clear that the bargain, as they have interpreted, is such as no Church of Christ can accept of? They tell you that every presentee presented by a patron must be taken on trials, and no objections can be made against him except against his literature, his life, or his doctrines; that if these objections are not agreed to by the presbytery, they are bound to induct him, although the people should be against him; they have declared that a minister deposed for drunkenness must still keep his manse and his glebe, and be a minister of the Church of Scotland.

Will. Na; ye canna keep a man noo out o' the communion table without asking leave o' the ceevil courts.

S. I ken every presentee maun be taen on trials, and that has aye been the case since I mind. I ken that the law is now, as Lord Brougham says, that ye can only object on the grounds ye speak o'; but I also ken that Sir James Graham has said, that the Presbytery can try if a man's *suitable*, and cast him on *that*, and ye ken weel enough that Mr. Sinclair or Sir George got a bill agreed to by the government, gien power to the people to mak' *a' kinds o' objections* that could come into their head, and gien power to the Presbytery tae reject the man *if the objections were gude;* or even if they werna gude, yet if they *thocht they would staun in the way o' his being useful in the parish;* and the Kirk rejected it! And a grand bargain it was! and they tell me *we could get it yet* if the Kirk would tak it.

D. The Kirk will never take it.

J. They are surely ill tae please; what's wrang aboot it?

D. Because though the Church has liberty *to reject* at all times when they do not think a presentee suitable, yet when they do think him suitable, it gives the Church the power *to admit*, though the people should be against him.

S. And mair power than this we never had as a Kirk, mair than this we'll never get, mair than this we should na get; for mony a man may suit a place though the folk at first dinna like him; and it will be an awful responsibility for them wha would put down the kirk wi' sic muckle liberty.

D. I think acceptableness absolutely necessary for the forming of the pastoral relation.

S. I think acceptableness a great blessing, ane that presbyteries and pawtrons should luik weel to, for it maks things work grand and smooth when a' are pleased. But I'm no sae sure that it's *essential*, though beneficial. For gif it be sae tae the *making* o' this relation at first, it's surely essential tae its keepan up!

D. No. The marriage relation is not formed without acceptableness, but this is not necessary for keeping it up.

S. I differ frae ye. The marriage relation *is* formed when folk are married whether they're pleased wi' ane anither or no. But I again say, that if a minister when he's no

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kent, when he has only been in the parish ance or twice, preached twa or three sermons if he canna wi'oot sin be placed ower a parish whaur he is no acceptable (though may be they will love him dearly in a wi', when they ken him), surely he canna wi'oot far greater sin be keeped ower the parish, when after hearing him for years and kenna him weel, they come tae despise or maybe tae hate him! Ye maun just tak the American way o't, a man by the sax months.

Will. But whot say ye aboot lettin drunken ministers into the kirk and no having the power to keep out bad communicants?

S. I say that the ceevil coorts never said that the church couldna put out drunken ministers, but it is said that courts *wi' the Chapel ministers* had nae *legal* power to try or depose a minister.

J. Nae mair than Will there has power to try a man for murder.

S. And as to keeping out bad communicants, I solemnly tell ye that I would not stay in the Kirk if she had not that power, but I am weel informed that that power has ne'er been interfered wi'.

Will. And hoo do ye get quit of all thae stramashes aboot Strathbogie and Auchterarder?

S. That's beginning anither lang story, but ae thing is clear to my mind, that all the mischief in these parishes, and it's no little, has just come frae the Kirk driving its veto law through thick and thin. But *I'm no gaun tae defend a' the Ceevil Coorts did, or a' the Kirk Coorts did; in some things, am thinking, they're baith wrang.* But I ken a' was quiet till that veto was tried—that every dispute has been aboot it. And I canna think but thae presbyteries in the North micht hae made things pleasanter tae if they had liked. Surely some o' thae fauschious chiels warna "suitable;" maybe some o' thae fauschious folks werna verrie easy pleased.

J. I'll tell you my way o't, but I may be wrang. The Kirk said to the State, Gie us manses, glebes, and pay, and we'l teach the folk religion. What religion will ye teach? says the State. The Confession of Faith, says the Kirk. Done, says the State. But how will ye place ministers? We would like the people to elect them, says the Kirk. It canna be, says the State; gang awa wi' ye. Bide a wee, says the Kirk; will ye mak an offer? I wull, says the State; it's this, Ye may lishence the men and see them fit for duty, and let the patron choose wha's to be minister, for he has gien a gran glebe, manse, and stipend for the gude o' the parish. And can the people no object? says the Kirk. Oh ay, says the State, they may; and if their objections are gude let the presentee be rejected by the presbytery; and if they are no gude let him be put in; and if the people are no pleased, let them bigg a Kirk and Manse for themselves. Done, says the Kirk. We'l tak a note o' the bargain, says the State. And for mony a year and day—130 years since the last bargain—they worked brawly thegither; but in 1834 the Kirk rued and thocht the bargain no a gude ane, especially as she had aye been braggin' to the Voluntaries that she was as free as them, and sae she passed the Veto law—a kind o' sly way o' jinking the State. Weel, a minister gets his presentation and comes to the Presbytery and axes them to try him and see if he was fit for the parish: Na, na, says the Presbytery, lad, thae days are a' by: gang awa to the folk and see what they think o' ye. It's no fair, says the lad, but I'll try. So he gangs and preaches to them, and they a' glower at him, for the're desperate keen for anither man; and what care they for the patron? No a dockan. So they cock their heads at him, and tell him tae be aff tae his mither if he likes. No sae fast, says the lad. So he comes to the Presbytery and says, that they maun see if he is fit for the place. What says the folk to ye, quo the Presbytery? They say naught, says the lad, but jist ta gang hame; the'l no tell me for what. Weel, says the Presbytery, hame ye maun gang, and tak your presentation in your pouch. It's a pity, says the lad, that the patron payed sae muckle for't, for it seems little worth; but I think ye hae cheated me out o' my place. So he gangs hame and tells the pawtron hoo they steekit the door on him, and wadna speir a question at him. The patron says, quo he, baith o' us are clean cheated; you oot o' your place, and me oot o' my richt o' presentin' you till't, and they are gaun against law; for the law says that them, and no the folk, are tae try ye, and see if ye are fit for the place,—gang doon tae the Presbytery wi' my compliments, and tell them that. So he gangs doon, and they flee on him and tell him the law is wi *them*. We'll see that, says the paw tron; so he and the lad gang to the court o' session, and the Kirk gangs tae, and spier at the judges what's the law? The judges sae that the law is sae and sae, that the pawtron and lad are richt. Auld Gowks! says the Kirk, they are wrang. Then, says the pawtron, we'll try the Lords. So the Lords say that the Kirk's wrang, and that the chiel's richt. We are no heedin', says the Kirk; so they tell the lad ta gang aboot his

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business, and gif the Lords like they may gie him the stipends; but if *he* gies mair gab, they'l tak hie lishence frae him. But they say, says the lad, they canna gie me the stipends till ye open the door and ordain me. We'll ne'er do that, says the Kirk. I ken, says the pawtron, that nae power on yirth can mak ye do that, but certies ye maun gie a compensation for the injury ye had done me and the lad, and surely ye'll say *that's ceevil effects!*

D. After all I have said, and after all you have heard from the various deputations, I see it would be useless to carry on this discussion longer,—my mind is made up. I grieve to think it, but I fear it will be my imperative duty to leave the church establishment, to go out with those noble men, who are making so many sacrifices for conscience sake, and to give a Free Presbyterian Church for Scotland.

J. As tae what they'l *gie* to Scotland, that's no ken't yet; but I see they're trying tae take a gude Establishment frae her,—and whatna sacrifices are they makin'?

Will. Sacrifices! Castin' their manses, glebes, stipends, and a' tae the winds.

J. I am tell't that they are gey an' gleg aboot the siller, and desperat tae get it; they say they are tae hae a central fund in Edinbro, and tae gie a' the ministers that gang oot wi' them £100 a year, besides the tae half o' their ain winnings. It'll be a gran lift to some o' they Cod Sakker chiels.

D. Quoad Sacra!

S. A hunder pound a year! they'll ne'er maun tae keep an Establishment for Scotland.

D. I am not afraid of it; the rich will give, the poor will give; for the old spirit is up; the Blue Banner is abroad, and the whole world will see what Scotland can do.

J. I would rather see't than hear tell o't.

Will. See auld Mr. Smith in this verra parish, what he has gien.

J. Aye; for the body's desperat keen in the business; but think ye will his son Jock gie when he's dead and gane? Na! I mind ance Dr. Chaumers comin' here, and a gay thick way he has in his talk, tho' folk that understan' him say he's gran;—it was at the church extension time, and he and them that were wi' him proved hoo the Establishment, wi' a' that it had, and wi' the thoosands that it was liftin' every year (and I'm thinkin' they got £300,000), and wi' the help the Dissenters was gieing them, they couldna maun tae supply gospel ordinances tae the kintra; and think ye will they maun't noo without an establishment, wi' a' their bawbee collections? If they do, I can only sae there hae been a hantle o' braw speeches cast away; and if they dinna, it's no them but puir workin' men like me, that will be the sufferers; for what care I to hae the elec tion o' a minister, when I'm ower puir to hae ane at a'?

D. Stay in then, and bring back the reign of moderatism and of darkness, and see our great schemes, the glory of the Church, destroyed, and behold our national Zion become a desolation, a hissing, and a proverb. When she has deserted her great Head, t is time for me to leave her.

Will. An' for me tae!

S. And gif a' ye say was true, or had ae particle o' truth in't, it would be time for us a' tae gang; but as the apostle says, "to him that thinketh it is unclean, to him it is unclean; but let such man be fully persuaded in his own mind; let us not judge one another, for we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Let me speak freely tae ye, Mr. Brown, before we part,—ye hae said mony things that grieves my heart. As tae the reign o' moderatism, nae doubt Scotland was ance what she's no noo. I mind mysel a time when there was na sic faithfu' preachin' in the parish kirks as noo; but God in His mercy,—for tae Him, and no tae this set o' men or that, be the praise—breathed by His Spirit on this valley of dry bones; and I noo ken mony men whom ye ca' moderates, because they're no convocationists, that are God-fearing, zealous men, kent and loved in their ain parishes, tho' they're may be no in the mouth o' the public; and I ken mony that are foremost eneuch in this steer, that in my opinion, hae verra little o' the meekness and gentleness o' Christ. Ye speak o' our schemes, and ye may weel ca' them the glory o' the Kirk; but do these no prove jist what I say? Wha got up the schemes for the Hindoos? Dr. Inglis, the head o' the Moderates. Wha got up the education scheme for the Hielands? Principal Baird, a Moderate. Wha was ower the Colonial Church scheme in Glasgow? Principal M'Farlan, a Moderate. Dr. Chaumers, a gude man, and a man I lo'e, tho' I think he's wrang, was ower the ither ane.

J. He's the only ane o' them a' that rued, for he's for puttin' down the kirk noo a' thegither.

S. Whist John. As tae the Kirk deserting its great Head, God forbid that that should be true! I deny it, and am ashamed that men that should ken better should put such disturbing thoughts into the minds o' weak Christians. I hae heard the sang afore

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noo,—the M'Millans hae keepit it up for 100 years,—and it was aye their sough at the redding o' the marches atween them and the Establishment on the Monday o' their sacrament; the Auld Lights took up the same sang when they left the Kirk; it's no new tae my lugs, so it'll no make me leave the Kirk. I'll bide in her! Her verra dust to me is dear! I was born agin within her walls; so were some o' my bonny bairns that are sleeping outside o' them. I hae been strengthened and comforted during my pilgrimage wi' her ordinances, and I'll no break up her Communion table as lang as I hae power—and it has ne'er been taen fae me yet—tae keep awa the ungodly and the profane; and as lang as Christ is preach'd within her walls, I'll stay tae help tae reform her, tae help tae purify her, and tae pray as lang as breath is in my body, for her peace and prosperity.

J. I'll stay tae, for I canna get a better Kirk nor our ain; the Dissenters are gude folk, but I'm no Voluntary.

Will. Gang tae the M'Millans if there's nae free Kirk in the parish; they are the best representative o' our covenanting ancestors.

J. The M'Millans! It's no will I gang into their Kirk, but will they let me in? Wi' reverence be it spoken, it's easier tae get into the Kingdom o' Grace than tae get intae their Kirk; wi' a haud o' the covenant o' grace by faith, I can enter that Kingdom; but this is nae pass at their door. I maun hae the Solemn League and Covenant, and twa or three mair, or be keepit oot as a heathen and a publican! It's black popery, putting the traditions o' our faithers on a footin' wi' the Word o' God. As tae your wooden Kirks, nane o' them for me! they'l be desparat cauld in winter, and hett in simmer,—I'll stick by the auld stane and lime, and I'm mistaen if it'll no stan' a hantle deal langer than a' your timber biggins!

S. Let us no pairt wi' "bitterness, wrath, clamour, and evil speaking." Let us rather "*Strive* to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace." Though we differ as tae the *means*, we a' agree I hope as tae *ends*—we a' seek, if Christian men, the gude o' the Church o' Christ in Scotland, and desire the glory of its great Head. *As tae the best way o' bringing this aboot* I may be wrang, and sae may ye—for neither o' us are infallible, but we may a' be upright—we may a' sincerely desire tae please God; and if He has promised tae bless such, and tae gie them licht, and tae "accept their willing mind," let *us* nae be accusing and judging ane anither, casting the blame on a bad conscience rather than on a waik understanding or want o' opportunity o' kennan the truth. *We should tak' care that in strivin' tae keep others frae castin' aff Christ as their Head, we dinna cast Him aff oursels by disobeying His commands.* It's a great comfort tae think that the Lord reigns, and that wi' us, or in spite o' us, He wull advance his ain cause. Let the earth be glad! It was a gude sayan o' auld Mr. Guthrie, "*in things essential, unity: in things doobtfu', liberty; and in a' things, charity.*" Let us thus walk, and Oh! speed the time when we shall meet thegither in the general assembly above; when "Judah shall no more vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim Judah." Friends and neighbours shake hands!

D. With all my heart,—I respond to your sentiments, and I know you to be good and honest. I pray that we may all "be sincere, and without offence at his coming."

Will. There's my haun tae ye. We hae been auld neebours and fellow-communicants, and it's right we shouldna forget "who we are, and whom we serve." But yet I wad like a pure Kirk.

J. Mony a splore you and me hae had; but we can shake hands yet. Lang may it be sae! As tae a pure Kirk, ye'll mind, maybe, what the great and gude Mr. Newton remarked till a leddy that ance said what you say noo. "We'll ne'er, my friend," said he, "get a pure Kirk, till we enter the ane above; and se thing is certain, that if there *was* ane on yirth, it wad be pure nae langer, if you and me entered it!"—Gude day wi' ye a'! (They shake hands and part, and sae ended the "Crack aboot the Kirk.'"

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C.

Address presented before landing at Bombay.

"*To the* Reverend Norman Macleod, D.D.

"Steamship Rangoon,

"*25th Nov.*, 1867.

"Reverend and Dear Sir,

"We, the Captain, Officers, and Passengers on board the steamship *Rangoon*, cannot bid you adieu without expressing our grateful sense of the peculiar privilege we have enjoyed in your society and your ministrations.

"As being all of us connected with India, we cannot but feel and believe that the visit to that country of one who exercises so great and beneficial an influence on public opinion at home must be productive of the greatest benefit.

"We all most sincerely unite in wishing you and your colleague Dr. Watson a prosperous journey, and a safe and happy return to your country and families.

"We beg to remain,

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"Yours gratefully and affectionately,

(Signed),

"D. Ronaldson, Captain; Campbell Keir, Solicitor; G. A. Leckie, Col., B. Staff Corps; George Campbell, Commissioner at Nagpore; W. D. Robertson, C.S., Bombay; M. Mull, *Friend of India* Newspaper; A. A. Munro, Major, Bengal Army; John M. Champion, Major, R.E.; J. H. B. Hallen, B. Army, Inspector of Garrisons; Wm. Thorn, M.D., B. Army; John D. Fuller, Lieut.-Col., R.E.; A. E. Haighly, B.A., Revenue Survey; H. E. Bright, Esq., or *Ensign*; Thomas D. Rogers; James Sheldon; Jessie M'Culloch; Frances Marriott; Anna M. Lynch; S. M'Culloch, Barrister; George Birdwood, M.D.; Arthur Phelps, Capt., B. Staff Corps; M. Edwards, Ben. C.S.; Helena Sorter; F. J. Oliphant; J. H. Champion, Lieut.-Col.; Fredk. Jas. Parsons, B. Staff Corps; Maria Berthon; Charlotte Webb; Jeanie Cameron; Alice Thomas; R. A. Elphinstone, Major, B. Staff Corps; John Wm. Yorke Fishbourne, M.D.; William F. Best; Diana J. Walton; G. Boileau Reid, B.C.S.; Mary S. Walker; J. W. Sanderson; M. J. O'Kearny; Wm. Morland; Art. Richmond, Assist. Surg.; Wm. Fuller, Col., R.H.A.; M. A. Tapp; E. Edwards; J. D. Williams; H. A. Williams, Col., R.S.; G. E. Thomas, B. Staff Corps; Walter Pains; George S. Lynch, Solicitor; W. Porteous, C.S.; F. Stanger Leathes, Solicitor; Wm. M. Leckie, Lieut.-Col., B.N.I.; J. Bayley, Capt., 7th Hussars; J. M. G. Bayley; A. Y. Kennedy; M. A. Elphinstone; J. A. Slater; Agnes J. Hill; Robt. Brown, C.E.; Janet V. Munro; W. S. C. Lockhart, Bengal Cavalry; C. A. Heller; C. L. D. Newmarch, Col., Bengal E.; A. W. Newmarch; Wm. Clonstar, Civil Engineer; George Arbuthnot, Capt., and A.D.C.; L. B. Hallett, Capt., B. Staff Corps; W. S. Hallett; Wm. B. Preston, Capt., B. Staff Corps; Tho. Ed. Rodger; Emily J. Thorn; George M. Huckebert; Stephen H. M'Thrine, C.S.; J. Ireland; St. Clair Ireland; T. S. Ireland; James W. Noble, P. and O. Co.; Charles Turner; W. Birthon, Major, Staff Corps; Afleck Moodie, Barrister; Annie Best; Georgina A. Taylor; Henry S. Kinncard; J. L. Johnston, C.E.; J. Jackson; R. T. Hare, Capt.; G. A. Hare; A. C. Howden, Civil Engineer; Mrs. A. C. Howden."

D.

Copy of Medical Certificate.

"Certified that we have carefully examined into the state of health of the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., and we are unanimously of opinion, that it would be attended with danger to his life, should he persist in his intention of continuing his tour to Sealkote.

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"We consider that he ought to leave India at the latest on the 3rd March, and still then, we believe that he may with safety visit any stations which can be reached by rail.

(Signed),

"J. FARQUHAR, M.D.,
Surgeon to Viceroy.
"J. FAYER, M.D.
"J. EDMONSTON CHARLES, M.D.,
M.R.C.P. Lond., *Art. Obstet. Prof.*

"CALCUTTA, *8th February*, 1868."

E.

Extract from Address on Missions.

". . . . What, then, it may be asked, have missions done generally for India? What measure of success have they had, or are they likely to have? Or such questions may be summed up in the more general and inclusive one, What is the state and what are the prospects of Christianity in India?

"In attempting, in the most general manner, to deal with questions which demand volumes instead of a speech, however long to reply to them, I shall assume for the moment that I am addressing here, or through the reporters, those only who have not thought or inquired much on the subject.

"Recollect, then, that we are speaking of a country of enormous extent, with a population of at least 180,000,000, the Bengal Presidency alone numbering more than the whole empire of Austria—that this great country is occupied by various races from the most savage to the most cultivated, having various religious beliefs, and speaking languages which differ from each other as much as Gaelic does from Italian, most of them broken up by dialects so numerous as practically to form probably twenty separate languages. Remember that the vast majority of this people have inherited a religion and a civilization, of which I shall have to speak afterwards, from a vast antiquity. Recollect, further, that the attempt to impart the truth and life of Christianity to this great mass has been systematically begun by the Protestant Church in British India within the memory of living men; so that the age of our Scottish missions is represented by Dr. Duff, who commenced them, and still lives to aid them in connection with the Free Church. Realise, if you can, the difficulties which the missionaries engaged in such a tremendous enterprise have had to overcome in the ignorance and indifference, even the opposition, of professing Christians at home, and of timid European officials abroad; their want, for a time, of the very tools and instruments with which to conduct their operations; their ignorance of the language, of the religious systems, of the mental habits and national idiosyncrasies of the people; their want of a Bible which could be used, and of an educated people who could read it, and of any Christian natives able and willing to interpret it to their countrymen. Remember, finally, the agencies which are at present labouring in India before asking the question as to results. There are in India, say, in round numbers, five hundred European and American missionaries. You will notice that the members of this General Assembly, with those of the Assembly of the Free Church meeting in our immediate neighbourhood, number more than the whole mission staff in British India. Yet these Assemblies represent two churches only in all Scotland; while all Scotland's inhabitants would hardly be missed out of one district of Bengal alone! Or, let us put the proportion of missionaries to the population in another way: There are in England and Scotland about 36,000 ordained Protestant Clergy of every denomination, supported at a cost of several millions annually. These clergy have, moreover, connected with them a vast agency, amounting to hundreds of thousands of Sunday-school teachers, local missionaries, Scripture readers, elders, and deacons, teachers of Christian schools, and pious members of churches, who are engaged in diffusing a knowledge of Christianity, and in dispensing its practical blessings in ways and forms innumerable. Now, suppose all this great agency taken across the ocean and located in the Presidency of Bengal alone, leaving all the rest of India as it is, giving not one missionary to the Presidency of Madras with a population of twenty-two millions; none to Bombay or Scindh with twelve millions; none to the North-

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West Provinces with thirty millions; none to the Punjab with fourteen millions; none to Oudh with eight millions; none to the Central Provinces with six millions; none to other districts with five millions—but giving all to Bengal, and confining their ministrations there to a population equal to that which they left behind in all England and Scotland, there would still remain in that Presidency *a surplus population of fourteen millions without a single missionary!* Without presuming to solve the problem when that blessed period is to arrive in which, having no more to do at home, we may be set free to do more for India, I wish you at present to understand what is being done by us, *along with other countries*, for the diffusion of Christianity in the Eastern, as compared with this, the Northern, portion of our great empire. Now, assuming as I do that the missionaries abroad are equal to our missionaries—or, what is the same thing, our ministers at home—yet, deducting from their small band of five hundred men those who are advanced in years, and whose day is well-nigh done—those who are young and inexperienced, and whose day is hardly begun—those who have not the gifts, or the knowledge, or the mental habits, or the spiritual power which is required for thoroughly effective work—and deducting also, as I presume we must do, a few who are unfit from other causes, such as sloth or mere professionalism, then we necessarily reduce the number of such men as are able to cope with the gigantic evils and errors of India—men able by the power of their teaching and of their character to impress the observant and thinking natives with a sense of the truth and glory of Christianity. In regard, however, to the moral character of all those missionaries, I rejoice to say that our information, derived from every quarter, fully realised our hopes that they were worthy of the Churches which had sent them forth. Hindoos and Christians, natives and Europeans of every rank and class, were unanimous in their hearty testimony upon this point, and fully appreciated the unselfishness of their motives, the sincerity of their convictions, their intimate knowledge of and interest in the natives, and the wholesomeness of their influence upon the whole body of Indian society. Among these missionaries, too, there are some everywhere who, as regards mental power, learning, and earnestness, would do honor to any Church, and who have largely contributed to advance the interests of social science, Oriental literature and history, as well as of Christianity, and who have a right to deepest respect, sympathy, and gratitude from all who have at heart the conversion of India. It is gratifying and assuring to know, also, that the number of missionaries and of their stations is steadily on the increase, while conversions increase in a still greater ratio.

"I have not, of course, spoken here of the labours or influence of chaplains with reference to missions. In numerous instances these have been very effective, but they might be greater in many more. Nor have I alluded to the English bishops, who, as a rule, have been, as gentlemen of learning and highest character, an honour to the Church and to Christianity.

"But we have been taking into our calculation the difficulties only on our own side, so to speak, in the way of imparting knowledge to the natives of India. Ought we not also to consider the difficulties on the other side in receiving our message? Of these, as peculiar to Hindoos, I shall have occasion to speak afterwards; but here I would have you remember that, in addition to the difficulties common to inert, slothful, prejudiced, and self-satisfied people in every part of the world,—in Christendom as well as heathendom,—to change any opinion, however erroneous or indefensible, or any habit, however foolish or absurd, the natives of India generally, among other hindrances, have presented to them for their acceptance a religion wholly different in *kind* from all they or their fathers ever heard of or believed in. It therefore demands time, intelligence, and patience to examine and understand it even when preached to them. It is a religion, moreover, which they have never seen adequately embodied or expressed in its social aspects, whether of the church or the family, but only as a creed; and this, too, of a strange people, whom, as a rule, they dislike, as being alien to them in language, in race, in feelings, and manners, and who have conquered and revolutionized their country by acts, as they think, of cruelty, injustice, and avarice.

"But let us suppose that the intelligent and educated Hindoo has been convinced by English education of the falsehood of his own religion. I beg of you to realize and to sympathize with his difficulties of another kind, when Christianity, as the only true religion, is presented to him for his acceptance. He has brought his Brahminical creed and practices, we shall assume, under the light of reason, conscience, and science, for their judgment, and he has had pronounced upon them the sentence of condemnation. He has discovered that he has hitherto believed a lie, and been the slave of a

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degraded or childish superstition. But must he not subject this new religion of Christianity, with its sacred books, to the same scrutiny, and judge of them by the same light? Unquestionably he must; and so far a great point is gained, and one most hopeful to the accomplished and earnest missionary, when his teaching is examined honestly and sincerely in the light of truth, instead of being judged by the mere authority of custom or tradition. But such an investigation necessarily implies a trial of the severest and yet of the noblest kind, both to the inquirer and his teacher. And we need not be surprised if the first and most general, indeed, I might say, the universal, result of this scrutiny on the part of the Hindoo, should be the impression that Christianity, as a religion whose characteristic and essential doctrines are alleged *facts*, is but another form of superstition, with false miracles, false science, and false everything, which professes to belong to the region of the supernatural. These difficulties are moreover increased and intensified by those schools of thought which at present, and as a reaction from the past, exercise such an influence in Europe and America. Their views and opinions are in every possible form reproduced in India, and take root the more readily, owing to the remarkable inability of the Hindoo mind, whatever be its cause, to weigh historical evidence, and to appreciate the value of *facts* in their bearing on the grounds of religious belief.

"If to this is added the manner in which Christianity, even as a creed, has sometimes, we fear, by truly Christian men, been represented, or rather misrepresented—with its doctrines, if not falsely put, yet sometimes put in a harsh, distorted, one-sided, or exaggerated light, proclaimed with little love, and defended with less logic—we shall be the more prepared to weigh the results of Christian missions with some approximation to the truth.

"In so far as the results of missions in India can be given by mere statistics, these have been collected with remarkable care, and published in 1864 by Dr. Mullens, himself an able and distinguished missionary. From these we gather that there are in round numbers about 140,000 natives in Hindostan professing Christianity; 28,000 in communion; with upwards of 900 native churches, which contribute £10,000 annually for the support of the Gospel. About 100 natives have been ordained to the ministry, while 1,300 labour as catechists. Upwards of 33,000 boys and 8,000 girls receive a Christian education at mission schools. As a means as well as a result of mission work, I may state that the whole Bible has been translated into fourteen of the languages of India, including all the principal tongues of the empire; the New Testament into five more; and twenty separate books of the Old and New Testament into seven more. These mission agencies are scattered over all India, and shine as sources of intellectual, moral, and Christian light amidst the surrounding darkness of heathenism. Now, surely some good and lasting work has been thus done, and seed sown by these means, which may yet spring up in the hearts of men.

"But I will by no means peril the results of missions on any mere statistics. Not that I have any doubt as to the care and honesty with which these have been furnished or collected, but because of the impossibility of obtaining by this method a just impression of what has been actually accomplished by Christian missions. To some they would seem to prove too much, unless the races, the districts, the beliefs out of which the conversions have come are taken into account, along with the intelligence and character of the converts. To most they might prove less than they are capable of proving, as they afford no evidence of the indirect results of missions, or of what is being more and more effected by them on the whole tone and spirit of Hindoo society, as *preparatory* to deeper and more extensive ultimate results. Nevertheless, the more the real value of the work which has been accomplished is judged of by the individual history of those returned as converts, making every deduction which can with fairness be demanded for want of knowledge, want of moral strength, or want of influence, there yet remains such a number of native converts of intelligence and thorough sincerity, such a number of native Christian clergy of acquirements, mental power, and eloquence, and of strength of convictions and practical piety, as commands the respect of even educated and high-caste Hindoos. Such facts disprove, at least, the bold assertions of those who allege that missions have done nothing in India. One fact, most creditable to native Christians, ought not to be forgotten by us—that of the two thousand involved in the troubles of the Mutiny, all proved loyal, six only apostatised, and even they afterwards returned.

"But in estimating the present condition of India with reference to the probable overthrow of its false religions, and the substitution for them of a living Christianity, we must look at India *as a whole*. Now, we are all aware of the vast changes which

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have taken place during a comparatively recent period in most of those customs, which, though strictly religious according to the views of the Brahmins, are now prohibited by law, and have passed, or are rapidly passing, away in practice—such as Suttee, infanticide, the self-tortures and deaths of fanatics at great idol-festivals, &c. We know, too, of other reforms which must be in the end successful, such as those affecting the marriage of widows, polygamy, the education of females, &c. Such facts indicate great changes in *public opinion* and that the tide of thought has turned, and is slowly but surely rising, soon to float off or immerse all the idols of India. In truth, the whole intelligent and informed mind of India, native and European, is convinced, and multitudes within a wider circle more than suspect, that, come what may in its place, *idolatry is doomed*. The poor and ignorant millions will be the last to perceive any such revolution. They will continue to visit and bathe in their old muddy stream, as their ancestors have done during vast ages, wondering at first why those whom they have been taught to follow as their religious guides have left its banks, and drink no more of its waters, wondering most of all when at last they discover these waters to be dried up. Others of a higher intelligence may endeavour for a while to purify them, or to give a symbolic and spiritual meaning to the very mud and filth which cannot be separated from them. Men of greater learning and finer spiritual mould will seek to drink from those purer fountains that bubble up in the distant heights of their own Vedas, at the water-shed of so many holy streams, and ere these have become contaminated with the more earthly mixtures of the lower valleys. But all are doomed. For neither the filthy and symbolic stream of the Puranas, nor the purer fountain of the Vedas alone, can satisfy the thirst of the heart of man, more especially when it has once tasted the waters of life as brought to us by Jesus Christ: or, to change the simile, although the transition between the old and new may be a wide expanse of desert filled up with strange mirages, fantastic forms, and barren wastes, yet whether this generation or another may reach the Land of Promise flowing with milk and honey, the people must now leave Egypt with its idols, and in spite of murmurings, regrets, and rebellions, can return to it no more.

"When I thus speak of the destruction of Hindooism, I am far from attributing this result solely to the efforts of missionaries, though these have not only taken a most worthy share in the work of destruction, but have also laboured at the more difficult and more important work of construction. The whole varied and combined forces of Western civilisation must be taken into account. The indomitable power of England, with the extension of its government and the justice of its administration, has, in spite of every drawback that can be charged against it, largely contributed to this result. So also, in their own way, have railroads and telegraphs, helping to unite even outwardly the people and the several parts of India to each other, and all to Europe. The light which has been shed by the Oriental scholars of Europe upon the sacred books and ancient literature of the Hindoos, has been an incalculable advantage to the missionary, and to all who wish to understand and to instruct the people of India. But nothing has so directly and rapidly told upon their intellectual and moral history as the education which they owe solely to European wisdom and energy. The wave-line which marks its flow, marks also the ebb of idolatry. This influence will be more easily appreciated when it is remembered that 3,089,000 Hindoos and about 90,000 Mohammedans attend Government schools, and upwards of 40,000 of these attend schools which educate up to a University entrance standard, in which English is a branch of examination. These schools have been found fault with because they do not directly teach religion. It has been said that they practically make all their pupils mere Deists. But apart from the difficulties which attend any attempt on the part of Government to do more, even were it to assume the grave responsibility of determining what system of theology should be taught, and of selecting the men to teach it, yet surely Deism is a great advance on Hindooism. If a man occupies a position half-way between the valley and the mountain-top, that alone cannot determine whether he is ascending or descending. We must know the point from which he has started on his journey. Thus departing from the low level of the Puranas, it seems to me that the Hindoo pupil who has reached the Theism of even the Vedas only, has ascended towards the purer and far-seeing heights of Christian revelation. Anyhow, the fact is certain, whatever be the ultimate results, that education itself, which opens up a new world to the native eye, has destroyed his old world as a system of religious belief.

"I know few things, indeed, which strike one more who for the first time comes into contact with an educated native, than hearing him converse in the purest English

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on subjects and in a manner which are associated, not with oriental dress and features, but with all that is cultivated and refined at home. You feel at once that here at least is a way opened up for communication by the mighty power of a common language, and of a mind so trained and taught as to be able thoroughly to comprehend and discuss all we wish to teach or explain. The traveller sometimes accidentally meets with other evidences of the silent but effective influences of English education. I remember, for example, visiting with my friend a heathen temple in Southern India. It was a great day, on which festive crowds had assembled to do honour to a famous Guru. There were some thousands within and without the temple. While seeking to obtain an entrance, we were surrounded by an eager and inquisitive crowd, but civil and courteous, as we ever found the natives to be. Soon we were addressed in good English by a native, and then by about a dozen more who were taking part in the ceremonies of the place. After some conversation I asked them, the crowd beyond this inner circle listening to but not comprehending us, whether they believed in all this idolatry? One, speaking for the rest, said, 'We do.' But from his smile, and knowing the effects of such education as he had evidently acquired, I said kindly to him, 'My friend, I candidly tell you, that I don't think you believe a bit of it.' He laughed, and said, 'You are right, sir, we believe nothing!' 'What?' I asked; 'nothing? not even your own existence?' 'Oh yes, we believe that,' he replied. 'And no existence higher than your own?' I continued to inquire. 'Yes,' he said, 'we believe in a great God who has created all things.' 'But if so, why then this idolatry?' I asked again. 'We wish to honour our fathers,' said another of the group to my question. On which the first speaker addressed his countryman, saying, 'What did your fathers ever do for you? Did they give you the steam-engine, or the railway, or the telegraph?' Then turning to me, he said, with a smile, 'Though we must keep up and cannot forsake these national customs while they exist in our country, and our people believe in them, yet, if you educate the people, they will give them up of themselves, and so they will pass away.' Whatever may have been the intention of the speaker, I believe this conversation gives a fair impression, not of the deepest and most earnest minds in Hindostan, but of the mind of the ordinary pupil who has received an English education, though little more. It is thus, however, that all things are working together for the ultimate conversion of India to the truth and life of Christianity under Him who is the Head of all things to His Church.

"In endeavouring to sketch, however rapidly and imperfectly, the general results of all the combined forces I have alluded to, I must not omit to notice the religious school of the *Brahmo Somaj*. The educated and more enlightened Hindoos occupy almost every position of religious belief between that of a little less than pure Brahmanism and a little less than pure Christianity. Some defend idolatry as being a mere outward symbolic worship of the One God everywhere the same, and also as a national custom; and, without opposing Christianity, they would have it remain as one of many other religions, asking, as has been done indignantly and in the name of 'Christianity which preaches love to one's enemies,' 'Why should the God of Jesus Christ be at daggers-drawing with the gods of heathendom?' Others are more enlightened and more sincere. Of these, the greatest undoubtedly was the late Rajah Rammohun Roy, one of the most learned and accomplished men in India. In order to obtain a religion at once true and national, he fell back on the Vedas as embodying a pure Monotheism, rejecting at the same time the authority of all later Hindoo books, however venerable, from the heroic Mahabharat and Ramayana down to the Puranas. He did not, however, despise or reject the New Testament, but gathered from it and published 'The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Happiness.' He called his Church,—for his followers were organised into a society which met for worship,—'The Brahmo' (the neuter impersonal name for the supreme) 'Shabha,' now changed into 'Somaj,' or assembly. The position thus occupied by the Rajah is yet to a large extent maintained by the representatives of the old Hindoo Conservative party, whether their Church is called the 'Veda Somaj,' or 'Prathana Somaj.' But the Vedas having been found untenable by others, as tending necessarily to pure Pantheism, a religious system with better foundations was accordingly sought for, and after in vain endeavouring to discover it in 'Nature,' or to evolve it from 'Intuition,' the new movement has, under the guidance of Keshub Chunder Sen, approached Christianity. After having heard that distinguished man preach, and having seen the response given to his teaching by his splendid audience, numbering the most enlightened natives as well as Europeans in Calcutta, and after having had a very pleasing conversation with him, I cannot but indulge the hope, from his sincerity, his earnestness, as well as from his

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logic, that in the end he will be led to accept the whole truth as it is in Jesus. But of one thing I feel profoundly convinced, that the Brahma Somaj, which numbers thousands of adherents, is to be attributed indirectly to the teaching and labours of Christian missionaries; and its existence, in spite of all I have read and heard against it, brightens my hopes of India's future.

"I would here remind of facts in the history of the Church in past ages as worthy of being remembered, in order to modify the eager desires of the too sanguine as to immediate results, and to cheer the hopes of the too desponding as to future results, as well as to check the rash conclusions of those who, arguing from the past history of a few years, prophesy no results at all in the ages to come. As signs of the progress of that religion which, through the seed of Abraham, was in the end to bless, and is now blessing all nations, what conversions, let me ask, were made from the days of Abraham to the Exodus? How many during the long night in Egypt? Yet, each of these intervals represents a period as long as what separates us from the day when the first Englishman visited the shores of India, or when the Church sprang into renewed life at the Reformation. What, again, of results during the brief period, yet so full of teaching, under Moses, accompanied by such mighty signs and wonders, when the Church was in the wilderness? Why, on entering the land of promise, two men only represented the faith of all who had left idolatrous Egypt? And yet, when it looked as if all was lost, God spake these words, 'As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.' Recollect, too, what long periods of confusion and darkness followed the settlement of the tribes in Palestine. The experiment, if I may so call it, seemed to have utterly failed of educating a peculiar people, and so preparing it for the ulterior work of converting the world. That chosen race ended in captivity in the country from whence Abraham, its father, began in faith, his journey fourteen centuries before. Nevertheless, that race did its work at last! The first forms of its religious faith yet live, being cleansed from all idolatry since the time of the Captivity, but since that time only; and Christianity, as its flower and fruit, lives, and, after marvellous and strange vicissitudes, is grown into a mighty tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and which is destined to be the one tree of life for the whole world. And so this feature in history constantly repeats itself—a time of activity and repose, of winter and summer, of sleep and waking, of death and resurrection; a time of long and varied preparations, with not unfrequently very rapid fulfilments, like sudden outbursts of a long-seething flood, or volcano; while these fulfilments become again beginnings of a new and as varied a course in history, ever accumulating blessings for the whole family of man.

"Having thus spoken generally of missions in India and their results, I must proceed more particularly to the consideration of the various methods adopted by missionaries for Christianising the Hindoos.

"But, before we can reply satisfactorily to the question regarding means, we must first have a still clearer apprehension of the nature of the end to be attained by them, involving some knowledge of the Hindoo religion as a system of belief and of social life. If we do so, we shall soon learn that we cannot, as is too often done, class Hindoos with other heathens (whether in India or beyond its shores), nor argue from what has been done by this or that instrumentality in the Sandwich Islands, for example, or in Africa, Burmah, or even Tinnevelly, that the same instrumentality will necessarily be as effectual in Calcutta or Benares. It is admitted, of course, that among all races and in all countries the *Truth*, as revealed by Jesus Christ, is the one grand means of Christianising them; but the practical question before us is, What is the best way of communicating this truth in certain given circumstances? Now, to obtain the true answer to this question necessitates other questions regarding the character, habits, and beliefs of the people we have to deal with, and regarding those peculiar circumstances, within and without, in which they are placed, which m· materially affect their reception of Christian doctrine and life.

"With the risk, therefore, of repeating to some extent what, as bearing on other parts of my subject, I have already alluded to, let me direct your attention more particularly and more fully than I have yet done to some of those characteristics of the Hindoos which distinguish them from every other people in India or in the world. Observe, in the first place, that they are a distinct race. I have already said that various races make up the population of the great continent of Hindostan. The Hindoo belongs to that Indo-Germanic or Aryan stream of which we ourselves are a branch, and which has flowed over the world. It entered India from the north-west,

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and advanced, during long ages of the far past, towards its southern plains. It found there other and older races, who either fled to the mountains and jungles to maintain their freedom, or were conquered and degraded into Sudras, or Pariahs, without caste or social position. These Aryans, like a lava flood, poured themselves over the land, breaking through the older formations, overlying them or surrounding them, but never utterly obliterating or absorbing them. Now it is not with those aboriginal races—who, though probably once possessing a higher civilization, are now comparative savages, and have religions peculiar to themselves, such as the Bheels, Khonds, Santals, Coles, &c.—that we have at present to do; nor yet with races of low caste or no caste, like the Shanars of Tinnevelly, the Mairs of Ahmednugger, or the lower population still of Chamba. But it is of this Hindoo race, whose religion is Brahminism, and which, above all others, constitute *the* people of India, numbering about a hundred and fifty millions of its inhabitants—it is of them only I at present speak; for if they were Christianised, India practically would be so, but not otherwise. That lofty, unbending portion of the community, the Mohammedan, numbering twenty millions, is not within the scope of my present argument.

"Secondly, we must not forget that this Hindoo people represent a remarkable civilisation, which they have inherited from a time when earth was young. They possess a language (the Sanscrit, the earliest cultivated) which scholars tell us is the fullest, the most flexible and musical in existence, to which Greek, although its child, is immensely inferior; which is capable, as no other is, of expressing the subtlest thoughts of the metaphysician, and the most shadowy and transient gleams of the poet. In that language the Hindoos produced a heroic and philosophic poetry centuries before the Christian era, which even now holds a foremost place in the literature of the world. It has been asserted—I know not on what authority—that they were proficient in astronomy long ere its very name was mentioned by the Greeks; and that in comparatively recent times they solved problems in algebra which not until centuries afterwards dawned on the acutest minds of modern Europe. When we add to this a structure of society—to which I shall immediately allude—so compact as to have held together for more than two thousand years, we must feel admiration, if not for their physical, at least for their intellectual powers, and acknowledge that we have here no rude or savage people, but a highly cultivated and deeply interesting portion of the human family.

"Thirdly, we must consider the *religion* of the Hindoos, both as a creed and as a social system, with its effects on their general temperament and habits of life.

"The Hindoo religion, like Judaism and Christianity, is one which has survived the revolutions of long ages. The religions of the Greeks and Romans, of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, with many others, are to us as fossils of a dead world. Hindooism, older than these, still exists as a power affecting the destinies of teeming millions. We can gaze upon it as a living specimen of one out of many of the monster forms which once inhabited the globe. Unlike all those extinct religions, it has its sacred books, and I doubt not that to this written word it greatly owes its preservation. These books have been written at intervals representing vast periods of history. The Vedas, at once the most ancient and the most pure and lofty, date as far back, possibly, as the time of Moses, and contain many true and sublime ideas of a Divine Being without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahmanism—nay, declaring positively that 'there is no distinction of castes.' The great collection of the Puranas was compiled in the middle ages of our era, and forms the real everyday 'Bible' of the everyday religion of Hindoos, the Vedas being now known to and read by only a few learned pundits, and having from the first been a forbidden book to all except the priesthood. Now, these Puranas are one mass of follies and immoralities, of dreaming pantheism, of degrading and disgusting idolatry.

"Mr. Wheeler, in his recently published volume, the first of his 'History of India,' thus writes of the great epics of Mahá Bhárata, or the great war of Bharata, and the Rámáyano, or 'Adventures of Ráma,' with their present influence on the Hindoos. It is his opinion, I may state, that while the events recorded in these epics belong to the Vedic period, their composition belongs to the Brahmanic age, when caste was introduced, a new religion established, and the Brahmans had formed themselves into a powerful ecclesiastical hierarchy, and when, instead of the old Vedic gods and forms of faith, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva took their place. These epics are, practically, to the Hindoos, religious poems, and consequently are the most powerful and popular props to Brahmanism. 'Few Hindoos,' writes Mr. Wheeler, 'may perhaps be acquainted with the whole of these epics, and none have ventured to subject them to a

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critical analysis and investigation; yet their influence upon the masses of the people is beyond calculation, and infinitely greater and more universal than the influence of Bible over modern Europe. The leading incidents and scenes are familiar to the Hindoos from childhood. They are frequently represented at village festivals, whilst the stories are chanted about at almost every social gathering, and indeed form the leading topic of conversation amongst Hindoos generally, and especially amongst those who have passed the meridian of life. In a word, these poems are to the Hindoos all that the Library, the Newspaper, and the Bible are to the European; whilst the books themselves are regarded with a superstitious reverence, which far exceeds that which has ever been accorded to any other revelation real or supposed. To this day it is the common belief that to peruse or merely to listen to the perusal of the Mahá Bhárata or Rámáyana, will insure prosperity in this world and eternal happiness hereafter.' Now, making every allowance for (what appears to me to be) the exaggerated terms in which Mr. Wheeler describes the comparative influence of the Bible and these 'Scriptures,' there can be no doubt that, as far as India is concerned, he is correct.

"This religion, as embodied in its Sacred Books, affords the widest scope for the indulgence of every phase of human thought, sentiment, and passion; furnishing as it does in the Vedic hymns and poetry an atmosphere so rare, and presenting such shadowy heights of speculation, as to tempt the most ambitious wing to put forth its powers to gain their summits; and furnishing in the Puranas the vilest mire, where the filthiest and most obscene may wallow. Among its disciples, the dreamy ascetic, labouring to emancipate his spirit by pure meditation and the destruction of the material flesh, and the profound scholar, rare though he be, nourishing his intellectual life by the abstract themes and endless speculative questions suggested by his creed, may meet with the disgusting faqueer or yogi, with the ignorant millions who care for nothing but a round of dead superstitious observances, or with the cunning or depraved crew who indulge in the vilest practices as the natural results of their heathen principles.

"Lastly, it is in its *social* aspects, as already hinted, that Brahmanism manifests its intense, comprehensive, and tyrannous power. Its system of caste presents to us a feature in the organization of human beings unparalleled in history. It must not be mistaken for a mere aristocratic arrangement, as accidental to or lying outside of Brahmanism, but it is an essential element of its very being. It is quite true, as I have said, and the fact is of importance, that the Vedas know nothing of it; but then the people know not the Vedas, and those who do conceal or pervert their teaching. According to the existing and, as long as Brahmanism lives, unalterable belief of the people, the streams of caste, flowing side by side but never mingling, are traced up to the very fountain of Deity; or, to change the simile, each great caste is believed to be a development of the very body of Brahma the Creator, and is mystically united to him as parts of his very flesh and bones. Hence no one can become a Hindoo in religion who is not one by birth; nor can any member belonging to this divine body break his caste without therefore becoming dead, as a limb amputated from living communion with the source of life, and therefor be thrown away as a curse, a reproach—a polluted, horrible thing, to be hated and disowned. Marvellous, indeed, are the power and endurance of such an organization as this, that can dominate over all those political and social changes which, in other respects alter the relative position of its possessors as to wealth or rank, whether in the army or in the civil service.

"But Brahmanism does more than make each man a member of this compact mass. Having fixed him there, it holds him fast, and governs him as a mere thing in which no personality, and consequently no will, is recognised, save that measure which is required to consent to the destruction of his being, or its subordination, at least, to a system of mechanical rules that fashion his whole inward and outward life. As far almost as it is possible to conceive, that life is in everything and every day the obedient slave of 'religion;' not, of course, in the sense which we attach to the expression—that of all things being done, endured, or enjoyed in a right spirit, or according to the rule of eternal righteousness towards God and man—but according to fixed authoritative rules, professing to embrace the whole life, obedience to which is as mechanical as can be yielded by a human being. For to the religious Hindoo all that is to be believed and done on earth is revealed, and as such is obligatory. All the arts and sciences; the methods of every trade; the manifold duties incumbent on the architect, the mason, the carpenter, or the musician, and on the member of the family or community—what ought to be done upon ordinary days and on holy days; in youth, in manhood, and in old age; in health and sickness, and in the hour of

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death; and what ought to be done for those who are dead. Rules are prescribed to him as a sinner or a saint, in joy or in sorrow; directing him how to act towards superiors, inferiors, and equals; towards priests and princes; towards all men on earth, and towards all the gods on earth and in the heavens. No polype, in the vast gelatinous mass which contributes to the building up of a great island from the deep, can be more a part of that mysterious whole than an orthodox Hindoo is of this marvellous religious brotherhood. His individuality is lost. His conscience, will, and affections are in the strong grasp of habits and customs sanctioned by Divine authority, consecrated by the faith of his race, and made venerable by a hoary antiquity. And, what might seem very strange to us if we could not point to parallel phases of human nature within even the Church of Christ, this slavery is not disliked or felt to be a heavy burden—a 'bondage to the elements of the world'—but, on the contrary, is clung to with a desperate tenacity. The elements which give this undying vigour to caste may possibly be found not chiefly in sloth and indifference, or in the supposed deliverance which it affords from the irksome sense of personal responsibility, but in its recognition of two great principles in social life, which, though in this case perverted, are adjusted by the Christian creed and a true Christian Church; the first, that our place in the world is assigned to us by Divine sovereignty; and the second, that the co-operation and sympathy of a brotherhood are essential to our usefulness and happiness in the world. Whatever be the secret of its strength, it is profoundly interesting to gaze on this gigantic system existing like the Great Pyramid—each stone in its place, firmly cemented into the vast whole, towering over the arid plain, defying hitherto the attacks of time, which destroys all that is perishable—an object of wonder because of its magnitude and power of endurance, yet hollow-hearted withal, and preserving only the dust of ages.

"And yet even this tremendous system of caste is not wholly antagonistic to the efforts of the Christian Church. Its very strength may at last prove its weakness. If on the side of wrong it 'moveth all together if it move at all,' it may do so also on the side of right. Let the wall be so far sapped that it must fall, it will do so not by crumbling down in minute fragments, or even in separate masses, but as a whole. If the great army mutinies against Brahmanism, it will desert, not in units, but *en masse*.

"It is with this system that we have in the meantime to deal; and it may well nerve a Christian's courage, and make him examine his weapons, test his armour, and carefully calculate his resources of power and patience, of faith and love, ere he enters, with a zeal which can be vindicated and a hope that will not be put to shame, on the grand enterprise of substituting pure Christianity in its place. I hesitate not to express the opinion that no such battle has ever before been given to the Church of God to fight since history began, and that no victory if gained, will be followed by greater consequences. It seems to me as if the spiritual conquest of India was a work reserved for these latter days to accomplish, because requiring all the previous dear-bought experiences of the Church, and all the preliminary education of the world, and that, when accomplished—as by the help of the living Christ it shall!—it will be a very Armageddon; the last great battle against every form of unbelief, the last fortress of the enemy stormed, the last victory gained as necessary to secure the unimpeded progress and the final triumph of the world's regeneration!

"In these statements regarding Brahmanism I have said nothing of its effects upon the morals of the people, although this is a most important aspect of it, not only as producing habits congenial to human depravity, but as raising the most formidable obstacles against the reception of Christianity even as a pure and uncompromising system of morals. Not that we would charge the actual vices of a people to their religion, unless, as in the case before us, these could be proved to be the necessary and legitimate consequences of faith in its teaching, and of obedience to its enjoined observances and practices. As far, indeed, as the observation of the ordinary traveller goes, I am bound to say, as the result of our own very limited experience, that nothing meets the eye or ear in any way offensive to good manners throughout India, not even in its temples, unless it be in symbols for worship to which I cannot allude, and the influence of which on the worshippers it is difficult for any stranger to determine, not knowing even how far their significance is understood by the multitude. I must therefore refer to others better acquainted with India to say what its moral condition is as flowing positively from its religion. But I have no doubt whatever myself, from all I have heard, that, except where affected by European influence, it is, among both Hindoo and Mahommedans, as a rule, far below what is generally supposed. In spite of that

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amount of morality, and the play of those affections among friends and the members of the family, without which society could not hang together; and while I refuse to believe that there are not among such a mass of human beings, some true light and life received from Him who is the Father of light, in ways we wot not of and may never discover; yet I have no doubt that the description of heathendom as existing in the latter period of Roman life, and as described by St. Paul in the beginning of his Epistle to the Romans, is true to a fearful extent of India. Facts, besides, have come out in trials showing how 'religion,' so called, may become the source of the most hideous abominations, for which it is righteously chargeable. Immortal man is seldom so degraded as not to seek some apparently good reason, and in the holy name of 'religion' too, for doing the worst things. Thus the Thug strangles his victim as he prays to the goddess of murder; and the member of a hereditary band of robbers consecrates his services to the goddess of rapine.

"But enough has been said to give some Idea of Brahmanism, and we are thus better prepared to entertain the question as to the *means* by which it can be destroyed, and Christianity, with its truth, holiness, brotherhood, and peace, take its place.

"As to the question of *means*, I assume that, as a Church of Christ, we are at liberty to adopt any means whatever, in consistency with the spirit of the Gospel and the holy ends we have in view, which, according to our knowledge as derived from the Word of God, interpreted by sound judgment and experience, we believe best calculated to accomplish those ends. The example of the Apostles as recorded in the Book of Acts, that missionary history of the early Church, and in the letters of the great missionary St. Paul, however precious to us and invaluable as a repository of facts and principles, can never bind us to adopt the very same methods in our day in India, if it were even possible for us to do so, as were adopted by the Apostles in the Asia Minor or Europe of their day, unless it can be shown that the fields in both cases are so far similar as to admit of a similar mode of cultivation in order to secure that crop which Christian missionaries of every age desire and labour to obtain. St. Paul had nothing like the heathenism of India, in its social aspects or vast extent, to deal with. But we shall be fellow-labourers with him if we understand his 'ways,' 'manner of life, and possess his spirit. Let us only, as far as possible, endeavour to share what, without irreverence for his inspired authority, I may venture to call his grand comprehensive common-sense—his clear eye in discerning the real plan of battle and all that was essential to success—his firm and unfaltering march to the centre of the enemy's position, in the best way practicable in the given place and time—his determination to become all things to all men, limited only, yet expanded also, by the holy and unselfish aim of 'gaining some,' not to himself, but to Christ; and, in doing so, we shall not miss the best methods of Christianising India. Right men will make the right methods.

"In reviewing the various mission agencies at work in India, we may at once lay aside the consideration of minor methods—such, for example, as that of orphanages, male and female: for whatever blessings may be bestowed by them as charitable institutions, or whatever advantages—and there are many such—may be derived from them as furnishing Christian teachers for male, and, above all, for female schools; and colporteurs or catechists, to aid missionaries; or as providing wives for Christian converts, who could neither seek nor obtain any alliances from among the 'castes;' —nevertheless, these institutions, however multiplied and however successful, cannot, in my opinion, tell on the ultimate conversion of the bulk of the Hindoos proper, more than so many orphans taken from Europe would do if trained and taught in the same way. I am not to be understood as objecting to orphanages, more especially when they are, as with us, generously supported by the contributions of the young at home, and not paid for out of the general funds of the Mission. Yet I would not have you attach undue importance to the baptism of orphans as telling upon Hindooism, or to weigh their number—as, alas! I have heard done in Scotland—against those connected with our great educational institutions, to the disparagement of the latter as compared with the former. It seems to me that it would be just as wise as if, in seeking to convert the Jews, we imagined that the baptism of any number of orphan Jews within a charitable house of refuge would tell as much on Judaism as the education of a thousand intelligent young Rabbis in a Christian college, if such a blessing were possible, in the intensely bigoted towns of Saphet or Tiberias.

"Nor need I discuss here what has been or what may be accomplished by the dissemination of the Bible and an effective Christian literature, and other similar details of mission work, the excellence of which is obvious and admitted, but I will confine

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myself to what have been called the preaching and the teaching systems, protesting, however, against this erroneous classification, and accepting it only as the best at hand.

"When we speak of *preaching* the Gospel to the natives of India, I exclude those who have received an English education, for as regards preaching to *them* there can be no doubt or question. Nor by *preaching* do I mean the giving of addresses in churches to native congregations, but addressing all who will hear, whether in the streets, bazaars, or anywhere else. And unquestionably there *are* difficulties in the way of thus preaching which are not, I think, sufficiently weighed by friends of missions at home. We must, for example, dispel the idea that an evangelist, when addressing persons in the streets of a city in heathen India, is engaging in a work—except in its mere outward aspects—like that of an 'evangelist' preaching in the streets or fields at home to those ignorant of the Gospel—although, in passing, I may express my conviction that even at home such efforts are more unavailing than is supposed, where there has been no previous instruction of some kind. Outdoor preaching in India, as it often is at home, is almost universally addressed to passing and ever-changing crowds, not one of whom possibly ever heard such an address before, or will hear even this one calmly to the end, or ever hear another. In no case, moreover, will the educated and influential classes listen to such preaching. Consider, also, the most utter impossibility of giving, in the most favourable circumstances, by those means, anything like a true idea of the simplest facts of the Christian religion; while to treat of its evidences is, of course, out of the question. Should the evangelist adopt another method by directly appealing to the moral instincts of his hearers, to the wants of their immortal nature, to their conscience, their sense of responsibility, or to their eternal hopes and fears, seeking thus to rouse the will to action, where, we ask, are all those subjective conditions, necessary for the reception of the truth, to be found in hearers saturated through their whole being since childhood with all that must weaken, pervert, deaden, and almost annihilate what we assume must exist in them so as to respond at once to truth so revealed?

"These difficulties are immensely increased when we learn, moreover, that there is not a single term which can be used in preaching the Gospel, by the evangelist who is most master of the language and can select the choicest words and nicest expressions, but has fixed and definite though false ideas attached to it in the familiar theological vocabulary of his audience: nor can it be transposed by his hearer, without long and patient efforts, into the totally opposite and Christian ideas attached to the same term. We speak of one God; so will he: but what ideas have we in common of His character and attributes, or even of His personality and unity? We use the words *sin, salvation, regeneration, holiness, atonement, incarnation*, and so will he; but each term represents to him an old and familiar falsehood which he understands, believes, and clings to, and which fills up his whole eye, blinding it to the perception of Gospel truths altogether different although expressed by the same terms. The uneducated thus not unfrequently confuse even the name of our Saviour, *Yishu Khrishta*, with *Ishi Khista*, a companion of their god Khristna! If you fairly consider such difficulties as these, even you will also cease to wonder at the almost barren results from preaching alone to the genuine Hindoo as distinct from low caste or no caste—and that the most earnest men have failed to make any decided impression on the mass, any more than the rain or light of heaven do on the solid works of a fortress. One of the noblest and most devoted of men, Mr. Bowen, of Bombay, whom I heard thus preach, and who has done so for a quarter of a century, informed me, in his own humble, truthful way—and his case is not singular, except for its patience and earnestness—that, as far as he knew, he had never made one single convert.

"But while, in trying to estimate the most likely means of communicating a knowledge of Christianity to the Hindoos, I would have you fairly consider the difficulties in the way of preaching only, I would not have you suppose that I condemn it as useless, even although it has made few converts among thinking Hindoos apart from the co-operative power of education. I recognize it rather as among those influences which in very many ways prepare for the brighter day of harvest, by prompting inquiry, removing prejudices, accustoming people to the very terms of the Gospel, causing new ideas of truth to enter their minds in some form, however crude and defective, and by giving impressions of the moral worth and intellectual power of earnest and able missionaries who have come from afar, and who seek with so much unselfishness, patience, and love to do good to their fellow-men. By all these means we must also ever strive and hope to gain immediate results, as some preachers have done, in the conversion of

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sinners towards God. Let us rejoice in believing that in proportion as education of every kind advances, it prepares a wider field for the preacher, if the seed he sows as 'the Word' is to be 'understood' so as to be received 'into the heart.'

"It must, I think, be admitted that, up to the period at which Christian education was introduced as an essential element of missionary labour among the Hindoos, every attempt to make any breach in the old fortress had failed. A remarkable illustration of this fact is frankly given by the Abbé Dubois. He was an able, accomplished, earnest, and honest Roman Catholic missionary, who had laboured for a quarter of a century, living among the people, and endeavouring to convert them. He published his volume in 1822, and in it gives the result of his experience, summed up in a single sentence—'It is my decided opinion that, under existing circumstances, there is no human possibility of converting the Hindoos to any sect of Christianity.' He illustrates and confirms this conclusion by the peculiarities of the Hindoo religion, and by the history of all missionary efforts down to his own day, including those of Xavier and the Jesuits. He also gives it as his opinion that, 'as long as we are unable to make an impression on the polished part of the nation or the heads of public opinion—on the body of the Brahmins, in short—there remain but very faint hopes of propagating Christianity among the Hindoos; and as long as the only result of our labours shall be, as is at present the case, to bring into our respective communions here and there a few desperate vagrants, outcasts, pariahs, house-keepers, beggars, and other persons of the lowest description, such results cannot fail to be detrimental to the interests of Christianity among a people who in all circumstances are ruled by the force of custom and example, and are in no case allowed to judge for themselves.' It is no answer to this picture that it describes the failure of Romanism only; for it holds equally true of every other effort made in the same direction and among the same people. The Abbé had no hope whatever of the difficulty ever being mastered; but thought the people, for their lies and abominations, were 'lying under an everlasting anathema.'

"It was shortly after this time that Christian education, although it had to some extent been adopted previously in Western India by the Americans, was systematically and vigorously begun in Bengal in the Church of Scotland as the best means of making an impression upon all castes, the highest as well as the lowest. This educational system, associated as it has become with the name of Scotland, is one of which our Church and country have reason to be proud, and will ever be connected with the names of Dr. Inglis as having planned it, and Dr. Duff as having first carried it out. It is surely a presumption in its favour that every mission from Great Britain which has to do with the *same class* of people, has now adopted, without one exception, the same method as an essential part of its operations.

"Let me now endeavour to explain to the members of the Church what we mean by the education system, as it is called, with some of the results at which it aims.

"First of all, a *secular* education, so termed, though in this case inaccurately, is given in our missionary institutions equal to that given by any seminary in India. The importance and value of this fact arises from another—that education, especially in the knowledge of the English language and its literature, is the highroad to what is all in all in the estimation of a Hindoo—*Preferment*. The opening up of lucrative situations, and of important civil offices in the gift of Government, and the passing a University examination by every applicant for them, are thus linked together. The privilege, moreover, of being presented as a candidate for these examinations is confined to those schools or institutions, missionary or others, which are 'affiliated' to the University or Board of Examiners in each Presidency town, which can be done only when they have proved their fitness to give the required education, and are willing to submit to Government inspection as far as their mere secular teaching is concerned. It is for this kind of education, and for these ends alone, that the Hindoo youth enters a mission school. I need hardly say that he has no desire to obtain by so doing any knowledge of Christianity; his willingness to encounter which, arising not from any courage—of which he has little or none—but from self-confidence in his ability to despise, if not its arguments, at least its influence. When a mission school is preferred to a Government one, it is probably owing to the fact that lower fees are charged in the former; and, as I am also disposed to think, from the life and power and superior teaching necessarily imparted by educated missionaries when they throw their whole soul into their work, inspired by the high and unselfish aims which they have in view. Be this as it may, right missionaries *can*, by means of the school, *secure* a large and steady assemblage, day by day, of from 500 to 1,000 pupils, representing the very life of Hindoo society, eager to obtain education.

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'While to impart this education is itself a boon, and an indirect means of doing much real good, yet by itself it is obviously not that *kind* of good which it is the distinct function of the Christian missionary to confer. His work is to teach men a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and so to reconcile them to their God. Hence instruction in the Bible as the record of God's will revealed to man specially through Jesus Christ, is an *essential* part of his work, and distinguishes his school from every other. The acceptance on the part of the pupil of this direct Christian instruction, accompanied by all that can be done by the missionary to make it find an entrance into the pupil's heart, and to *keep* possession of it, is a *sine qua non* of his being received into the school, and is taken by him with his eyes open.

"Mere *teaching*, however, whether secular or Christian, does not adequately express what is included in the idea of *education* as aimed at by the intelligent and efficient missionary. His object is, by these and all other means in his power—by argument and appeal—by that whole personal influence emanating from head and heart, from lip and eye—to educate the Hindoo mind out of all that is weak, perverted, false and vain, into *truth* and reality as embodied in Christian faith and life. To do this involves, as I have tried to explain, a work requiring time and patience, the nicest handling, and the greatest force. To quicken a conscience almost dead; to waken any sense of personal responsibility almost annihilated; to give any strength to a will weak and powerless for all manly effort and action; to open the long-closed and unused spiritual eye, and train it to discern the unseen, 'Him who is invisible;' to inspire with a love of truth, or with a perception, however faint, of the unworthiness and vileness of falsehood, a soul which has never felt the sense of shame in lying, and seems almost to have lost the power of knowing what it means;—this is the education which the missionary gives as preparatory to and accompanying the reception of Christianity. He has to penetrate through the drifting sands of centuries in order to reach what he believes lies deeper down, that *humanity* which, however weak, is capable of being elevated as sure as the Son of God has become the Son of Man! In seeking to do this there is no part of his work, the most common or the most secular, which cannot be turned by the skilful workman to account. 'Every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord puts wisdom and understanding' will thus 'know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary.' While everything is thus made subservient to the highest end, most unquestionably the Gospel itself, by the very ideas which it gives, through doctrine and precept, history and biography—above all, through the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ—regarding the character of God and man, is, by its own divine light, the most powerful means of opening and educating the eye which is itself to see and appreciate this light. The Gospel, therefore, must ever accompany, as master and guide, every other kind of instrumentality employed in an educational Christian mission.

"Another object originally contemplated by these institutions was *to raise up a native ministry* from among the converts, who should be able to carry on the work of evangelization among their brethren as no foreigners or temporary residents in the country could possibly do, and thus ultimately to obtain from among the people themselves that supply of missionaries which should permanently meet the wants of the country. The advantages of such a class are so obvious that I need do little more than allude to the subject. When India is Christianised it must be by her own people. We are strangers and foreigners, and, as far as we can discover, must ever be so. Nature decrees, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.' Immigration and permanent settlement are for us impossible. Our work towards India must therefore be from without, and in order to quicken and develop from within her own individuality in a Christian form. At present we are singularly and almost profoundly ignorant of the inner life of the people of India, almost as much as if we had visited a different race in a different planet. We come into outward contact with them, but oceans of thought, feeling, association, habits, and beliefs, separate us mentally, socially, and spiritually, until we can meet in the fellowship of a common Christianity as well as of a common citizenship. It is thus evident that we must ultimately rely upon native evangelists and pastors to educate the masses of the natives in the Christian religion, and to form them into a Christian Church. Every method, therefore, which can be devised for the raising up and thoroughly educating such men, suited to meet the various ranks and castes of Hindoo and Mohammedan society, the most learned as well as the most ignorant, should engage the most earnest attention of the Christian Church. At present we are but feeling our way towards this all-important end.

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"You will now very naturally inquire how far our school system has succeeded, after having had a fair trial, in adding converts and native evangelists to the Christian Church. The results of Dr. Duff's missionary schools may be taken as the most favorable example. He had the honour not only of beginning the system in Calcutta, but of carrying it on for the long period of thirty-five years; for although he left the Church of Scotland and joined the Free Church in 1843, yet he continued his mission in other buildings with unabated vigour and unwearied zeal. He was assisted, moreover, by a staff of missionaries who, in learning and ability, were worthy of their distinguished leader; so that the system, it must be confessed, has had the fairest possible trial, without interruption or weakness. Its agency, too, has always been strong and effective. The number of its principal and branch stations in Bengal is 12, with 51 Christian agents, including 4 ordained European missionaries; an average attendance of upwards of 3,000 scholars, male and female. Two ordained native evangelists are employed, and 5 agents are engaged in vernacular preaching in the Mofussil, or in 'the country.' Now, the number of converts since the beginning of the mission until the present year has been 206. Not one, as far as I can discover, is reported for last year. As to *ordained* missionaries, three only have been contributed by the institution since its commencement. The same general results have been obtained from the institution at Madras and Bombay, hitherto conducted by as able, accomplished, and devoted missionaries as have laboured in India. The names of the late John Anderson of Madras, and of the venerable and learned Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, whom God has spared to labour, will ever be associated with the history of missions in India.

"Looking only to such results as can be expressed by mere statistics, those I have given may possibly be recognised as proofs of failure by one ignorant of India, or comparing them with those gathered from other fields of missionary labour. I might, however, easily show the value of those results, and defend them from the charge of insignificance, by showing the quality and influence of the converts who form the native churches connected with that mission and with other mission schools in India, and thus prove the greatness of the victory by the difficulty of the battle, and the strength and importance of the position which it has thus secured with reference to the final conquest of the land; or I might even compare the number of those converts with the number of missionaries employed, as proving a success equal to that of any other mission in similar circumstances. But putting aside these and many other elements of a success which, in my opinion, is unquestionable and remarkable, even as tested by statistics, I could most conscientiously defend it on a lower but sufficiently solid and hopeful ground. Were its work confined to the walls of the institution, and had it as yet never made a single convert, would it, I ask, in this case, however painful and disappointing it might be to the ardent and hopeful missionary or to the Church, be unworthy of our continued confidence and unfaltering support? I can anticipate but one reply by those who have at all comprehended the actual condition of Hindoo society, even as I have tried to describe it, and the nature and difficulty of the work to be done before its heathenism can be given up, and a genuine living Christianity substituted in its place. For realise if you can what the effect must be, as preparing the way for Christianity, of thousands of youth nearly every year sent forth into society to occupy positions of trust and influence from *all* the mission schools in India; not a few of their pupils truly converted to God, and all well instructed in Christianity, in its evidences, facts, and moral teaching; the minds of all considerably enlightened, their knowledge and means of knowledge vastly increased, and their whole moral tone and feelings changed and elevated! I am compelled to reiterate the idea that the work thus done by the mission school is not the taking down a brick here or there from the beleaguered wall, but that of sapping it from below, until, like the walls of Jericho, and by the same Almighty power, though differently applied, it falls in one great ruin to the ground; while at the same time it is preparing the ground, digging the foundations, and gathering materials for building up a new living temple to the Lord.

"In regard to the rising up of a native ministry, that too may be pronounced a failure, if those who have been ordained are counted merely and not weighed. But that the different mission schools in India *have* raised from among their converts a most intelligent, educated, and respected body of native clergy, cannot be denied. I remember a caste native gentleman of wealth and education speaking of one of those clergy, and saying to me, 'that is a man whose acquaintance you should, if possible, make. He was of my caste, and became a Christian; but he is a learned and thoroughly sincere man, and people here honour him.' This said much for both

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Hindoo and Christian. Nor do I think such cases so rare as people at home or abroad are apt to imagine. It is, no doubt, greatly to be desired, that we had many more such men—hundreds, or even thousands, instead of a few dozen or so; but the difficulties are at present great, not only in finding the right kind of men, but, when found, in supporting them where as yet no congregations exist, and in inducing them to be the subordinates of foreign missionaries with comparatively small salaries, when so many better paid and more independent positions can be found in other departments of labour. For while there are many cases of unselfish and disinterested labour among native pastors, yet the demands of others for 'pay and power' make the question of native pastors in towns embarrassing at times to the home Churches. But, in spite of those difficulties, good men have been and are being ordained, and we can at present see no more likely source of obtaining them, for the cities at least, than by our missionary educational institutions. Before closing this part of my subject and proceeding to offer a few practical suggestions as to present duties with reference to our Missions, permit me to repeat a conviction which I stated at our great missionary meeting at Calcutta as to our keeping steadily before the mind of the Churches at home and abroad the vast importance of a native Church being organized in India. By a native Church I do not certainly mean—what, in present circumstances, we thankfully accept—native Churches in ecclesiastical connection with the different European and American missions. It surely cannot be desired by any intelligent Christian. I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man unless proved to be unavoidable, that our several Churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate in the new world of a Christianized India, those forms and symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for these divisions in the Church, which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one of them, and so we accept of it, and make the most of it as the best we can get in the whole circumstances in which we are placed. But must we establish these different organizations in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate divisions, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to wear our respective uniforms, adopt our respective Shibboleths, learn to repeat our respective war cries, and even make caste marks of our wounds and scars, which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphors, shall Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, Presbyterian Churches, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or some other formula approved of by our forefathers, and the separating sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I suspect it of some, and I feel assured that it will be realised in part, as conversions increase by means of foreign missions, and be at last perpetuated unless it is now carefully guarded against by every opportunity being watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organized and governed by the natives themselves, as far as possible, independently of us. We could of course claim as Christians and fellow subjects, to be recognised as brethren and to be received among its members, or, if it should so please both parties, serve among its ministers, and rejoice always to be its best friends and generous supporters.

"In all this we would only have them to do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward circumstances, guided by history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the Catholic Church of Christ since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as a Church it would recognise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and His apostles. It would also have, like the whole Church, its Lord's-day for public worship, and the Sacraments of Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India unlike perhaps any to be seen in our western lands, yet with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship within its walls of the one living and true God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of Mission Churches.

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It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and Missionaries could afford by schools and colleges, personal labour, and also by money contributions, to establish, strengthen, and extend it.

"Moreover it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many varied gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit, the speculative mystic or self-torturing devotee, the peaceful South-man and the manly North-man; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength, and the strong aborigines who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him. The incarnate but unseen Christ, the Divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's word be substituted for the Puranas; Christian brotherhood for caste; and the peace of God, instead of these and every weary rite and empty ceremony, would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal, which I hope and believe will one day become real in India. The day, indeed, seems to be far off when 'the Church of India,' worthy of the country, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is created; and after that, how many days full of change and of strange revolutions, with their 'evenings' and 'mornings,' may succeed, ere it enjoys a Sabbath rest of holiness and peace! But yet that Church must be, if India is ever to become *one*, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union, strength, and real progress can never henceforth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mohammedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy. Hence English government, by physical force and moral power, *must*, with a firm and unswerving grasp, hold the broken fragments of the Indian races together, until they are united from within by a Christianity into a living organism, which can then, and then only, dispense with the force without. The wild olive must be grafted into the 'root and fatness' of the good olive-tree of the Church of Christ; and while the living union is being formed, and until the living sap begins to flow from the root to every branch, English power must firmly bind and hold the parts together. Our hopes of an Indian nation are bound up with our hopes of an Indian Church; and it is a high privilege for us to be able to help on this consummation. The West thus gives back to the East the riches which it has from the East received to be returned again, I doubt not, with interest to ourselves.

"But when shall there be a resurrection in this great valley of death? When shall these dry bones live! Lord, thou knowest, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day! Let us have faith and patience. There may at first be but a noise and a shaking, and then the bones of the poor broken-up and disjointed skeletons of humanity may come together, and after a while sinews and flesh may cover them, and yet no breath be in them! But these preparatory processes are not in vain. A resurrection-day of life and power will dawn in the fulness of time, and the Lord of Life will raise up prophets, it may be from among the people of India, who will meekly and obediently prophesy as the Lord commands them; and then the glorious result will be witnessed from heaven and earth which we have all prayed and laboured and longed for; the Spirit of Life will come, and these dead bodies will live and stand on their feet an exceeding great army! 'I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb.' 'Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.'"

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